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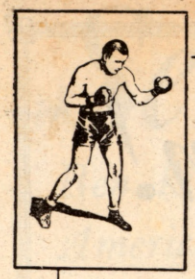

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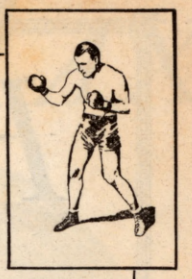

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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In Next Issue

The Schmeling-Sharkey fight reviewed in story and pictures. Every fight fan will be eager to obtain good photographs of this International battle. You'll find the best photos in THE RING.

The Shikat-Lewis match for the New York State championship and "Tex" Austin's comment with heaps of illustrations.

The start of a new series of "Famous Fighters of the Past." Patsy Haley, nationally-known referee, is the subject of the first story. You'll enjoy the story of his thrilling career.

Where did the big gate originate? Read George F. Nock's contribution on the part that Australia played in the commercialization of boxing.

Many stories have been told about "comebacks" but none to equal that which Charley Harvey, veteran manager tells of the pitiful downfall of Battling Nelson in his bout with Owen Moran.

These, in addition to interesting contributions by Wilbur Wood, Jimmy Johnston, A. D. Phillips, Daniel M. Daniel and Nat Fleischer.

The Ring is a magazine which a man may take home with him. He may leave it on his library table safe in the knowledge that it does not contain one line of matter, either in the text or the advertisements, which would be offensive. The publisher of THE RING guards this reputation of his magazine jealously. It is entertaining, and it is clean.

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Fight Discrimination!

By Max Fleischer

EVERY time the national or state legislators get together to discuss revenues and taxation, they take a crack at boxing.

In the recent tax debates in Washington, the Senate talked of putting a twenty-five percent tax on fight tickets.

Why the discrimination? Why this constant and incessant campaign against boxing? Why should fight tickets be taxed any more rigorously than tickets for a play or the movies?

Boxing no longer is an outlawed sport, but most of our legislators take the old-fashioned stand on the game. They think that boxing merely is tolerated. As a matter of fact it is a well organized, well regulated activity which turns thousands of dollars into state treasuries each year in taxes and fees.

Boxing is legal. Boxing is patronized by many of our best citizens. Why not let the game alone?

It has been proved in the past that with a twenty-five percent tax on boxing, the government received thousands of dollars less than would have been the case had the sport been taxed less. So-called charity affairs, from which no one seemed to benefit but the promoters and the fighters, were staged with the sole aim of avoiding the government tax and increasing the net receipts from which the fighters and promoters received the greater portion. Since this obnoxious twenty-five percent tax went into effect, there haven't been more than a dozen legitimate charity affairs, the leaders of which were those staged by Mrs. Randolph Hearst's Milk Fund and Christmas Fund Committees.

If the government were to insist on ten percent tax on all boxing shows with the exception of the Milk Fund and Christmas Fund affairs—the leading charities in this country, ably administered by an excellent committee and by most competent officials—it will receive far more than under the discriminating twenty-five percent tax and the subterfuge practiced in the past.

Boxing is a great sport. It is the one sport which, more than any other, has come to the aid of charity—to the unemployed and other worthy causes, hundreds of times since the world war. Since thirty-one states in this country have seen fit to legalize boxing and place it under commission rule, there is no reason why it should not receive the same fair treatment from national legislators that is given to baseball and racing.

The sport has been the football of politicians for many years. It is high time that they ceased kicking it around and came to the realization that the objections so often in the past raised against pugilism, have long ceased to exist. The finest people in the world are now patrons of the sport, and the youth of our land participate in it. It is no longer the sport of the ruffian. It is a clean, manly, healthy sport that attracts college and high school boys.

It seems that every time a politician is looking for publicity, he attacks boxing. Every time legislators find themselves in a quandary regarding means for raising additional taxation, boxing is the first sport they tackle.

Its patrons do not object to paying over to Uncle Sam a little extra for being permitted to see a fight. But they do object to the discrimination that places the heaviest burden on boxing and eliminates other sport.

College football, which has become as much a commercialized sport as boxing, fills the stadiums, takes in receipts of $100,000 or more on many occasions, yet doesn't have to pay a cent to the government. A ten percent tax on tickets for all athletic activities at which an admission is charged, is the only proper way to handle the situation.

Here's a little tip for the Tax Revision Commission: If boxing and racing are to stand the burden in the sports field, then the commission should go a step further and place a heavy tax on the thousands of "tipping" sheets that mulct the unsuspecting saps who pay for the "information." By placing a twenty-five percent tax on these obnoxious sheets, the government not only would be aiding its treasury, but would be the means of ridding this country of one of its greatest evils.

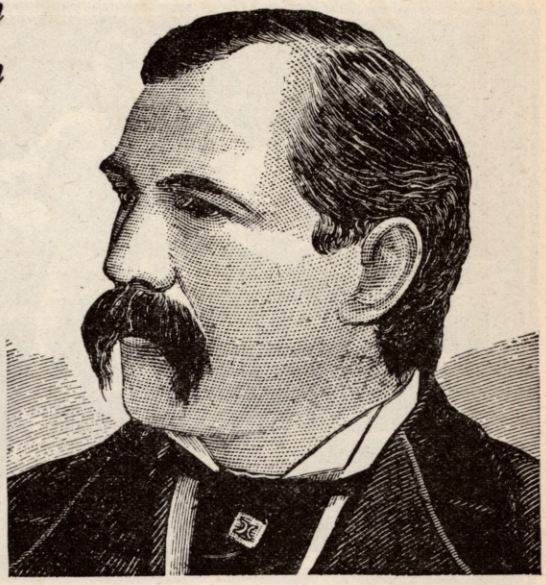
And still further—the government could collect a handsome fee by eliminating the discriminating law that prohibits inter-state traffic in fight films, and place a heavy tax on such film for each time the film is on display. That law, like the Volstead Act, has developed a bootlegging racket that has brought fortunes to the distributors and only a small fine to law breakers.

Think it over, Mr. Legislator!

Set Example for MAX

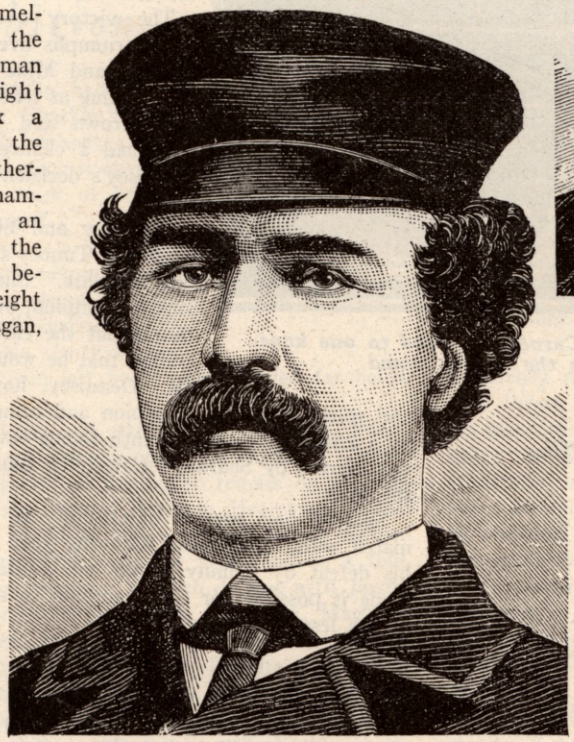
Ben Hogan, First German to Fight an American Heavyweight King, Quit in Third Round, Claiming Foul

By ARTHUR LUMLEY



Ben Hogan, German born heavy

ALTHOUGH Max Schmeling is the first German heavyweight champion to annex a world title, he is not the first citizen of the Fatherland to engage in a championship match with an American wearer of the crown. That honor belongs to a heavyweight named Benediel Hagan, better known in the history of fisticuffs as Ben Hogan, who was born in Wurtemburg, Germany, in 1844, stood five feet 11½ inches and weighed 194 pounds. Although he came to this country when he was only eight years old, Hogan didn't become naturalized until after he had fought for the American championship. Then he decided on U. S. citizenship.



Tom Allen, American heavyweight

In his youth Hogan took a fancy to gambling and to pugilism and as a frequenter of the big gambling houses that flourished during the Civil War days and the ten years following, Ben won and lost two fortunes. At one time he was reputed to be one of the richest of the fight fraternity. He loved his wine, dice and race horses and within a few years after he had accumulated a vast sum, he became broke.

Hogan's first fight was with Jack Holliday whom he whipped in seven rounds that lasted 13 minutes and with that victory, he gained the sum of $400. That triumph gave him an idea that he was a good fighter and he decided to go after bigger stakes. He was matched with Bob Donnelly whom he whipped in 36 rounds that had lasted 2 hours and 4 minutes. That contest was fought at Fort Erie, Canada, and proved that Hogan was a scrapper of extraordinary endurance and courage.

In 1867 Hogan was matched with Charley Collins, a heavyweight who had a good record and was known to the profession as Cast Iron Collins. That bout, however, ended unsatisfactorily and Hogan decided to visit New York. While in the Big City, he was a frequenter of the gambling dens and the dance halls, and soon he acquired quite a following. He was easy with his money and the hangers-on played him to the limit.

It is said that often he dropped thousands of dollars at one sitting until, finding himself financially embarrassed, he decided to enter the ring.

WHILE in New York he accepted a match with Billy Edwards, the lightweight king, a classy, clever fighter. The affair took place in private at No. 600 Broadway before a select gathering of sixty sports and to the amazement of the German and his friends, Edwards, who scaled fifty-one pounds less than Hogan, gave Ben a lesson in ring science. Following that bout, Hogan hired Edwards to teach him some of the finer points of the game and then he decided to tackle the big guns in an effort to gain a contest for the American championship.

On a trip to Rochester, N. Y., he consented to appear in a sparring exhibition with Tom Allen. Hogan showed the benefits of Edwards' teaching by having a decided advantage over Tom. Charley Perkins, a big time sport who was present, thought so well of the German, that he decided to back him in a regular battle with Allen. The proposed match, however, never materialized.

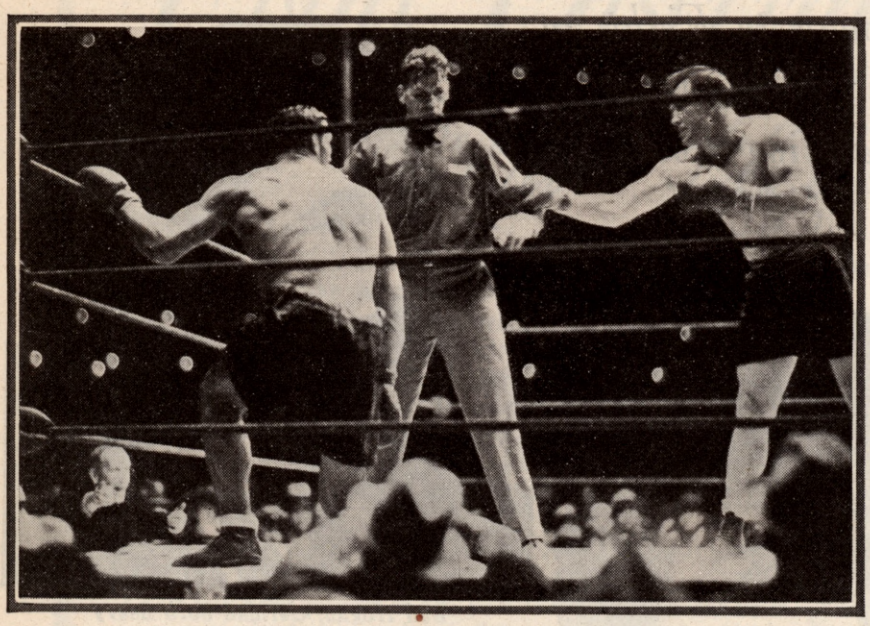
Hogan then went to the oil regions in Pennsylvania and in two years he made a second fortune. He recouped his previous losses and was sitting prettily, financially. But he couldn't rid himself of the fighting bug. He had a notion that he was the best heavyweight in the world and he decided he'd prove it.

He was eager to gain fame in the prize ring and in 1869 he arranged a match for the American championship with Allen, the stakes being $2,000. It was agreed to stage the affair in Illinois and the Steamer Continental was to carry the men to the scene of action. However, the police got wind of the affair and arrested the principals as they landed. They were held in bond and upon agreeing to shift the scene, were released.

A new battle ground was chosen and the ring was pitched near Council Bluffs. The affair attracted almost every celebrity within miles of the region and the wagering was heavy. Hogan, himself bet $10,000 on his chances, so confident was he. Jack Sweeney and Sherman Thurston seconded Hogan and Arthur Chambers and a friend, Henry Schaffer, cared for Allen. Dad Ryan was the referee.

The battle ground was in a secluded spot, only one house being within five miles of the ring. That was done to prevent police interference. The bout itself, (*Continued on page* 43)

Opportunity Knocks



Sharkey protesting to Gunboat Smith after Carnera dropped to one knee after arising from a knockdown in the fourth round

Master of human destinies am I.
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait,
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate
Deserts and seas remote, and, passing by
Hovel, and mart, and palace, soon or late
I knock unbidden once at every gate!
If sleeping, wake—if feasting, rise before

I turn away. It is the hour of fate
And they who follow me reach every state
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore,
I answer not, and I return no more.

—John J. Ingalls.

AND if Squire Jack Sharkey, Boston's portly freeholder, fails to respond to opportunity's knocking when he meets Max Schmeling of Germany for the world heavyweight boxing championship on June 21, he appears destined to become one of those unfortunates who "seek in vain and uselessly implore" for opportunity's return.

For, although he apparently has more fistic lives than the proverbial cat, one more failure in an attempt to win the title would end Sharkey's career as a heavyweight challenger and convince even his most ardent supporters that he is one of those "always the best man but never a groom" type of contenders, lacking true championship ability.

Sharkey already has had more than his share of chances at the crown. Opportunity has been pounding at his door for six long years. Champions have come and gone while the Boston ex-sailor has continued as "outstanding challenger", amassing a comfortable fortune, but failing in each of his numerous chances to prove himself the real champion of his class.

* * *

SHARKEY first flashed into the big time fistic firmament in 1926, when, entering a New York ring as a virtual unknown, he made a ringside radio promise to "knock hell outta this big bum" and carried through with a 13-round victory over Harry Wills, who at that time was regarded as the leading contender for Jack Dempsey's title.

Sharkey's braggadocia made him a big favorite with newspaper men who welcomed him as a fighter providing "good copy." He lived up to his rôle and made no bones of declaring that both Dempsey and Gene Tunney who had succeeded to the title, were "palookas" and that he could whip them both.

The victory over Wills and subsequent triumphs over Jim Maloney, Jack Delaney and Mike McTigue, won Sharkey ranking as leading aspirant for Tunney's crown and the Bostonian would have had a chance at the title but for Dempsey's decision to attempt a "comeback."

Dempsey and Sharkey were matched to decide Tunney's opponent in his first title defense. Sharkey, looking every inch a champion, outscored Dempsey and throughout the early rounds it appeared certain that he would be a knockout victor. Dempsey, however, had the heart and spirit of a true champion and came from behind to win by a knockout in the seventh round—even though his victory was marred by Sharkey's claim of a foul—a claim justified by the facts.

Sharkey had another opportunity to force a championship match with Tunney the following year but failed again when his defeat by Johnny Risko and a draw with Tom Heeney made it possible for the champion to sidetrack him in favor of the less dangerous Heeney.

* * *

WITH Tunney's retirement, it was believed that Sharkey would succeed to the title. Again Sharkey forfeited his chance of recognition through unsatisfactory fights with Kayo Christner and Young Stribling and when the 1929 outdoor season opened, the throne still was vacant.

Sharkey regained considerable prestige by knocking out Tommy Loughran in September 1929, but meanwhile Max Schmeling, far more of an opportunist than the Bostonian, had forged to the front by virtue of a knockout of Johnny Risko and brilliant victories over Paulino Uzcudun and Joe Sekyra.

Thus, when the New York State Athletic Commission named its choices in 1930 for a championship tournament, Schmeling was selected as a finalist with Sharkey and Phil Scott of England named to fight for the other berth. Sharkey all but threw away his opportunity for the title bout when he met Scott at Miami but was fortunate in having a referee who chose to ignore low blows and a questionable victory qualified him to meet Schmeling.

On June 12, 1930, Sharkey—who for four years had been rated at the top of the heavyweight division—had his first actual opportunity to win the title. Perfectly conditioned and at the top of his fighting form, he made an impressive showing and for three rounds gave Schmeling a sound beating and a neat boxing lesson.

Schmeling's supporters maintain that their favorite, a slow starter, was certain to come on and win. Sharkey and his managers maintain that Jack himself had not shown his full ability and was fighting under instructions not to "open up" until the sixth round.

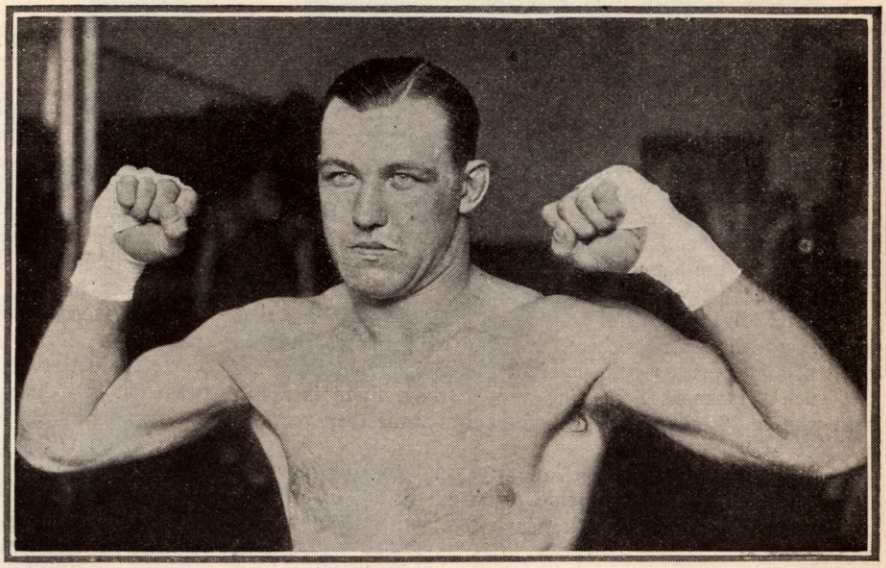
* * *

WHAT might have happened in the remaining rounds of the scheduled 15-round fight no one knows. It is history, how-

AGAIN

By DIXON STEWART

Fame and Fortune Beckon Jack Sharkey, Who Will Soon Receive His Final Chance to Achieve His Ambition



Jack Sharkey posing at his training quarters where he is preparing for his bout with Max Schmeling

ever, that Schmeling, who had taken what appeared to be Sharkey's best blows for three rounds without a sign of weakening and with a slightly swollen left eye as the only mark of battle, rallied in the fourth round.

He still was outclassed as a boxer but succeeded in landing several solid blows. Then Sharkey, always erratic and a notoriously poor marksman to the body, abandoned his attack to the head and uncorked a wild left hook which landed far below Schmeling's belt line.

The German went down, and after scrambling to his knees, looked to his corner for instructions. His manager, shrewd little Joie Jacobs, instructed Schmeling to remain on the canvas. Assuring himself that Arthur Brisbane, Hearst editor, had seen the low blow and would support a protest, Jacobs jumped into the ring and claimed the bout for Schmeling on a foul.

Referee Crowley was uncertain what to do but with Jacobs shouting in his ear, consulted the judges. Charles F. Mathison declared he had not seen the low blow, but the other, Harold Barnes said Schmeling had been fouled. Despite protests by Sharkey's seconds, Barnes stuck to his guns when Crowley came back to ask a second and third time, after wandering from one judge to the other with Jacobs still clinging to his arm and personally conducting the tour. With Barnes supporting the claim and Jacobs refusing to let Schmeling continue, Crowley had no course other than to declare the German winner.

Sharkey to this day claims he scored a clean knockout and won the championship and in that he has the support of William Muldoon. However, Schmeling was given the decision and the title, and with it, a silver belt, donated by THE RING magazine.

* * *

SCHMELING promised Sharkey a return bout in September, 1930, but did not fulfill his promise. When he returned from Germany in 1931, the New York State Athletic Commission still rated Sharkey as the outstanding contender for the title. The National Boxing Association, however, gave top ranking to W. L. (Young) Stribling.

Schmeling's manager suggested that Stribling and Sharkey fight to decide an opponent for the champion. When Sharkey, secure in the support of the New York Commission, refused to meet Stribling, Manager Jacobs cast his lot with the National Boxing Association which regulates boxing in 29 states and Stribling was selected as the first rival for the champion. Thus Sharkey lost his 1931 opportunity to try for the title.

After Schmeling stopped Stribling, Sharkey came out of virtual retirement and fought a 15-round bout with Mickey Walker, retired middleweight champion, for the "American heavyweight championship." Once again the Boston sailor failed to take advantage of the opportunity offered him by making a poor showing and being held to a draw.

Sharkey redeemed himself however, by a 15-round victory over Primo Carnera, but even in that bout, he gave one of his histrionic displays and almost lost the bout on a technicality. After knocking Carnera down in the fourth round, he attempted to jump from the ring when the Italian went down for a second time without being hit. Manager Johnny Buckley's rotund stomach blocked the exit and saved Sharkey from disqualification.

He remained in the ring, but instead of following up his advantage, Jack wasted valuable time trying to convince Referee Gunboat Smith that he should be awarded the bout on a foul because Carnera went down without being hit—a violation of the Marquis of Queensberry rules, but not of the New York rules under which the bout was fought. Carnera recovered during the debate and Sharkey was unable to score another knockdown during the remaining 11 rounds although he hit the Italian at will with his hardest punches and battered him severely.

* * *

WHEN the heavyweight program was drafted for 1932, Mickey Walker was nominated for the first chance at the title on the strength of his draw with Sharkey and it appeared that the Bostonian would be sidetracked for another year.

Luckily for Sharkey, the financial depression made it inadvisable to stage the Schmeling-Walker bout and with no other course open, Schmeling and his manager agreed to a match with Sharkey. Contracts were signed and the contest definitely set for Yankee Stadium, New York, on June 21.

And now that Sharkey is assured of a second opportunity to win the title—a chance never before granted a heavyweight who failed in his first attempt—his final rating as a fighter is at stake. A victory will establish him as the superior ringman his friends maintain he is. A second defeat by Schmeling, regardless of its circumstances, will mean the end of his career and he will go down in boxing history as a fighter lacking in that final spark of greatness required of a true champion.

If the testimony of Jack Dempsey is taken as a criterion, Sharkey does lack that spark. Dempsey, who ruled the division when Sharkey made his debut and who gave the Bostonian his first serious setback, has little regard for the challenger. He has frequently declared:

"Sharkey is one man I'll always know I can beat. He dogged it in our first fight, and has (*Continued on page* 43)

STREET FIGHTERS

By WILBUR WOOD

MAX SCHMELING and Jack Sharkey, supposedly the two mightiest fist fighters in the world, box in the new Madison Square Garden Bowl for the heavyweight championship. Theoretically, either could whip any other man who might get into a brawl with them. Their labors in the ring bring them wealth beyond the dreams of the average man. For years they have worked to perfect the science of the game; to harden themselves to punishment; to put deadly power in their punches.

Theoretically, they stand at the top. Yet who can say that in the crowd watching them, or hundreds or thousands of miles distant, perhaps even ignorant of the fact that there are two such persons as Schmeling and Sharkey, there is not a man who could take either one of them apart if they got into a street brawl.

That brings up the subject of street fighting, of how the average professional boxer would make out in a mixup, without benefit of referee or rules, in a fight with some "tough guy."

There is not a great deal of evidence to go on, for the reason that boxers, in these days at least, seldom use their fists outside the ring. Many employ their maulies all too sparingly, even inside the ropes. The professional boxer shuns the street brawl for several reasons. For one thing, he is almost certain to be accused of playing the role of a bully, of taking an unfair advantage because of his ability to box.

An even more cogent consideration is that there is no financial reward for street fighting. A boxer, engaging in a brawl outside the ring, with no bandages or gloves on his hands, is very likely to break a knuckle and so deprive himself of the means of earning a livelihood for a considerable period.

Be the reasons what they may, it is a fact that the trained boxer probably gets into fewer fights on the street than any other class of humanity.

As Dumb Dan Morgan, one of the best known sages of the sock market puts it, "the less a guy knows about fighting the more anxious he seems to be to fight. The birds who are always popping off and offering to punch somebody in the nose are those who can't fight a lick."

In looking over the boxers of this day and age who would seem best fitted for street fighting, on the basis of their work in the ring, one would choose such fellows as Mickey Walker and King Levinsky, whose boxing has a distinct roughhouse flavor. I don't know whether the Kingfish has been in action in a street brawl since he achieved distinction in the ring. But I do know that Walker has traded punches a few times outside the ring. I particularly recall the occasion when the Toy Bulldog was knocked down and badly handled in general by a butcher boy.

As the story comes to mind, Mickey was popping off in a lunch room in Jersey and became involved in an argument with the young butcher, who had no idea that he was inviting trouble with the man who then held the middleweight championship of the world. The yarn is that after he had stretched Mickey he was dismayed to learn that he had been exchanging socks with a famous exponent of the Queensberry art.

Often you will hear some ringsider remark, in commenting on a ferocious-looking specimen in the ring, that he would hate to meet him in a dark alley. That is a natural comment. Yet, probably, the object of the remark would submit to more verbal abuse than the ordinary man. As I have said before, the fighter seldom looks for trouble outside the ring.

Still, there are exceptions. There are a few boxers who never pass up a chance to let fly at some alleged tough guy who speaks out of turn. The one boxer of modern times who has had more street battles than any other is a fellow one would hardly single out as going in for that sort of thing. I refer to Jack Britton. On the authority of Dan Morgan, who managed Britton for many years, Jack never bowed himself out when challenged.

This is all the more amazing in view of Britton's style of boxing. In the ring he never was known as a puncher. He relied on speed and cleverness and his knockout average certainly was nothing about which to boast. Possibly it was because of that very fact that Britton bowled over so many trouble hunters. Maybe he satisfied a secret passion for knockouts in that way.

Britton specialized in flattening truck drivers and taxicab chauffeurs who chose him for a soft mark. The bigger they came the better he liked it. Possibly another angle he figured was that in fighting a truck driver there was less chance that he would be "ganged" even if he sloughed the trouble maker.

"I could tell you of many a street fight in which Britton knocked some husky tough guy for a goal," relates Morgan. "But the only one in particular that I will mention is a good sample. One afternoon Britton and his wife were riding to a theater in a taxicab. When they got out Jack gave up a tip that was not large enough to suit the driver, who loudly remarked that Britton was a cheap such-and-such and that he would like to hit him in the nose if he were not afraid it would be fatal.

"That was enough for Britton. He handed the theater tickets to his wife and sent her on ahead, into the theater lobby, with the remark that he would be along in a few seconds. Then he went into argument with the cab driver, with the result that the cabbie hopped to the sidewalk and sent a prodigious wallop in the direction of Jack's nose. Of course, the punch never landed. Britton stepped inside it with a solid jolt to the chin and down went the cabby. His head hit the fender of the car and his whole face was split wide open. It looked rather serious and Britton made tracks as fast as he could, not even pausing at the theater. The cabby was carted away in an ambulance. He probably doesn't know to this day that the bird who knocked him out was the welterweight champion.

"It's a funny thing," Morgan went on, "but today boxers seldom get into fights with each other. I often wonder about that. You go up to the gymnasium any day and take your stand near the heavy punching bag and you will see and hear any number of heated arguments between fighters as to who shall use the bag and when. They may call each other all sorts of names, enough to make the average fellow fight a cageful of lions, but none of them ever lets a punch go.

"Speaking of street fights, the best one I ever saw was between two fighters. It happened a long time ago. As I really was the one who egged them into it I remember it as if it were yesterday. It was between Young Ahearn, a Liverpool Englishman, and our old friend, Soldier Bartfield.

"Dan McKettrick was managing Bartfield at the time and I had turned over Ahearn to him. Bartfield was then, as he is now, an easy-going fellow, but Ahearn was not. For some reason Ahearn had a strong dislike for the Soldier. At the time of which I speak McKettrick had gone abroad and left Bartfield and Ahearn in my charge.

"Just a short time before Bartfield had beaten Mike Gibbons and Mike had handed Ahearn a knockout in four rounds. The Soldier was a fellow who liked to be left to himself. Ahearn got the idea Bartfield was high-hatting him and I told him as much.

"One afternoon the three of us were standing on 27th Street, near the old Garden. Bartfield walked away and got himself a soft drink at a stand. 'You see,' I told Ahearn, 'he won't even invite you to join him.' When the Soldier returned Ahearn began to abuse him and the first thing you know they were going to it in the street.

How They Settled Disputes in the Old Days

A battle royal of the bar-room type

"Ahearn was a good street fighter. He had a trick, which he had learned on the Liverpool docks, of kicking you in the ankle, knocking you off balance, and then letting you have a punch on the chin. That was the way he started on Bartfield. The Soldier, who was at a loss to understand what the row was all about, went down. He got up and then began a terrific battle that lasted for ten or twelve minutes. I never enjoyed any other fight as much as that one. A crowd gathered and several tried to stop it. As soon as anyone tried to butt in, Ahearn would step away from Bartfield and bowl over the interloper. Then he and the Soldier would resume where they had left off.

"When the cops finally broke it up the two fighters were a sight. Ahearn had a bad gash on his head, his mouth was cut in several places, his nose was smashed and one hand was swelled up as big as a ham. The Soldier's collar bone was fractured in two places, his eyes and nose were cut up. Each had a fine assortment of bumps.

"When McKettrick heard about it he was fit to be tied. Each of them had to call off several matches until they recovered from their brawl. 'I'll never leave another fighter in your charge,' said McKettrick, when he came back. 'You should have prevented it.' Dan didn't know I started the rumpus."

The gentleman's way of avenging an insult

A fighting and biting exhibition

Probably the only time two ring champions ever got into a street brawl was the time when Al McCoy, at that time middleweight king, started to punch it out with Battling Levinsky, the light-heavyweight boss. Morgan stopped that one. They both were his fighters.

Another fighter of the present time who, like Britton, hardly would be suspected of enjoying street fighting, is Dave Shade. Like Britton, Dave is known for his lack of hitting power in the ring, depending on speed and cleverness. Yet he is always ready to mix with any tough guy in the street, no matter how big.

Charlie Mitchell, the English heavyweight, was a prolific street fighter. Mitchell served a year in the hoosegow as a result of beating up a bully in England. The story is that he was hired to do the job by Squire Abingdon Baird, the famous English sportsman, and that the Squire paid Mitchell $100,000 to make up for the time Charlie spent behind the bars.

A good bet in a street fight with any man in the world today would be Johnny Broderick, the New York detective who specializes on taming tough guys. Though Broderick could use other means, he likes to polish off troublemakers with his fists.

Broderick might be very bad medicine for Schmeling, Sharkey or any other heavyweight, though he isn't a heavyweight himself, in a street brawl where everything went. That's no doubt another reason why boxers do not generally fare so well in the rough and tumble stuff. They are accustomed to fighting according to the book. The street fighter makes up his own rules as he goes along.

In the old days George Considine, a famous Broadway character who operated several bars, was rated the toughest fighter around. Considine made Sullivan, Fitzsimmons and others walk the chalk line when they were in a pugnacious mood. Tom O'Rourke, who is still around, was another who could handle himself as well as any of them.

Years ago, too, there was a newspaper man named Dick Bell who achieved a reputation as a puncher in street brawls. Bell was a rather effeminate-looking chap, with long hair. He never knew he could punch until one night when Kid Lavigne, the lightweight champion, tried to stick a lighted cigar in his face. Bell took a desperate wallop. The punch hit Lavigne on the chin and knocked him cold for twenty minutes.

That started Bell. Night after night he would get himself into altercations with the hard-boiled characters who infested the various resorts. His record was an unbroken series of victories until one night when he got into a ruckus with a colored man at Broadway and 29th Street. Bell's first punch failed to flatten the colored man, who whipped out a knife and ripped Bell open from waist to chin. Bell died soon after.

So, folks, if there is any moral to all this, it seems to be that you never can tell what will happen when you look for trouble. The innocent-looking chap you decide to pick on as a medium for demonstrating your prowess may turn out to be mighty bad medicine. Street fighting is bad business, if you ask me.

When Grandpa

WELL, Hector, you've got to hand it to the rough and tough days when the old *Police Gazette* was the palladium of the sports and boxing was not the effete sport it is today.

Examination of the files of the ancient *Police Gazette,* which now are in possession of Nat Fleischer, publisher of THE RING, discloses some artistic gems, three of which are reproduced herewith.

On the opposite page we have a gorgeous excerpt from the *Gazette* of October 31, 1885. It is captioned, "A Gilt Edged Fight," and depicts two strapping fellows having it out in a Brooklyn drawing room.

The artist fails to tell who the scrappers are. But the boy in the Sullivan-esque moustache seems to be having the better of the argument. The other lad is about to shove his right elbow through a valuable oil painting, but the owner of the menage—the old boy with the bald pate and the sideburns, who sits at the extreme right, apparently is not perturbed over the imminent loss of his artistic treasure. Rather is he enthralled by the heavy right which the fighter with the moustache just has delivered.

Gaze upon the lace work in the crowd. Examine the Napoleon-like attitude of the bird in the far left hand corner of the gem. His left hand is tucked away in his coat. He seems to be afraid that he will let his mitts run riot and applaud so much as to excite the wonder of the refined folks in the next house. Remember, it is Brooklyn. This fact is verified by the carpet on the floor.

The picture suggests something to this modern age. Why not boxing in the drawing room of 1932? We have parlor games and home movies. Why not bring fighting into your home, too?

The drawing indicates that the battlers of 1885 were not as good business men as are the scrappers of 1932. There are only ten onlookers in the Battle of the Drawing Room of forty-seven years ago, and even if they went so far as ten bucks a throw, the house wasn't more than a century. Imagine offering two battlers of the present day a purse of a hundred bucks! You imagine it, Hector. We can't.

* * *

THE amusing picture on this page shows a familiar character of the "good old days." Recognize him, Hector? What, you do not know John Lawrence Sullivan, Boston Strong Boy, and pride of the generation that saw bare knuckle days merge into those of the early glove era?

Sullivan nipped at Nashville

It seems that Sullivan engaged in a fight at Nashville. Fighting in those days was not lawful in most of our metropoli, and the cops got after John L. for breaking the law, disturbing the peace and various other little technicalities.

Lucky for the Nashville police force, which is shown out in its entirety, that it caught Sullivan with his suspenders off. Two clubs are uplifted at John L. Two guns are thrust into his determined phizz. Ten cops are shown, and many more are in the dimly drawn background. One of the policemen is shown putting the bracelets on the great fighter.

Gaze upon the fighting mein of the lug on the far left. He

Was a KID

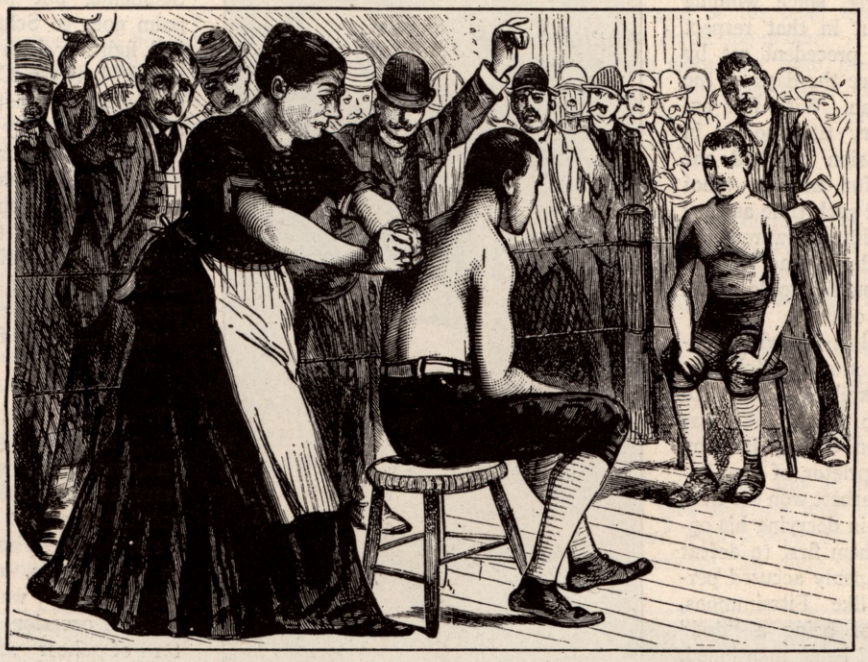
BY OLIN DAVIS

is what now is called a plain clothes man. Maybe he was the sheriff. His artistic Dundrearies lend charm to his face and add to the artistic value of the drawing. The cop on the far right is in better style. He has a little goatee, which Sullivan seems to have tried to twig.

Is our hero resisting arrest? Well, he's giving a great imitation of it. Sullivan's lips are set firmly. His laced shirt appears to have been borrowed from one of the National League ball players of the time. John L. looks thin—far thinner than he looked that night when Jim Corbett knocked him for a fadeout.

* * *

AND now, the last of the gems of another day—the last of the artistic excerpts from the ancient *Police Gazette*.



Right—Her sporting blood was up

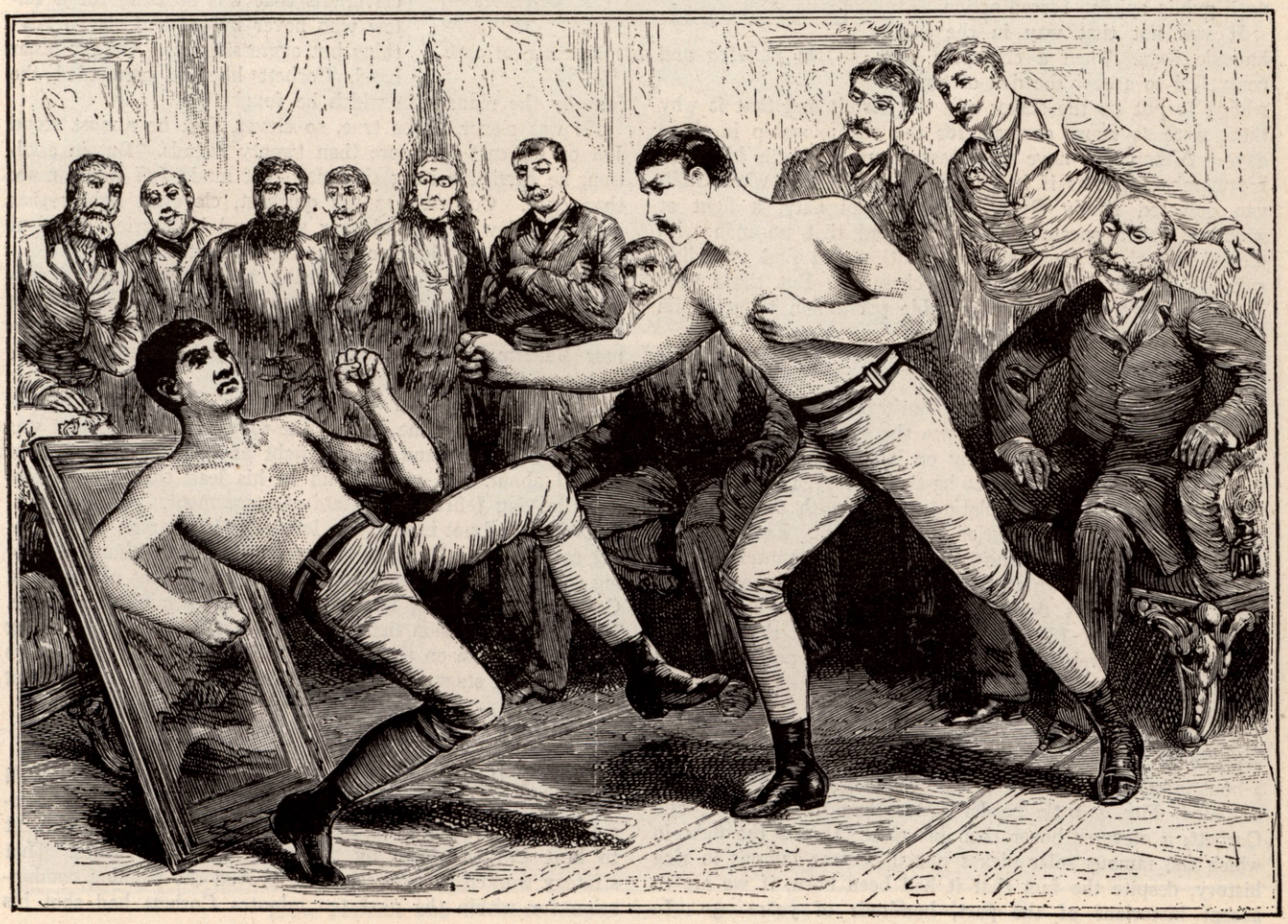
"Her Sporting Blood Was Up," the artist labelled this corker. He explains, "John Heffernan's mother seconds him in a prize fight against Johnny Carter near Miners Mills, Pa."

And your artist adds, out of the mouth of Mr. Heffernan, "Insult my mother and I'll smash your jaw!"

Well and nobly said, Mr. Heffernan! Mrs. Heffernan looks as if she might know her business. Just what she is doing with her boy's back it is hard to say. Looks as if she might be giving the scrapper one of those osteopathic treatments.

Examine the tenseness of the crowd—the eager eye of Carter, the adroitness of his second. The referee and time keeper has his derby over his eyes. He is all business. And what a derby!

(*Continued on page 45*)



Below—A gilt-edged fight

When STRENGTH

By A. D. PHILLIPS

(*Oldest Active Sports Writer in America*)

MAX SCHMELING has been severely criticized for not having placed his title in jeopardy more than once, against Stribling, since winning the championship, but in that respect he has followed the precedent set by other title holders since the days of the great John L. Sullivan. With few exceptions, almost every title holder in the heavyweight division has had one excuse or another for keeping aloof from challengers until such time as they thought they had either lowered the morale of the contender or had reached the point where the public would spend big money to see the contest.

The history of the heavyweight division is full of such stories. John L. Sullivan preferred exhibition tours to meeting Jake Kilrain, until Jake was forced on the Boston Strong Boy by Richard K. Fox, proprietor of the *Police Gazette*. When Corbett won the title, he took great delight in decrying his opponents and telling them first to defeat so-and-so. Often he openly accused persistent challengers like Fitzsimmons, Maher and others of being a "dud" fighter, not worthy of being mentioned, until public opinion forced action.

It was not that way in the bare-knuckle days. Then a champion was compelled to accept the defi of anyone willing to put up the stakes and the forfeit and that is why there were so many contests for the championship in those days. Although I have just passed my eightieth birthday, I remember, just as if it happened to-day, how, when Sullivan defeated Paddy Ryan at Mississippi City, a fight at which I was a spectator, he announced that no man with money enough to back his judgment, would find any difficulty to obtain a fight with the champion. But those were mere words for it took considerable persuasion to get John L. to live up to them.

* * *

A HEAVYWEIGHT championship is worth considerable money these days, hence the title holder cannot be blamed for keeping a tight grip on it so long as he possibly can. One fight a year seems to be the average, the rest of the year being used for accumulating some wealth through exhibitions, theatricals and motion picture work. Even in that respect, Schmeling is a most unfortunate heavyweight king for he gained the crown at a time when the world went topsy-turvy, and business depression hit the lowest ebb reached since the panic of 1897. In addition to which there are no first class heavyweights to match the drawing power of Jack Dempsey, hence one battle a year with the outstanding contender is about all the public cares to see.

The fight between Schmeling and Sharkey revives memories of the contest between Corbett and Fitz at Carson City, a bout in which two well-trained, evenly matched fighters participated, Fitz, a little harder hitter than his opponent and Corbett, a cleverer boxer than his rival. It was the fight in which the famous solar plexus punch became famous in ring history, despite the fact that it had been born, if we are to accept historians of the past, hundreds of years ago. In

Jim Jeffries and his famous crouch

cleverness, Sharkey has a shade on Schmeling but in hitting power, the palm goes to Schmeling.

A fight in which strength beat science, is that between Corbett and Jeffries at Coney Island that the California Boilermaker won by a knockout in the twenty-third round after being outclassed by his weaker opponent. So superior to Corbett was Jeffries regarded, that less than 8000 persons attended the historic mill in the Seaside A. C. To-day if a heavyweight championship fight doesn't yield $500,000, it is regarded as a failure financially.

* * *

THE pre-dope, in that contest, as in many other heavyweight encounters, was far off edge. The battle, contrary to expectations, was one of the finest ever staged in the history of New York fights. Those who had expected to see Jeffries, a big, lumbering flat-footed fighter, were sadly mistaken, for on that occasion, it wasn't just a matter of sheer strength—he displayed cleverness that was amazing for a fellow who never before had shown anything but aggressiveness. On the other hand, Corbett likewise astounded the fans by the manner in which he fought.

He was clever, to be true, so clever, that he almost stood Jeff on his ears for more than twenty rounds. But in addition, he carried a sting that day that made Jeff wince more than once. Corbett was the quickest, cleverest fighter that day that New York had ever seen and he carried sufficient power behind his blows to make them count.

Jeffries, however, wouldn't back away. Naturally aggressive, he kept going after Gentleman Jim despite jab after jab that snapped that head of his back time and again. The former Boilermaker tried desperately to put across that haymaker of his, but without effect.

The pile drivers with which he stopped Fitz could not reach Corbett, the will 'o the wisp of the roped square. Corbett was not the kind to stand up and fight as did Fitzsimmons, but shifted about. He would send in his lead then would dart away leaving Jeffries in a state of amazement.

Corbett had not boxed with Jeffries in his Carson City training camp or watched him in several contests without absorbing considerable pointers about Jeff's style. In the ninth round Corbett near gaining immortal fame by regaining the title. It was in that session that he uncorked a beautiful right swing that landed flush on the jaw and followed with several others that had Jeff staggering but Jim couldn't deliver the finishing punch.

* * *

WHEN the fight had reached the twentieth round, Bill Brady, who had released Tommy Ryan from the command of Jeff's corner, decided to send Jeff out and attempt to beat Corbett down by sheer strength and rushes. That strategy worked to perfection. It proved the winning combination for within the next ten minutes Corbett had shot his

Beat SCIENCE

How Jefferies' Bull-Dog Attack Forced Corbett into Submission—in Coney Island Fight

bolt, his legs gave way and Jeffries was on the way to certain victory.

In the nineteenth, Corbett was floored with a right behind the ear, but he got to his feet quickly and danced all around Jeff.

Corbett in the twenty-first and twenty-second rounds kept shooting out that jolting left to the face, but try as he did, he couldn't halt Jeff's progress. The champion was determined and regardless of Corbett's attack, he kept boring in, throwing punches as he moved inwardly, until he had battered down Gentleman Jim's stamina. The rest was then easy.

A right to the body in the twenty-third started Corbett on the road to defeat. Jeffries, who had infused double energy into his work, kept right after Corbett, swinging with might and main as he rushed. He backed Corbett to the ropes, caught him with a full left swing on the chin and Corbett dropped to the floor. He was unable to respond to the call of time and Jeffries had again successfully defended his crown.

As soon as he had regained consciousness, Corbett walked out of his corner and shook hands with his conqueror. The latter remarked:

"It was a good fight, Jim, wasn't it?"

"I don't remember much about it," replied Corbett. As he left the ring, he held his hand to his head, still suffering from the effect of the bump of his head against the floor as he dropped from Jeff's terrific haymaker.

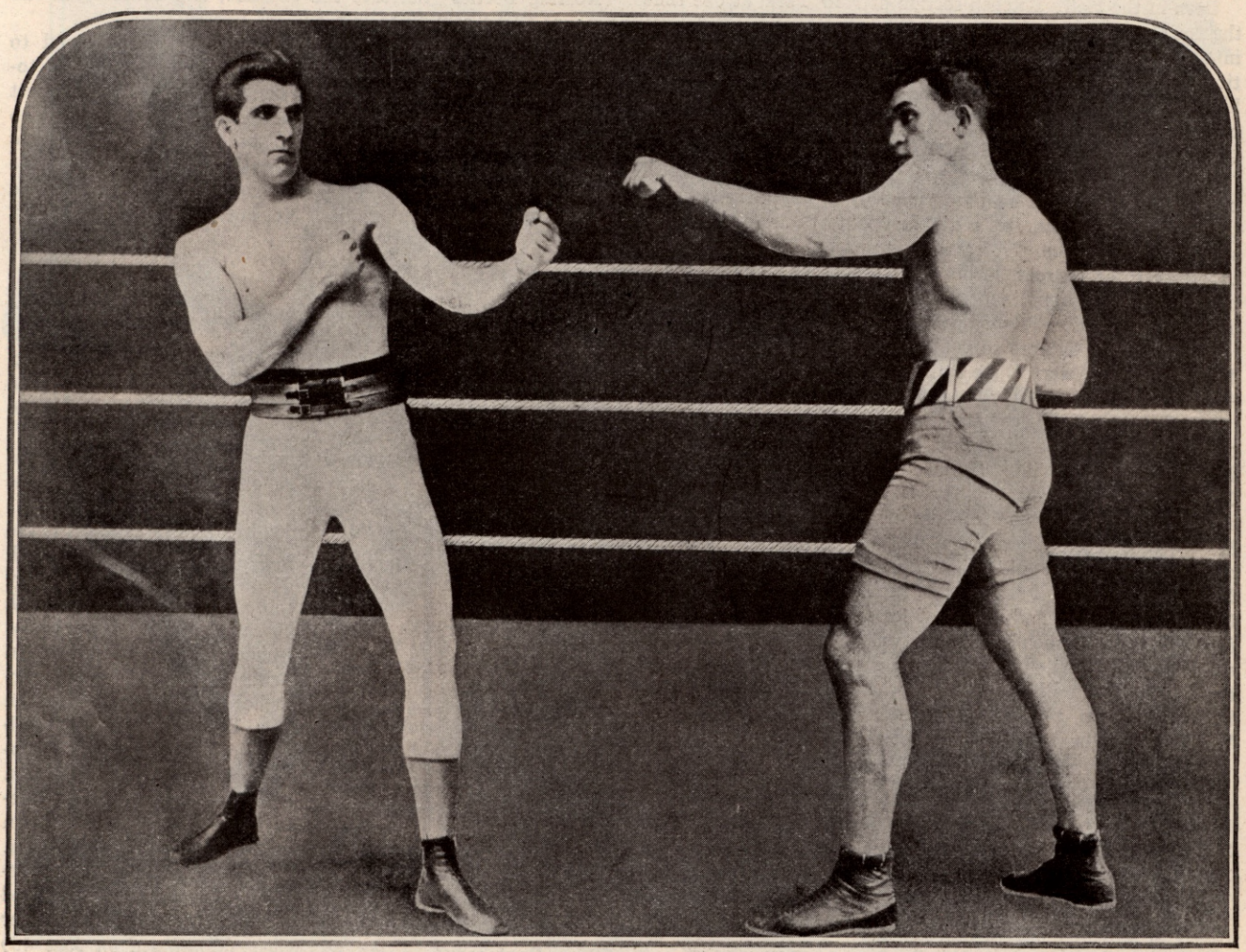
Of all the fighters since that time, the nearest approach to the style of Jeffries, the aggressive, crouching style which Dempsey also had, is that of Max Schmeling. In Schmeling old timers see a throwback to Jeffries.

* * *

JIM JEFFRIES was one of the most awe-inspiring men in ring history when he crouched in his old familiar style and rushed at an opponent. Such men as Jim Corbett, Bob Fitzsimmons, Tom Sharkey, Jack Monroe and Gus Ruhlin testified to that.

The late Gus Ruhlin often said after he had been whipped by Jeff that he knew the minute he saw Jeff coming across the ring at him in the opening round of their short bout that the big boiler maker was going to win, unless a happy fate intervened.

Jeff was the champion then and he was a massive person. But, above all, his face had the look of the greater fighter. His head was topped with a long black thatch of hair that lent a peculiar appearance. In some (*Continued on page* 45)



How Jeffries and Corbett shaped up for their fight at the Seaside A. C.

A Winning Pair

Jacobs and McCarney, the Jewish-Irish Dispensers of Cauliflower Preferred

By John L. (Ike) Dorgan

THERE is no manager of famous fighters who has handled the reins of more world champions either by himself or in conjunction with others, than the "little man with the big stogie" who looks after the interests of Max Schmeling. Joe Jacobs is his name and with his partner, Billy McCarney, he has organized the famous Jewish-Irish fistic firm that has gained more international publicity than any similar combination in the field of pugilism. Both are veterans in the sale of cauliflower preferred, despite the fact that the Hebrew member of the firm is only about half the age of the genial Son of Erin.

Born in the Hell's Kitchen section of New York, at one time the toughest part of the Greater City, Jacobs, who still lives in the district, close by the "Roaring Forties", got his pugilistic training at quite an early age and has made good use of his knowledge in the advancement of both himself and his stable of fighters. He is a shrewd, aggressive, fearless type of mentor, the kind that predominated in the days of yore.

Although only a welterweight in physique, Joe has the voice of a roaring lion once he gets started in an argument, a voice that has enabled him to carry his point regardless of how strong the opposition. No manager or promoter has been able to outsmart or outroar Jacobs in a wrangling argument pertaining to his fighters, especially so when the argument has involved his pride—Schmeling.

The first two fighters to come under Joe's eagle eyes, were Dave and Willey Astey. Then he took over John Moran, "The Fighting Actor." Later he took charge of the affairs of Benny Valger, Battling Reddy, Willie Herman and Mike McTigue. Mike ran out on Jacobs after Joe had steered him into the light-heavyweight title and was compelled to pay Joe $8,500 for his release. Ted Moore of England, Frankie Ash, Artie O'Leary, Bill Tate, and others of lesser fame were also members of Jacobs' stable. In addition, Jacobs had an interest in Charley Phil Rosenberg when he was bantam king and in Mickey Walker, when he held the welter title.

* * *

JOE was one of the original promoters and matchmaker of the Dexter Park Stadium, the American Legion Boxing Shows in Detroit, Mich., the Arena of Philadelphia, the Riverside Arena of Covington, Ky., and the National League Ball Park in Philadelphia.

Billy McCarney, "The Professor"

"Hustler Joe" was at one time associated with Max "Boo Boo" Hoff, noted fistic impressario of the Quaker City in managing Ad Stone, Eddie Kid Wagner, Danny Kramer, Jimmy Mendo and others.

Jacobs is probably one of the most active and tireless members of the cauliflower fraternity in this country. He is an international character, his journeys with fighters having carried him to all parts of Europe. There is not a section of this country that Joe has not visited. He is a picturesque figure and always carries a long unlit cigar in his mouth.

"Hustler Joe" has a happy faculty of combining pleasure with business. He has joked and laughed himself out of many a critical complication. He is a very quick-witted thinker with a very keen sense of humor, indeed. Many sharp dealing promoters and matchmakers "in the sticks" of late, have the bad habit of cheating visiting managers and their fighters, when it comes to settling up after a show. But these sharp shooters were never able to slip anything over on Joe.

Against these cheaters is where Joe shines. When they start bamboozling him, he laughs at them in his whimsical way, and if he can't win by his jests, then the champion roarer of the "Roaring Forties" outroars the cheaters, and collects the full amount that's coming to him and his fighter.

Jacobs even laughed and joked when they threatened to lynch him and Mike McTigue at Columbus, Georgia, on October 4, 1923, when McTigue and Young Stribling fought a most exciting and sensational ten-round draw, with a howling mob of gunmen threatening to blow Jacobs and his champion into smithereens or lynch them on a nearby tree. Joe and Mike escaped the wrath of the populace and could never again be induced to show in Columbus. "No, not for a million dollars," they declared.

* * *

AS for McCarney, he is the silent member of the firm of Jacobs and McCarney. To the general public, Jacobs is the manager of Schmeling, the man who steered the German into the heavyweight championship. McCarney's name is rarely mentioned, yet he is as much a factor in the success of the partnership as is Jacobs.

McCarney, the old ring trouper, is the advance agent. He paves the way with the ballyhoo. As far back as 1911, Billy was riding the cauliflower circuit with Luther McCarty, the white hope whose career was checked when he was killed in a bout with Arthur Pelky. At intervals he has been the ballyhoo man on the road for Dempsey, Willard, Bob Martin, Luis Firpo and other ring celebrites. He is a confirmed trouper, a minstrel at heart—one of the most likeable fellows in the boxing game, a man with an extraordinary sense of humor.

Billy has been through several fortunes, but he always has taken the bad breaks with a smile. The worst he ever got was when (*Continued on page* 45)

Without Benefit OF GLOVES

John L. Sullivan, the Boston Strong Boy

THE RICHARD K. FOX BELT.
Emblematic of the Pugilistic Supremacy of the World.

The Richard K. Fox Belt, Emblematic of the pugilistic supremacy of the World

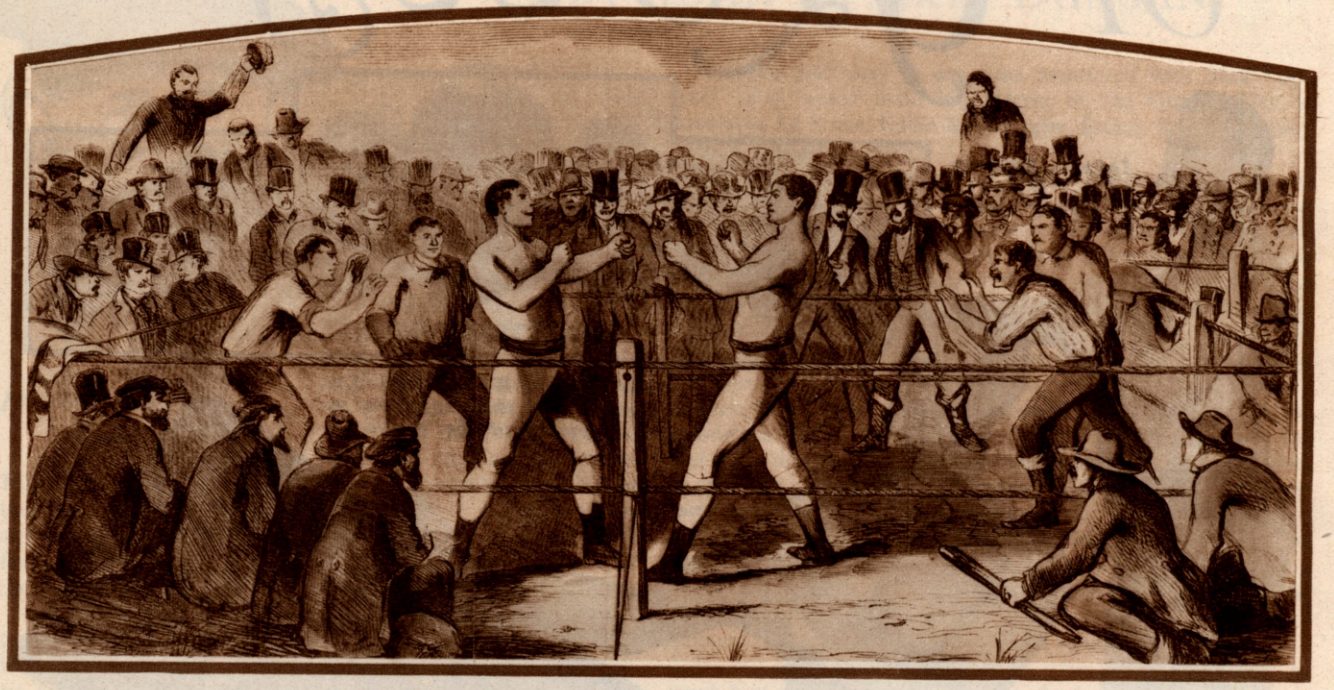
Tom Hyer, first American champion

John C. Heenan, the Benecia Boy

Fac-simile of the "Police Gazette" lightweight championship belt, fought for at the California Athletic Club and held by Jack McAuliffe

Lord Lonsdale Belt

Before GLOVES Became *Fashionable*



Above—A scene in the Morrissey-Heenan battle at Long Point, Canada, October 20, 1858. Morrisey beat the "Benecia Boy" in eleven rounds for the American title

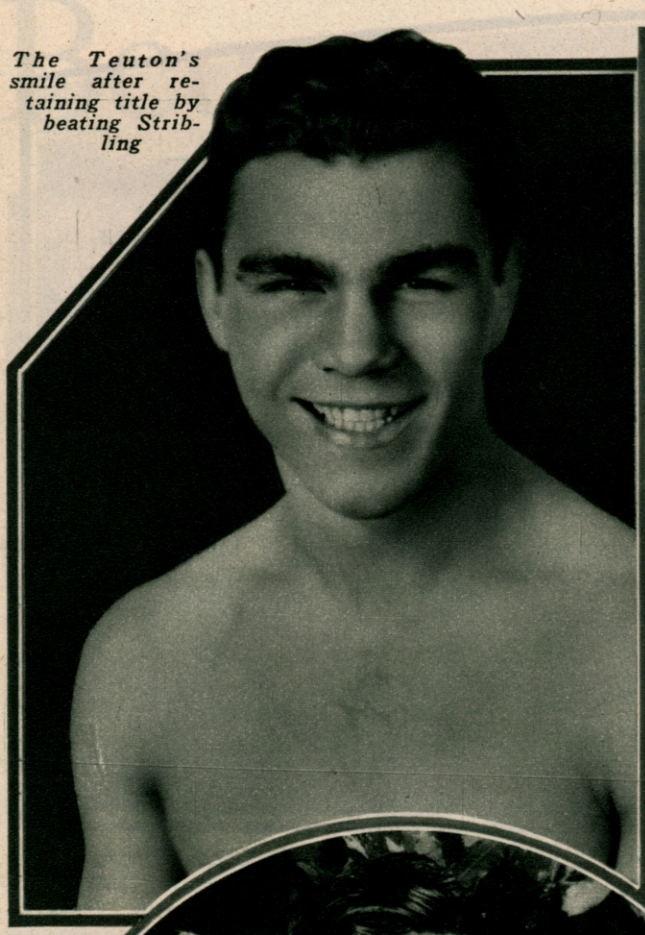
Below—The fight at Richburg, Mississippi, July 8, 1888, in which Sullivan beat Kilrain in 75 rounds for the heavyweight title in the last of the great bare-knuckle fights

Bare-Knuckles Abroad

Above—The famous Heenan-Sayers fight in England on April 17, 1860, in which the mob tore down the ropes and a draw was declared after the men had fought five rounds without a referee

Below—The much discussed Sullivan-Mitchell fight on the sodden turf at Chantilly, France, March 10, 1888, which was declared a draw at the end of thirty-nine rounds of unsatisfactory milling

SCHMELING'S



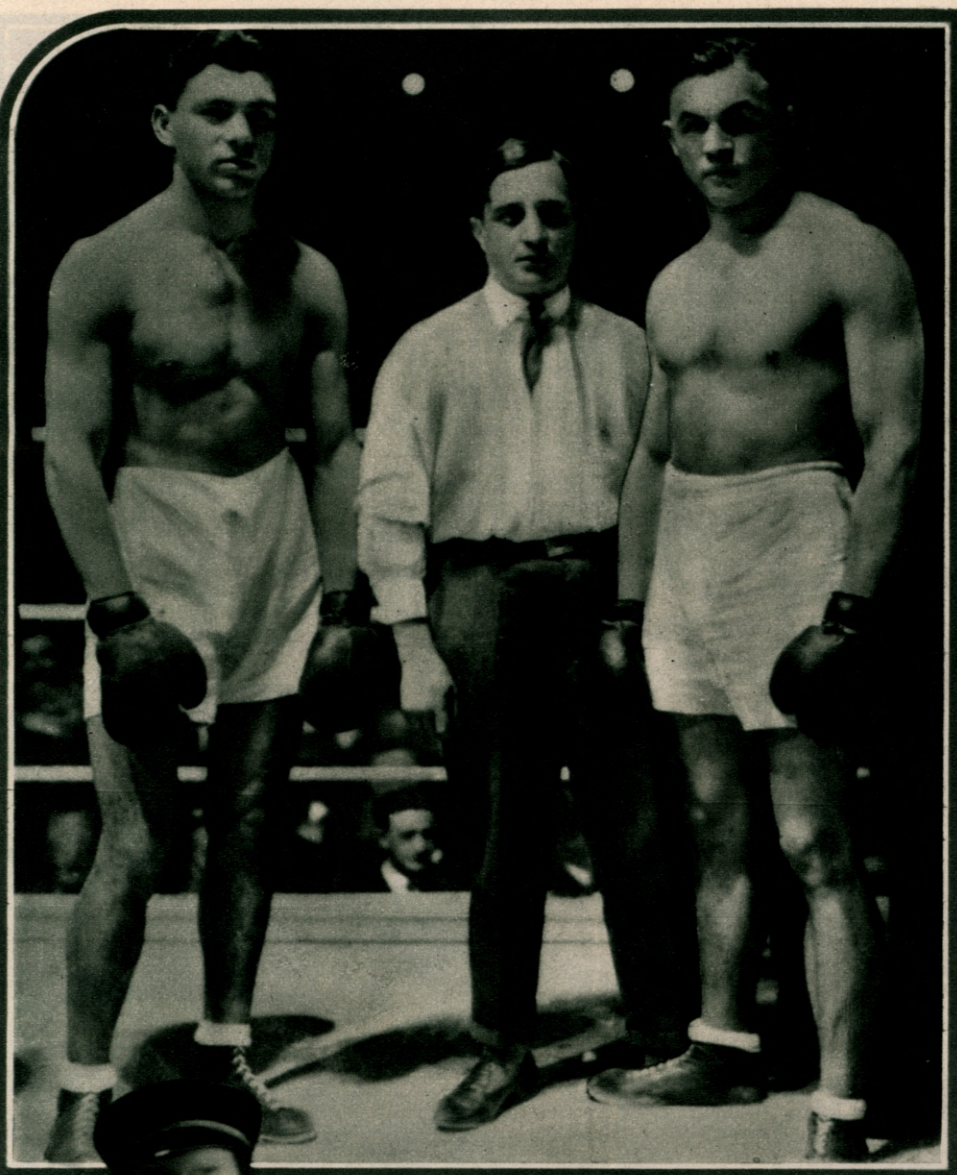
The Teuton's smile after retaining title by beating Stribling

Schmeling and Sharkey shaking hands before their first fight

Schmeling crowned king of European heavyweights when he beat Delarge of Belgium in 1928

Max has Stribling down in Cleveland engagement

Career *in Pictures*

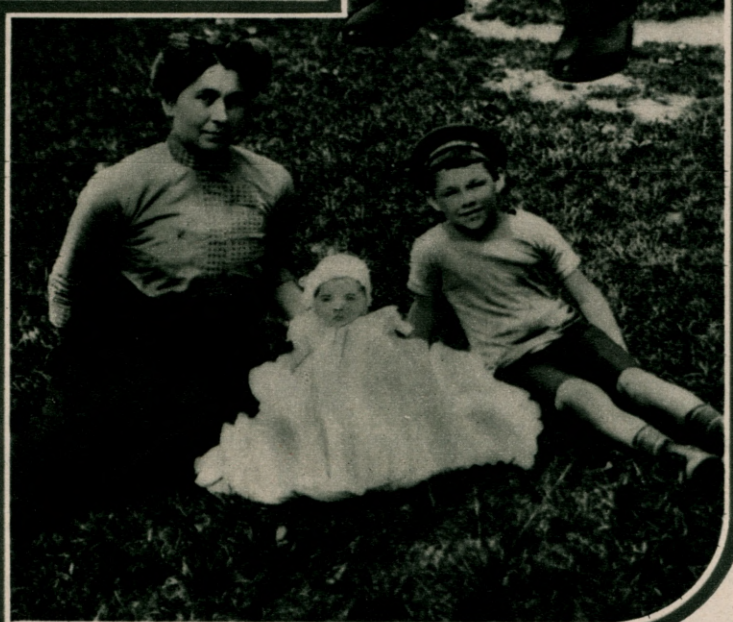


The Debonair Max

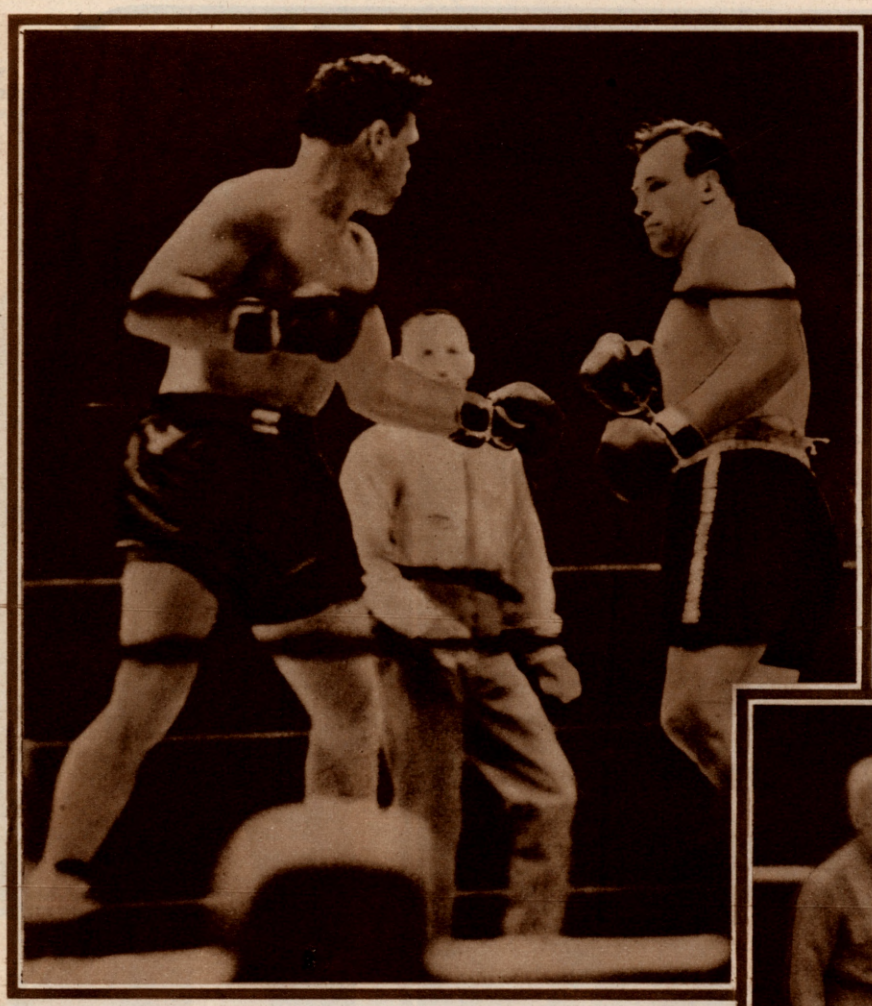
Above—When Schmeling won the German light-heavyweight title by beating Max Dickmann in Berlin in 1926. Schmeling is on left

Left — Herr Maxie at the age of eight

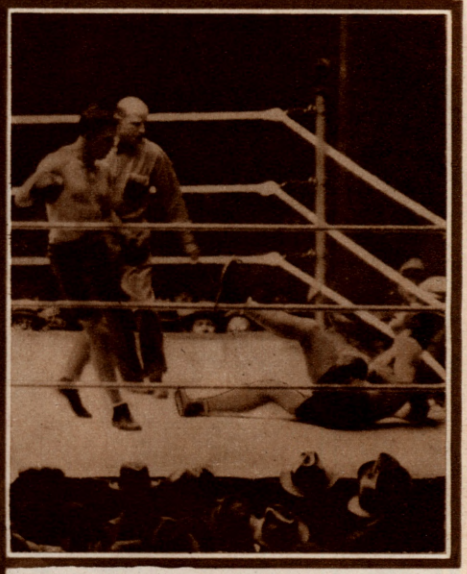
Right — Schmeling's mother, with Max, age 6, at the left and baby brother in the center



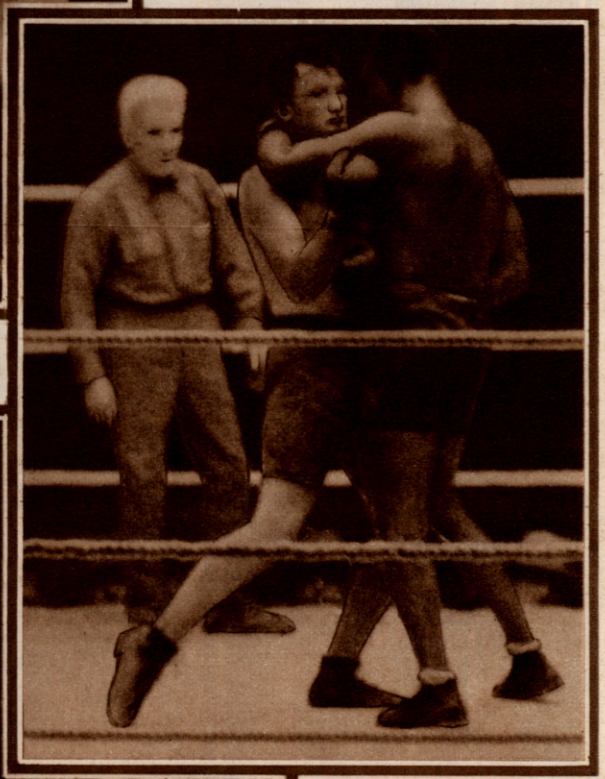
HIGHLIGHTS *in*



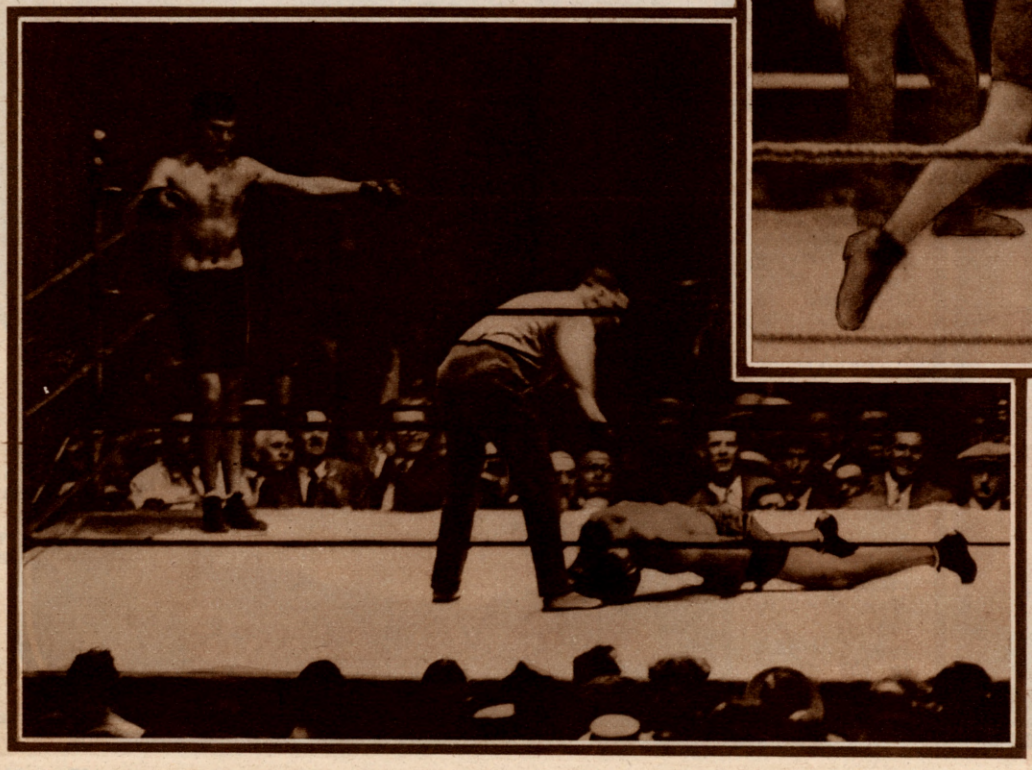
The Walker fight in Brooklyn



When Sharkey knocked out Maloney in the fifth



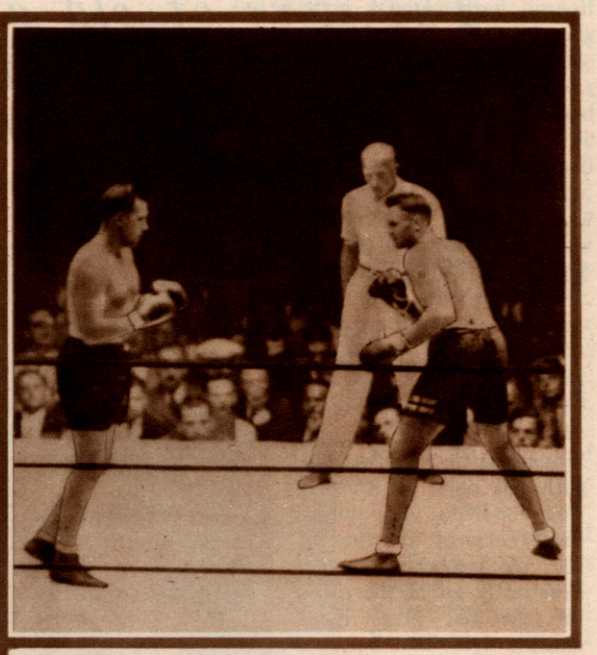
Scene in the Wills fight which Jack won on a foul in the thirteenth



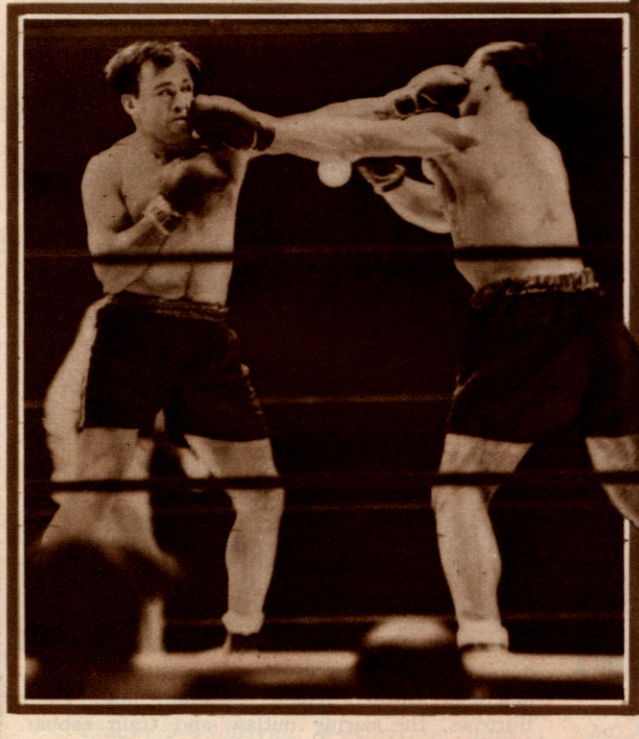
When Dempsey stopped Sharkey in the seventh round

SHARKEY'S *Career*

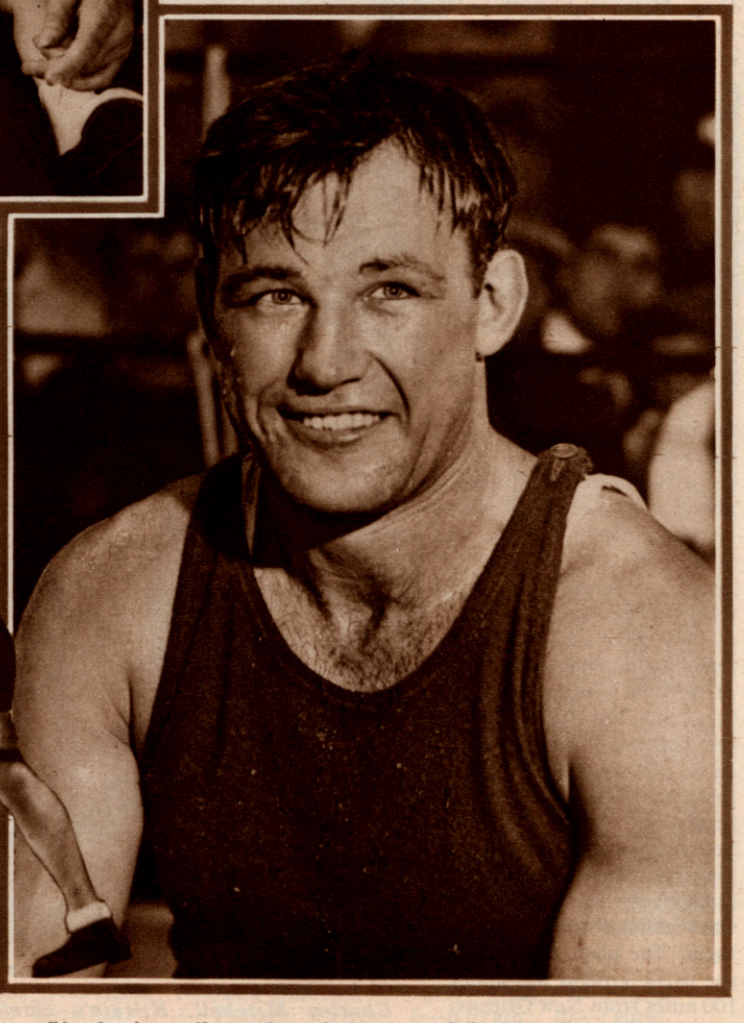
The Sharkey family circle—Marilyn, and Jack Jr.



The Scott fight at Miami in which the Briton was stopped in the third



Sharkey vs. Carnera. Jack won in fifteen rounds



Sharkey's smile as he winds up training for Schmeling

The PRIZE RING

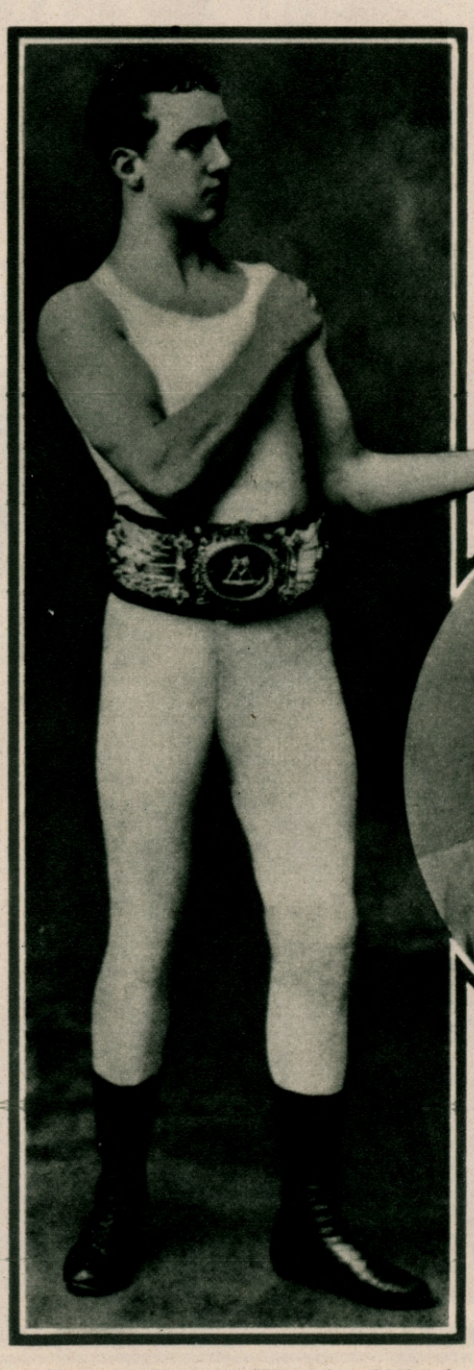
The story of old and modern fighters in the making of lurid history and colorful romance in the famous Creole center

By Clem G. Hearsey

(This is the third of a series by a veteran newspaperman who reported all of the great battles in the South and was one of the country's authorities on the sport. The author died a few weeks afer he completed this series. —Editor's note.)

NEW ORLEANS, one of the centers of attraction in the history of American fisticuffs, not only was the scene of many famous battles, but was the gathering point for the nation's sporting elite during the weeks of preparation for an important tussle. Practically all of the plans for the last great bare-knuckle fight, that between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, which was fought on July 8, 1889 at Richburg, Mississippi, with Sullivan the victor at the end of seventy-five rounds, were laid in New Orleans. For a time it seemed that the fight itself would take place in the Crescent City, but governmental interference caused a change across the border.

Sullivan, it will be remembered, had announced his retirement after Richard K. Fox had attempted to match him with Kilrain, and when Fox claimed the heavyweight title for Jake, Sullivan, angry at Fox for mean things the Police Gazette publisher had said about him, came out with announcement that he would defend his crown against Kilrain if Fox would agree to back Jake for $10,000. This Fox was ready to do, but on behalf of Kilrain, he announced that Jake, not Sullivan was the champion, and that as such, Kilrain would name the place for combat. But, regardless of Fox's claim, Sullivan was the recognized king and when the final arrangements were made, it was Sullivan who dictated them. The place selected as the battle ground was about 100 miles from New Orleans, and it was not until the night before the bout that the dust of New Orleans was shaken by sports celebrities for the scene of action.

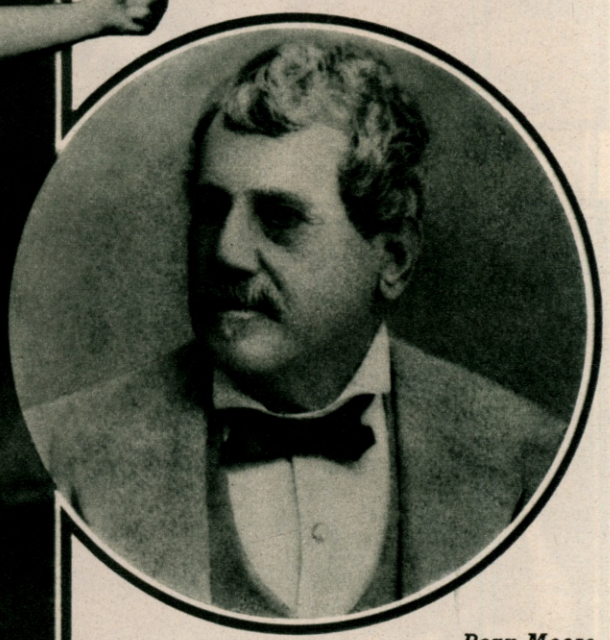


Charley Mitchell, Kilrain's chief of staff

For weeks before the date of the fight, New Orleans was crowded with sporting men and followers of the fancy from all over the world. The gambling dens in Royal Street and over the famous Crescent Hall, ran night and day. They played for big stakes in those days, and the click of the roulette wheel, and the chatter of the dice, often marked the passing of vast sums.

* * *

THREE special trains, the cars crowded even to the roofs, left the yards of the Northeastern Railroad in Press Street, early on the morning of July 8 for the battle ground, and the destination of the trains was a profound secret. Soldiers were encountered all along the way to prevent a stop and the violation of the law against prize fighting, and at the end of the long bridge spanning Lake Ponchartrain, a county sheriff and a band of deputies boarded the first section and threatened to arrest everybody. Some New Orleans thugs and New York Bowery ruffians, seized these rural minions of the law, and without mitigation or remorse or violence, hustled them unceremoniously from the cars.



Pony Moore, Kilrain's second and father-in-law of Charley Mitchell

A stop was made at Richburg, Miss., just beyond Pearl River Swamp, where in the dark moccasin infested fens and marshy bogs, Rube Burrows, the daring outlaw and train robber, had his lair. And it was there that the ring

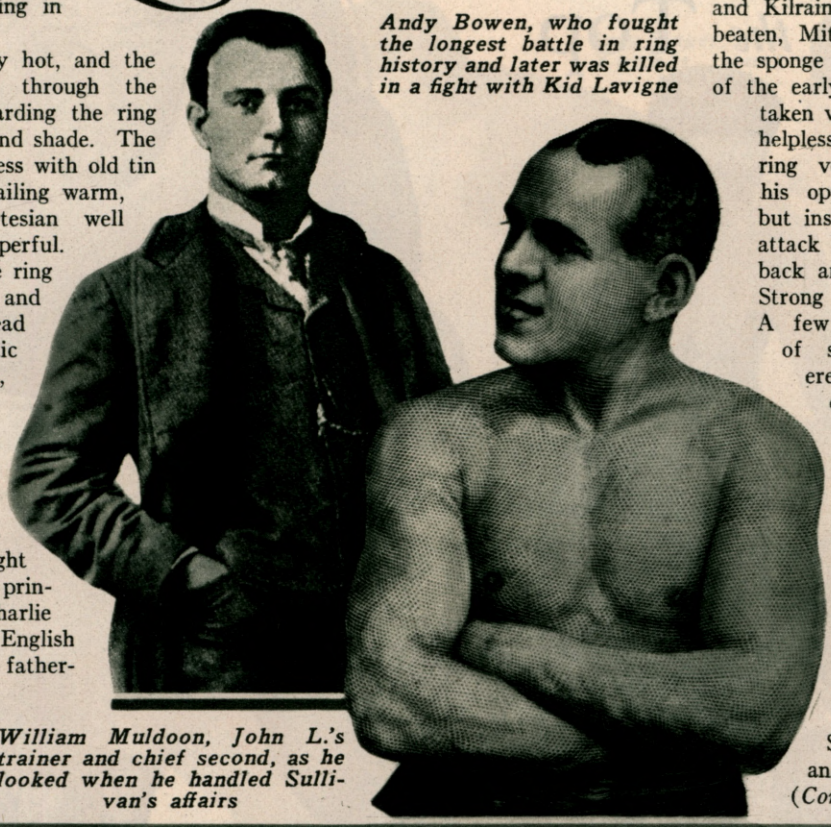
in New Orleans

was pitched in a clearing in a pine forest.

It was hot, terrifically hot, and the July sun beat down through the naked pines, checkerboarding the ring with splotches of light and shade. The rustics did a good business with old tin pails on their arms, retailing warm, and bitter tasting artesian well water, at five cents a dipperful.

Then men entered the ring a little before noon, and John Fitzpatrick, the head of the regular Democratic forces of New Orleans, who became Mayor of the Crescent City a few years later, was chosen referee. Sullivan was attended by Muldoon and Jack Ashton, the heavyweight fighter, and Kilrain's principal handlers were Charlie Mitchell. the clever English pugilist, and Mitchell's father-in-law, Pony Moore.

The fight went 75 rounds, two hours, sixteen minutes and twenty-three seconds,

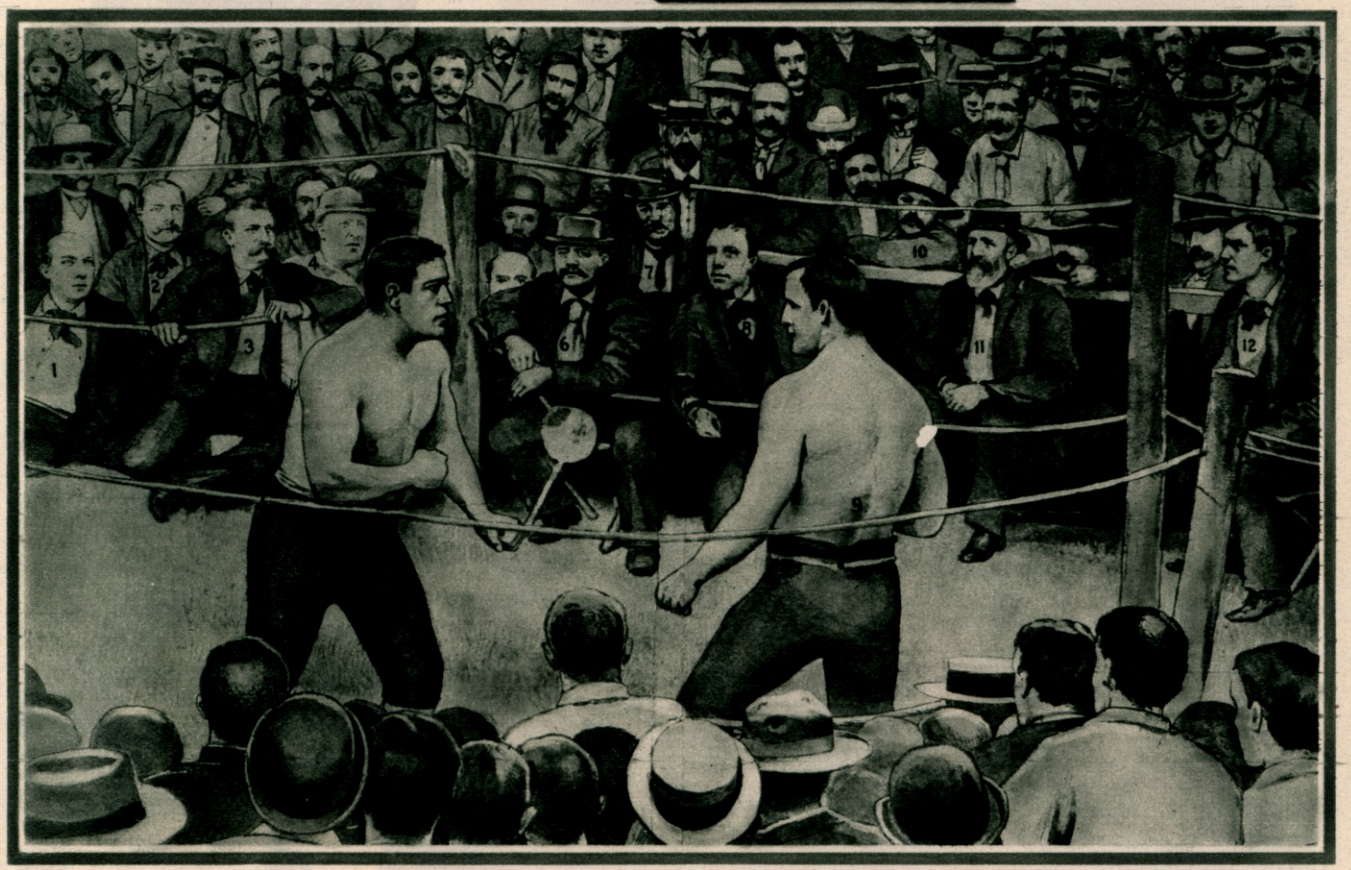


Andy Bowen, who fought the longest battle in ring history and later was killed in a fight with Kid Lavigne

William Muldoon, John L.'s trainer and chief second, as he looked when he handled Sullivan's affairs

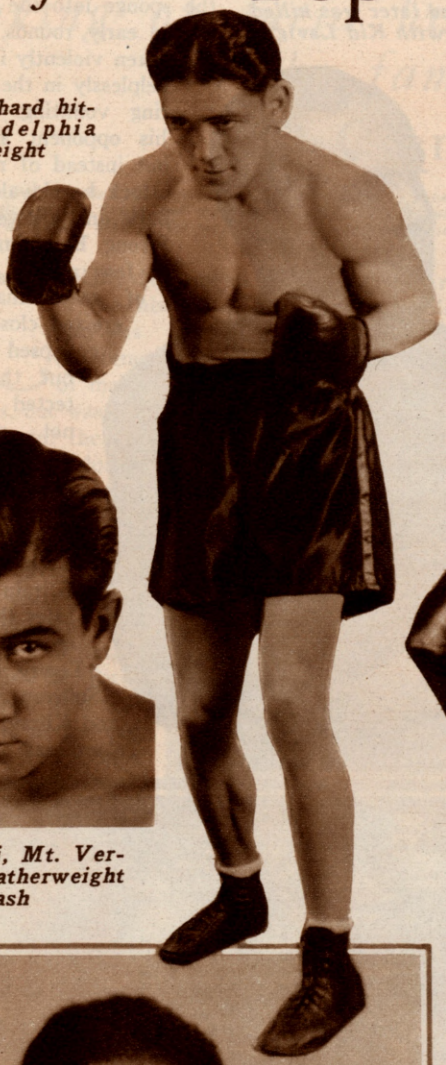
and Kilrain acknowledged himself beaten, Mitchell himself throwing the sponge into the ring. In one of the early rounds, Sullivan was taken violently ill and stooped helplessly in the center of the ring vomiting. Kilrain had his opponent at his mercy, but instead of rushing to the attack he chivalourously drew back and allowed the Boston Strong Boy time to recover. A few rounds later, a tier of seats that had been erected close to the ring, collapsed with a crash, but the Devil protected his own, and not one of the roughs who had forcibly appropriated them to their own comfort, was hurt. Both Sullivan and Kilrain were arrested after the fight on requisition from Gov. Lowry, of Mississippi, Sullivan in New York and Kilrain in Baltimore.

(*Continued on page* 44)



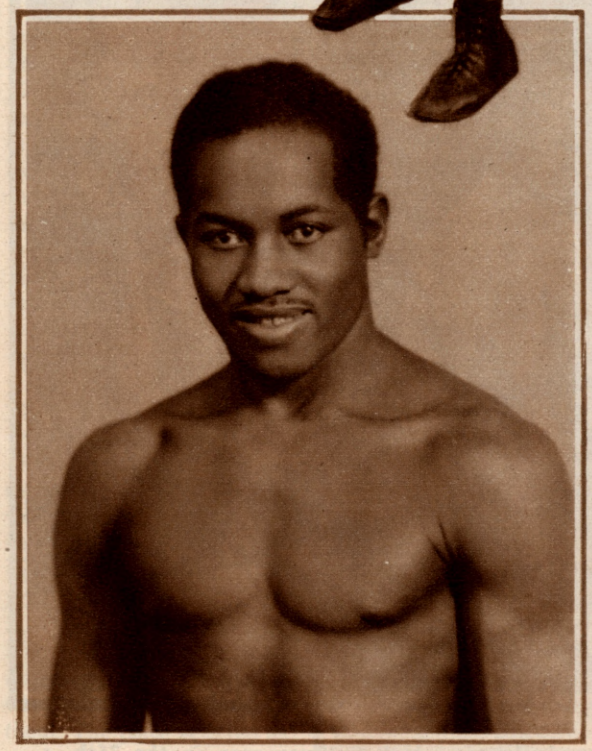
The last bare-knuckle championship fight between Sullivan and Kilrain which Sullivan won in the 75th round. The celebrities in the picture are: 1—Frank Stevenson; 2—Jack Bartnett; 3—Matt Clune; 4—Liney Tracy; 5—Sullivan; 6—Charles Johnson; 7—Dan McKinnon; 8—Parson Davies; 9—Kilrain; 10—James Wakeley; 11—Joe Coburn and 12—William Muldoon

Eastern Boys Who Are Headed *for the* Top

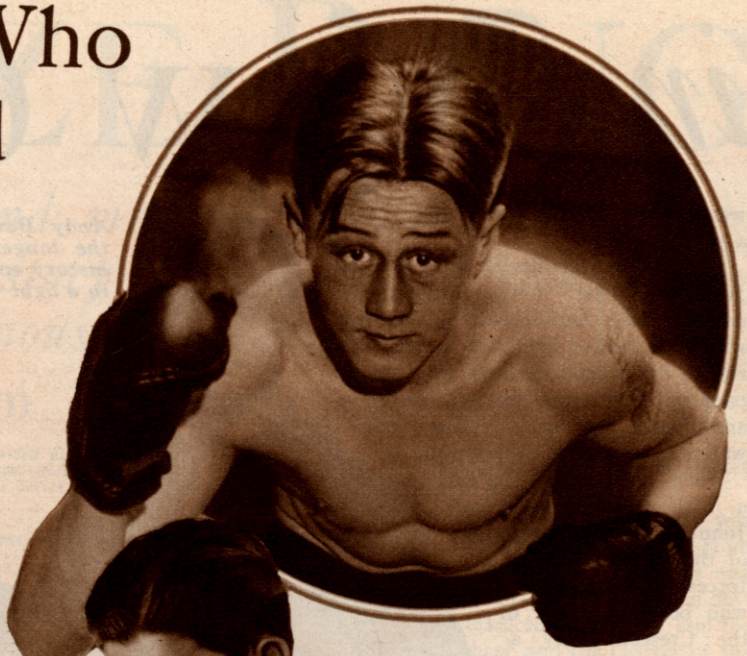


Al Trainor, hard hitting Philadelphia welterweight

Joe Boggi, Mt. Vernon featherweight flash



Tut Jackson, hard hitting light-heavyweight from Worcester, Mass.



Davey Devlin, one of New York's best junior lightweight prospects

Joe Belair, Worcester's sterling junior lightweight

Paulie Walker, rugged welterweight from Trenton

Promising Fighters

Mickie Duris, Cleveland lightweight

Ross Fields, crack bantam of Weirton, W. Va.

Izzy Singer, New York's young heavyweight star

Max Koshover, Cincinnati junior-welterweight

Louis Jallos, former Clevelander, now in New York

Milton Krompier, New York's junior-lightweight

CURRENT Attrac-

BY "TEX" AUSTIN

Fred Grubmeir, working his hook-scissors

Fritz Kley, the Human Pretzel, suffered his first taste of defeat at the hands of Dick "Villan" Shikat, former world's champion. Fritz gave a good account of himself but found Shikat a bit too experienced for him. Kley again pinned Sandor Szabo, but Szabo came back to annex the Hungarian championship by subduing Mihaly Orgovanyi.

* * *

Jack Sherry, ace of the Herman-Bowser troupe, was seen in two exciting matches with Jim Browning, the Verona, Missouri, airplane scissors specialist. Both were stopped and called draws because of the 11 o'clock curfew. The draw verdict does not belong in wrestling and should be eliminated.

* * *

Jim Londos and Dick Shikat each pinned Earl McCready, the former National amateur champion from Oklahoma A. & M. College.

* * *

Stanislaus Zbyszko, veteran Pole and former world's champion, joined up with the Ring-

Herman Hickman, Univ. of Tenn. grid star

ling Bros.-Barnum and Bailey Circus as strong man. Stan is an old hand in that field, and should be an attraction.

* * *

Sam Stein came back after a long lay-off and pinned Joe DeVito, St. Louis Italian conqueror of Gus Sonnenberg. DeVito jumped from the Herman-Bowser outfit to pull and tug with Jack Curley's pachyderms but found the going very tough. He was also thrown by Londos, Shikat and Kley. Orgovanyi did likewise with similar results.

Wong Bok Cheung, Chinese Giant, illustrating his specialty, the "King Foo" stopper

DURING the past few weeks the wrestling field was greatly enriched with colorful personalities by the influx of men who ranked high in other branches of sport. Outstanding among them were Lionel Conacher, Leo Lomski, Bryan Downey and "Century" Milstead. Conacher, the greatest all-round athlete ever turned out by Canada, in addition to being one of the finest hockey players in history, also rated ace high in baseball, rugby, lacrosse, rowing and boxing. In his debut as a matman in Toronto, he threw Carl Pospeshil in straight falls. On the same night in Cleveland, Bryan Downey, ranking middleweight of a few years back, tossed Gregory Eminian. Lomski, the Aberdeen Assassin who furnished so many thrills in the 175-pound boxing class, also met with success in his initial start. Milstead, famous Yale football tackle, made steady progress.

"Casey" Kazanjian, Stanford Univ. star

Wrestling tions

Jim Browning, Missouri airplane scissors king, is spectacular

Century Milstead, famous Yale tackle, is a colorful performer

George Zaharias, Pueblo, Colo., Greek, returned to New York after a three-year absence and showed to good advantage. George is a mere 240 pounds of roughness.

* * *

John Pesek continued his winning ways by downing Everett Marshall, while Roland Kirchmeyer advanced at the expense of John Maxos.

* * *

Jim McMillen, who ran interference for Red Grange when the Galloping Ghost was the leading man in football, used his grid tactics to render Leo Pinetzki hors de combat. Their return meeting was stopped by the 11 o'clock time limit. Jim, in addition, tossed Herman Hickman, former All-American University of Tennessee tackle, after a rough and gruelling session. Hickman is a comer.

* * *

Ed "Don" George went to a draw with Jim Browning and disposed of Buck Weaver, Chicago giant, in two straight falls.

* * *

Apparently the matmen in the lighter divisions are taking a cue from their heavier brethren in claiming titles. Recently at Camden, New Jersey, "Sheriff" Pinkie Gardner, of Schenectady, and Carl Van Wurden, of Canada, were advertised as meeting for the world's light-heavyweight championship, and Gardner, winning, "retained" the crown. Since when is Gardner the champion? Hugh Nichols was the recognized title holder. Several others lay claim to the championship, too. The same holds good for other weights. In the welter class, although there is no doubt that Jack Reynolds outclasses the field, we find Robin Reed and Johnny Stote among others calling themselves "Champion," although both were defeated recently.

* * *

The "King Foo" stopper, a variation of the reverse headlock, is a mighty effective hold when used by Wong Bok Cheung, the Chinese Giant. He has rung up a fine string of victories with his specialty.

Abe Coleman tackling his man

Al Morelli, Boston's burly football star

* * *

Ed "Strangler" Lewis continues to throw opponent after opponent outside New York. Among others he tossed Leo Pinetzki, Milo Steinborn, Tiny Roebuck, Howard Cantonwine and Earl McCready. Lewis wants a title shot at Londos.

* * *

Billy Bartush is coming along well under Carl Pojello's guidance. Billy beat Charley Strack (*Continued on page* 46)

Wrestling's Dark

Farmer Boy Gotch's Four-Hour Match With Dan McLeod on a Cinder-Covered Field, a Stirring Mat Drama

IOWA, the Hawkeye State, is well known for many sports achievements of its farmer-citizens, but chief among these is the mark set by Frank Gotch, the greatest of all American-born wrestlers. Many sports experts rate George Hackenschmidt's conqueror the outstanding grappler of all time and many unite in pronouncing the rise of the Iowan as the most pleasant and beneficial surprise in the history of the ancient sport, for with the development of Gotch as a champion, wrestling was moved out of a setting of circus and mire to a place of comparative public confidence.

This confidence is still retained by a myriad of wrestling fans who get the same great thrill out of the sport now that they got out of the story surrounding Gotch's debut. That story has lost none of its appeal to lovers of wrestling. The plot woven above the rise of the Humboldt farmer is as gripping today as it was a generation ago.

It was on April 27, 1878, that Frank was born to Amelia and Frederick Gotch, plain farmer folk who were reared in Germany and who came to this country after marrying. They settled in Lewis County, N. Y., in 1863, but the following year, Frank enlisted in the 186th New York Volunteers and served in the Army of the Potomac under General Grant, taking part in the capture of Petersburg. He was mustered out in 1865 and immediately went to Humboldt, Iowa, where he reared his family of nine children, including Frank, the subject of the story.

From his early boyhood, Frank Gotch was known as a youngster of rare courage, pluck and endurance. The youngster developed into a big, strong, athletic lad, whose first love was baseball. He was a first baseman and he also did some pitching. In these days of intensive and extensive scouting, Gotch would have landed at least a trial with one of the major ball clubs, but no ivory hunter ever approached Frank and finally Gotch had to quit the diamond when he lost a finger as a result of protecting an umpire from an infuriated mob.

FRANK'S first professional match was with Marshall Green at Humboldt, on April 2, 1889. Green was known as a good man, but Frank had a home-town reputation which convinced his colleagues that he could beat Green. A match was arranged and a purse of $25 was put up as an inducement. Frank's mother didn't want him to accept the challenge, but he had already agreed to it, and had to go through with it.

On the night of the match, he slipped out of the house in his overalls, determined to win and then give his mother the money, hoping it would atone for his disobedience. When he arrived at the opera house, he faced a storm of disapproval because of his attire. It was finally agreed, however, that he could wrestle in his peculiar get-up, provided that he cut the legs at the knees. This he did and the match went on.

Green was defeated in three straight falls, all by means of the strangle hold. Gotch went home happy that night, proudly toting the dollars he had won. His mother, seeing her son was none the worse for his wrestling, never thereafter objected to Frank taking part in the sport which he so much liked and in which he eventually gained the distinction of being the outstanding figure in American wrestling history.

Forced out of baseball, Gotch began to devote all his athletic attention to wrestling. Impromptu bouts were held on a pasture every Sunday afternoon during the summer, and there wasn't a man around Humboldt who could stand up against the scion of the Gotches.

About sixty miles away—at Atlantic City, Iowa—lived "Farmer" Burns, one of the great wrestlers of the gay '90's. In time stories about the wonder at Humboldt reached the ears of the old campaigner and he began to investigate.

Here was a chance to make some money. But Burns couldn't go to Humboldt himself. Everybody in Iowa knew the "Farmer." He sent word to Dan McLeod, who at that time was perhaps better than Burns who had passed his prime.

The situation at Humboldt made an ideal setting for the ac-

When Frank Gotch toured the country. Here he is shown in California with Noah Young of San Francisco, champion weight lifter (center), and Dan McLeod, his wrestling partner (right)

Horse

By JACK CURLEY

(This is the first of a series on famous mat stars of the past).—Editor's note.

Frank Gotch (left), shaking hands with George Hackenschmidt in White Sox Ball Park in Chicago, on Labor Day, 1911, just before their championship match began

tivities of a campaigner of the old school. McLeod drifted into town, but not as McLeod. Let us call him Masters. He attached himself to a job as porter around the Eagle House and bided his time.

At last McLeod—or, rather, Masters—allowed as how he could grapple a bit himself. Fact was, he thought he could down this Gotch boy!

"That so?" roared the town sports. This was going to be funny. The porter throw Frank Gotch!

The whole neighborhood began to talk about the impending test, which was set for a fortnight hence. McLeod rubbed his hands in glee.

A few days before the contest a couple of "drummers" registered at the hotel. Selling farm machinery, they said. What was that about a wrestling match? Gotch going to tackle the hotel porter? Well, this would be funny. Know anything about that porter? He's awkward, hey?

Well, the so-called "drummers" were in a gambling mood and thought they would risk a hundred apiece on the gawk. The local excitement grew. Here was a chance for the town lads to take a lot of dough from those smart city traveling men.

When the day for the match came along about $10,000 had been wagered on the result.

It was on June 16, 1899, at Humboldt, that Gotch met the disguised McLeod. They wrestled on a field near the roundhouse, a battleground literally sprinkled with cinders from the locomotives.

McLeod figured he would play with the local hero and then toss him, all in about 15 minutes. But the professional star was in for the surprise of his life.

Gotch was in perfect condition, just past 21, weighing about 195 pounds, hard as nails from work in the field, and as powerful as an ox.

About 40 minutes after they had started, with some 200 onlookers shouting encouragement to the home hero, McLeod got a half nelson and seemed to be ready to pin Gotch. But Frank tore himself loose with so much vigor that he sent McLeod reeling. Had Frank had any experience he would have won then and there.

But Gotch failed to follow up his advantage. McLeod got a formidable chancery shortly after an hour of grappling, but got another severe shaking up for his pains, and decided that he was confronted with the most amazing task of his career.

The wily McLeod then began to roll Gotch in the cinders. Three hours of this and Frank looked like a hamburger steak. But McLeod was getting weaker.

That bout lasted four hours. McLeod finally won it. But only after Gotch's suffering from the wounding cinders had become too excruciating to stand.

It was a moral victory for the rural grappler—the medium for the "dark horse" drama of wrestling history. Later Burns went to see Gotch for himself, and he took the farmer lad under his wing.

On April 3, 1908, at Chicago, Gotch reached the crest of his career by pinning Hackenschmidt in a little more than two hours. But he rated his "dark horse" achievement against McLeod the high light of his history.

Gotch attained success almost from the start of his career. His record shows an uninterrupted string of victories until he clashed with Tom Jenkins in Cleveland on February 22, 1903, and lost the match to the American champion who now is coach of wrestling at West Point.

But Frank was not satisfied that Jenkins was his master. He set about to prove it by piling up another string of victories and gained a return engagement on January 28, 1904. Gotch won the American title by defeating Jenkins in one of the roughest contests ever seen. He won the first fall and was awarded the second after Jenkins had been so worn out he could hardly move. Jenkins had held the title six years.

During the fifty-three minutes of wrestling for the first fall, Gotch was on top of his man forty-eight times. The Iowa boy did all the leading and was so speedy, that it appeared that Jenkins had lost all his cunning. When the fall was finally awarded to Gotch, Jenkins had taken four terrific slams before he was firmly fastened with a crotch and a half nelson.

They resumed and Jenkins set a terrific pace, realizing that whatever he did had to be accomplished quickly. In a fierce mix-up he seemingly got Gotch into a very bad position, but his strength was gone and he could not deliver. Gotch was as fresh as ever.

Jenkins admitted that at this stage he deliberately fouled Frank. However, the referee saw through his scheme, and decided to let the match go on, giving Frank the chance to make a straight victory. Jenkins, seeing that his tactics didn't work, slammed Frank in the face. Here the bout was stopped, and Gotch awarded the decision on the ground that Jenkins was so worn out that it would be brutal to continue.

From Obscurity *to* Fame

Such was the rapid rise of Ed "Don" George, who has reaped a fortune in less than three years as a wrestler

By Vic Scutari

ED "DON" GEORGE, America's outstanding amateur heavyweight matman three years ago, is one of the few wrestlers now parading before the public who jumped from obscurity to fame almost overnight. A while ago the name of George meant nothing except in amateur circles, but now, wherever wrestling is staged, he is referred to as the former world champion. And champion he was in states where Gus Sonnenberg previously had been the recognized title holder, for out on the coast he took the N. B. A. crown from Gus only to lose it later to Ed Strangler Lewis, who in turn lost it to Henri De Glane, the French-Canadian.

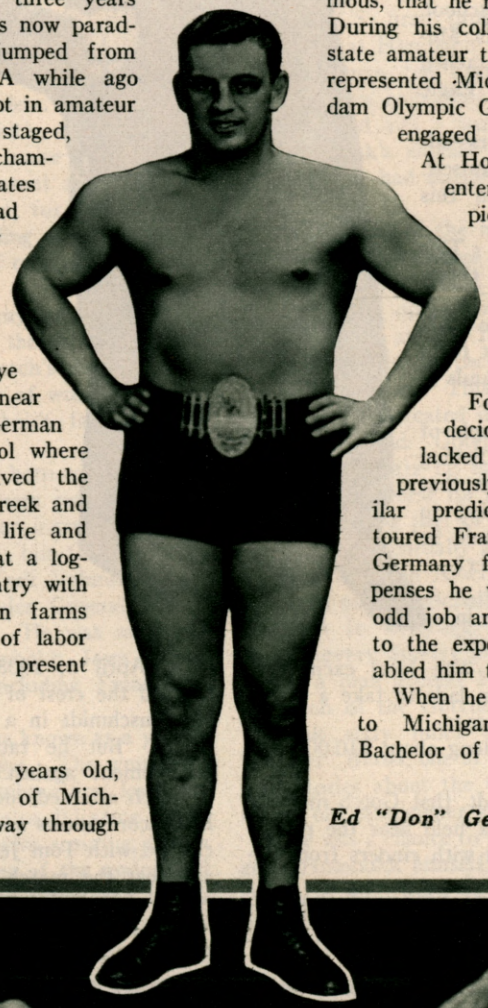
George, whose real name is Edward Nye George, Jr., was born at North Java, near Buffalo, 26 years ago of French-German parents. He graduated from prep school where he was an honor student. He received the highest award at the school in Latin, Greek and mathematics, but he liked the outdoor life and during vacation time he went to work at a logging camp, then roamed around the country with road gangs and occasionally worked on farms and in restaurants. It was that type of labor that fitted him so admirably for his present vocation, that of professional wrestler.

* * *

IN 1925, when he was only eighteen years old, he matriculated at the University of Michigan, where he continued to work his way through college with odd jobs. He took up wrestling and became so famous, that he no longer found it necessary to worry. During his college days he won the A. A. U. and state amateur title, in 1927 and 1928 and in 1929 he represented Michigan and Uncle Sam in the Amsterdam Olympic Games. The year of the Olympics, he engaged in 102 bouts and won all except two. At Holland he defeated Earl McCready to enter the final round but in the championship match he was downed by J. C. Richthoff of Sweden. Prior to starting his wrestling career, he played football for a time but didn't like that as much as he did the mat sport and quit in favor of the latter.

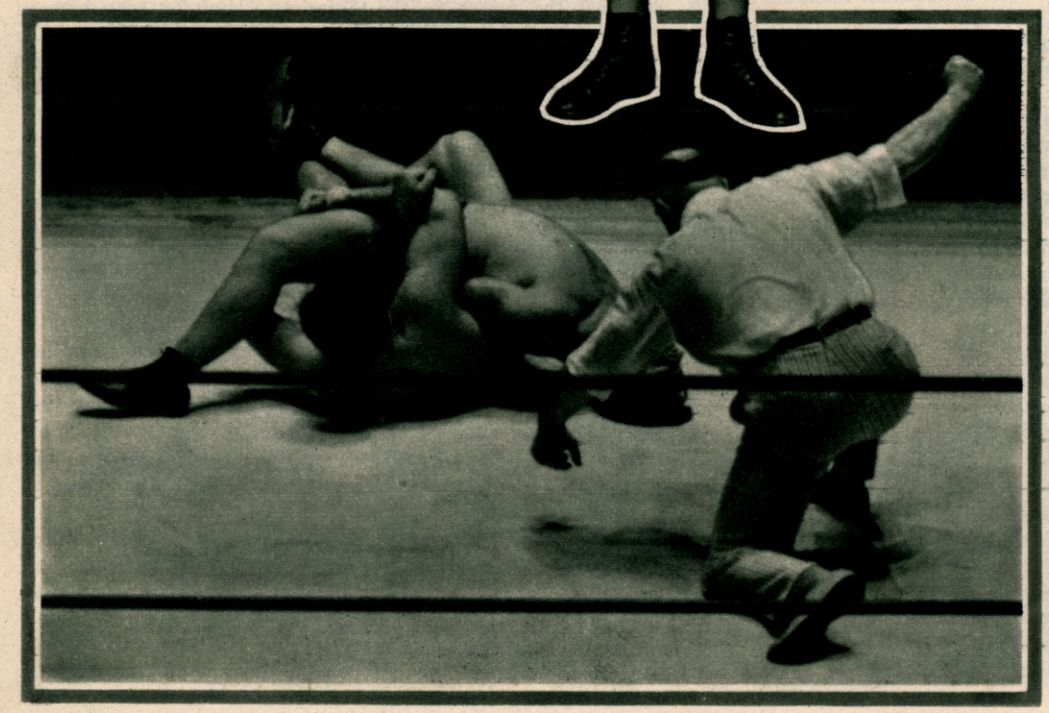
Following the Olympic Games, George decided to see Europe. The fact that he lacked funds meant nothing to him, for he previously had often found himself in a similar predicament. Broke but ambitious, he toured France, Belgium, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany for two months and to pay his expenses he worked whenever he could find some odd job and the little money he earned, added to the expenses he received from wrestling, enabled him to carry on and see the continent.

When he returned from Europe, he went back to Michigan and graduated with degrees of Bachelor of Science and Mechanical Engineering. With those as a recommendation, he entered the services of an Akron tire company but the lure of the mat was too great for him to resist and in less than four months, he deserted his post to become a professional wrestler.



Ed "Don" George

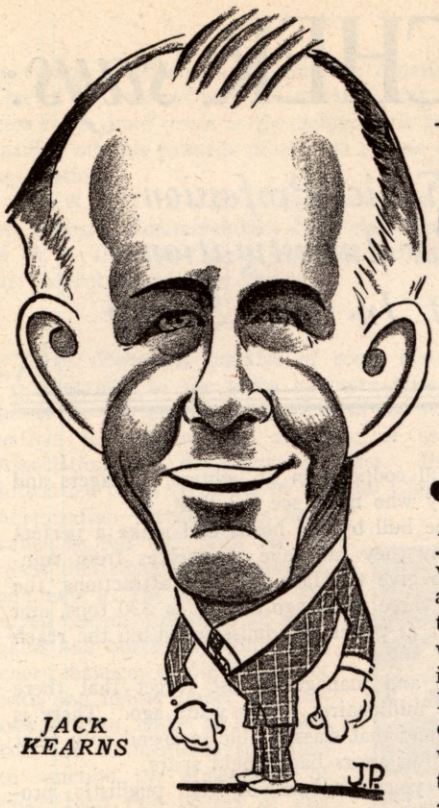
George travelled about the country and won 41 bouts, only five of which were headliners, before he tackled Gus Sonnenberg at a time when the former Dartmouth football star was at his height. Don was beaten and he decided on getting revenge. When they clashed again, George turned the tables. For a time he met with success after success until he was finally downed by Lewis in a match on the Coast.



When George pinned shoulders of Henri De Glane to the mat in Los Angeles

How Kearns Got Dempsey

By A. D. Phillips



JACK KEARNS

JACK KEARNS has been so closely allied with Jack Dempsey that very few know that at one time "Doc" took a whirl at the wrestling game and in so doing met the Manassa Mauler under conditions that were such that each tied to the other and advanced from a station of comparative penury to one of affluence.

Kearns had been around New York trying to get some work for his boxers, of which Kid Scaler was one. Boxing was then at a low ebb in the big city for it was the interim period between the Frawlay law and the present Walker law. Governor Whitman, because of charges of grafting by one of his family appointees, had removed the entire commission and with nobody to issue licenses, the law became as dead as if it had been repealed.

Dempsey had struck New York about that time. He had tied up with John the Barber, among others, and for some of his bouts, had received so little that he was really in debt to his manager. He displayed nothing to make people believe that he would later become the man of the hour, in a fistic sense. Jack drifted back to the Coast via the rods and side-door Pullmans and took a whirl at the four-round game with indifferent success. In fact, rotund Willie Meehan scored a couple of victories over him.

While in the East, Kearns and Dempsey were acquainted, of course, but not associated in business.

* * *

WRESTLING was going big out on the Coast, especially in 'Frisco, where Frank Schuler built the game up from nothing to a point where they were drawing upwards of $20,000 for attractive matches. Joe Stecher was the big noise in the game at the time, but on the Coast Ad Santell, one of the greatest men of his inches the game ever knew, was exceptionally popular and a great drawing card. In fact, it was he who induced Schuler to hire old Dreamland in San Francisco and to stage wrestling. Santell, whose proper name was Adolph Ernst, was not only a fine wrestler but an exceptional "showman," like Jim Londos today, a mat star who could pack thrills into his work, so that the sport advanced by leaps and bounds into popularity.

Santell had been beaten by Stecher, who was then matched to meet other men. Santell did not like the idea of being outside the money, after his sacrifices, and he bided his time to get square.

At this point Schuler wired to Jack Curley to send the best available heavyweight to meet "scissors Joe," with the offer of a guarantee and two round-trip railroad fares. Kearns was sitting in Jack Curley's office at the time the wire came in and as he had been trying to get money enough to get home, he jumped at the chance to make the trip.

Franz Irsa, better known to Boston mat followers as Hockman, was chosen. He was certainly a fine looking chap, weighing 240 pounds, and those who recall his battles in the East with the elder Zbyszko, with Aberg, Lurich and Karl Lemle, will recall that he was tremendously fast for such a big man. He was handicapped, however, by the fact that he was a Greco-Roman wrestler and knew little of catch-as-catch-can.

This was Santell's chance. While Hockman or Irsa was training one day, Santell tipped off some newspaper men that he could toss the big fellow as fast as he could get on his feet. Santell, without tipping his mitt, offered to work out with Irsa and, during one of the sessions, pinned the Bohemian so hard and fast in a few minutes and then repeated in such decisive manner that Schuler was compelled to call the match off.

* * *

LATER Kearns allied himself with "Enchilida" Charley Newman and Harry Foley and they staged the match between Wladek Zbyszko and Strangler Lewis. But the harpoon had been stuck so hard into the game by the action of Santell and of the recriminations following the introduction into the sport of the new promoters, that the house fell down badly. Newman, who got his name from his string of stands where "enchilidas" were sold, guaranteed the men $4,000. There was less than this in the house and a compromise was effected whereby Lewis and Zbyszko were paid something like half that amount.

Kearns meantime had the return tickets, Hockman having gone into the movies for the time being. He wired Curley that he could get Dempsey, and bring him east, providing Curley could straighten out the trouble that was bound to ensue over Jack's contract with John the Barber. Curley agreed to do this, and the deal between Dempsey and Kearns was made.

Rickard was then casting his eyes toward New York. Curley had Grant Hugh Brown behind him and intended leasing Madison Square Garden. In fact Brown put up the first deposit of $105,000, the rental being set at $350,000 a year. But a hitch arose, and then the sponsors of the Interdenominational religious movement started to take the place over to give religious spectacles like the "Wanderer", the "Shepherd King" and similar displays. This, too, fell through.

* * *

TOM Jones, manager of Jess Willard, and business associate of Curley, planned to stage a match between Willard and Frank Moran. Curley was to do the promoting, and, after paying Moran, the profits were to be divided equally among Curley, Jones and Willard.

To steam the thing up, it was announced that Willard was to receive $15,000 for his end. Right here Rickard gets into the picture, for he boosted all of Curley's bids and finally secured the match that gave him entree into the Big Burg, with the backing of the Ringling brothers of Circus fame.

It was this that started the friction between Curley and Rickard, a feeling intensified when Tex attempted to stage some wrestling and made a mess of (*Continued on page* 46)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

Depression Alarms the Fistic Profession
Amateur Boxing Is Under Investigation
Heavyweight Sock Market In Big Slump

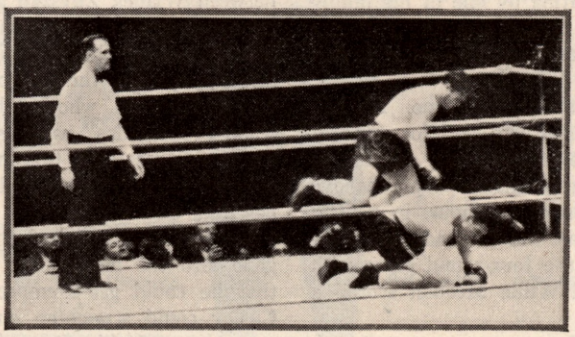
JUDGING from the outcries emanating from various quarters, there appears to be an unusual alarm over the predicament of the boxing industry. Those who are financially involved, are considerably worried over the outcome of the summer outdoor season. With the money market tightened, the depression growing worse instead of better, hopes for big gates are futile. It is pointed out that with Dempsey and Tunney out of the picture, there is no chance of any further million dollar gates as the heavyweight division is shot to pieces. It is indeed a sad picture that is being painted by the leaders of fisticuffs.

But why talk in millions these days?

Why even think of matching the Dempsey-Tunney gates, even if those two gladiators were prepared to resume their warfare?

Big gates? Yes, they are still possible, but not the kind that were the rule when Dempsey was at the helm.

Receipts of $100,000 in these hard times, is a miracle in boxing. Hence a gate of $300,000 to-day would be looked upon in the same light as the million dollar affair of the Sesqui-Centennial bout or the Soldier's Field contest. The recent $70,000 receipts in the Walker-Levinsky bout was an extraordinarily big gate for 1932, yet those figures two years ago were matched by ordinary contests and most of the top-notchers in all divisions outdrew that sum.



Mickey Walker sending King Levinsky to his hands and knees in the seventh round

The mourners should come away from the wailing wall and dry their tears. Tears won't help. Action, speedy action, is needed. It is true that the heavyweights are the magnets that attract the crowds and the dollars. Conceding that Schmeling and Sharkey lack the super-attractiveness of Dempsey and Tunney, the fact remains that even a Dempsey or a Tunney in their prime, could not hope during these times of financial distress to do much better than Schmeling and Sharkey. Times have changed. The prosperous days of the Dempsey-Tunney era are a thing of the past and it will take many years, probably not again during the lifetime of the present generation, when such prosperity again will be with us.

As I've often remarked, the promoters and fighters must forget the past and live in the present. They must put their heads together, agree to abandon the demand for big purses and fabulous prices of admission and cater to the pocketbooks of the present times. If they do this, they'll find prosperity right at their door. Championship fights at $1.00 to $7.00 tops, with non-championship affairs at from $1.00 to $3.00 tops is what will fill the arenas these days. Why change more when such prices will yield a far greater profit than will empty seats at the higher rates of admission?

To keep the arenas open, to enable the employment of those engaged in fisticuffs and to stave off utter ruin of the boxing game, requires the full cooperation of fighters, managers and promoters. It is they who must see the light.

They must take the bull by the horns and make a perfect throw. The only way they can save themselves from ruination financially is to give the fans the best attractions, the kind that were listed three years ago at $15 to $20 tops, and offer them to the fans at prices of admission within the reach of everyone.

Promoters, fighters and managers must forget that there were such persons as millionaires a few years ago. There is only one class today, and that class is able to spend only what the bleacherites of a few years back could spare.

Think that over, you members of the pugilistic profession.

Don't wait until the doors are shut on you in mid-summer. Make the summer a profitable one by getting busy now.

* * *

AMATEUR boxing is again under investigation. The sport as conducted in many parts of this country, is no different from professional boxing, except for the fact that the promoters, instead of the fighters, receive the greater portion of the receipts. Following many complaints that have been lodged against amateur boxing, the National Association has taken the matter in hand in an effort to determine whether the commercialized aspects cannot be fully exposed. The organization, under the guidance of General Clinnin, has found that the sport as conducted by professional promoters in many states, "is nothing more than cheap professional bouts clothed with a sanction from the Amateur Athletic Union to preserve the sanctity of its pure amateur status. General Clinnin and his colleagues have found, as was well known long before the investigation began, that the rules of the A. A. U. were not being observed with regard to the awarding of medals or traveling expenses, and that in many cases, cash has been passed instead of prizes, the sum depending wholly on the drawing power of the "simon pure".

According to the National Boxing Association, the attention of the A. A. U. has been called repeatedly to this flagrant violation of the amateur rules, but without result. It has been found that in some sections, managers and promoters have control of an entire stable of "amateurs" who are entered in tournaments to the highest bidder.

The expose is nothing new. This condition has been known to exist throughout the country, and in many cases A. A. U. officials have been the biggest benefactors. The investigation of the National Association meets with the hearty approval of all who would like to see sham amateurism eliminated, even though, unfortunately, it comes at a time when the A. A. U.

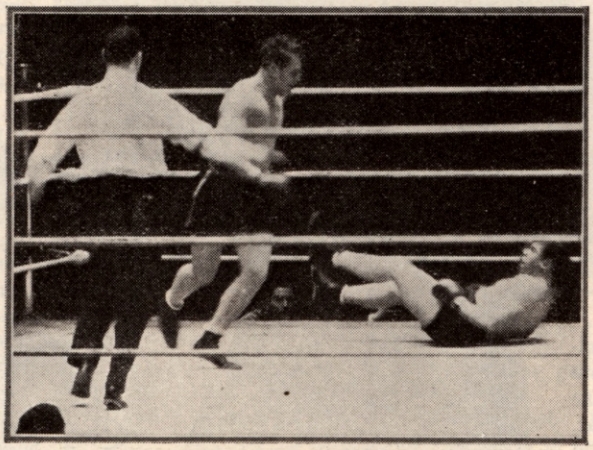
is trying to obtain funds for the American Olympic team. One of the reasons why the A. A. U. has met with little success in its fund drive, is the antagonistic spirit of many of its leading officials towards those who expose the evils within the association.

The A. A. U. is a great organization but it has lost its hold on boxing. Commercialism rules that branch and unless the A. A. U. finds that it can curb the menace, it should give up its control of amateur boxing.

* * *

THE obnoxious practice of some managers of forcing a promoter to use three or more boxers from one stable before he can obtain the services of the star of such a combination, is receiving the attention of the National Boxing Association and its European allies. In a recent bulletin forwarded to its members by General Clinnin, president of the organization, attention has been called to this evil, with the request that something be done to eliminate it. The Association has urged central control of all managers and boxers, by compelling every manager to file a contract with any fighter under his control and to make an iron-clad rule for all members to refuse to sanction the appearance of more than two boxers of any one stable on any card.

The attention of the members has been called to the fact that in states where such ruling is enforced, managers have evaded it either by loaning some of their boys to other managers for one night or by having the fighter register as his own manager and it is against this practice that General Clinnin asks action. This system is responsible for many poor cards.



Levinsky dropping Walker in the first round of their Chicago fight. Walker won the decision

The General properly says that if the managers keep evading the rule, it won't be long before promoters throughout the country will be forced to contract for their entire card with booking agencies under the control of one group, thereby bringing the sport to the exhibition level of the wrestlers. Instead of a bona-fide contest, the public, under such control, would find the bouts shorn of true competition, with the result that interest would be at low ebb and eventually the sport would be brought into disrepute.

The trouble with most managers is that they cannot be brought to see beyond their nose. They must be made to see the error of their ways even if the use of the Big Stick becomes necessary. If they don't, they are likely one of these days to find a repeal movement in order.

* * *

WHAT is wrong with our heavyweights? The three most promising prospects, each listed among the first ten heavies, seem to have reached a point in their development where they are at a standstill. This has been illustrated several times lately by the poor showing of the three in current fights.

Following the Loughran knockout, great things were expected of Steve Hamas, the former Penn State star athlete. But just when things loomed brightest for him, he struck a snag in Lee Ramage, young California light heavyweight, who gave the Easterner a boxing lesson. Then Steve came East to redeem himself and accepted a return engagement with the fast-fading Tommy Loughran.

Although Tommy has faded out of the picture as a contender, he surprised fans and critics by forcing the issue against his younger rival and losing by a shade. In fact, although the judges disagreed and Hamas was awarded the decision by the referee, most of the newspapermen gave Loughran five of the ten rounds. That would indicate that Hamas has gone back considerably.

Steve has not been himself since early spring. Before that he showed considerable class and perhaps he will soon regain that form. At any rate, he has the best wishes of the fans who are eager to see him make good.

Then there is Ernie Schaaf. Although the third ranking heavyweight, he made exceptionally poor showings in his last two fights, against Ted Sandwina and Jack Gross. In each of those contests, Ernie figured to win by a quick knockout. Instead, both fights went the limit, and each was an exceptionally poor, boring affair.

* * *

EXHIBITIONS of that kind by a ranking heavyweight, do him no good. The public will soon sour on him and it will take many months before he again will be in a position to command the respect and admiration of those who pay the freight. I have been informed that the reason for Ernie's poor display, is the fact that those who are guiding his destinies, realizing that it is most difficult to obtain opponents for Schaaf, have decided on letting Ernie give mediocre exhibitions in an effort to lure on better talent, the kind that will draw them in at the gate. If that be true, then it is a poor policy that Messrs. Buckley and Sharkey are pursuing. If Schaaf expects to get anywhere, he had better get down to business and fight as he can. Otherwise he will have to take the consequences—the loss of public favor. No young man with Schaaf's ambitions, can afford to risk public favor by not giving his best. Ernie's success rests wholly with him and he is old enough to understand that.

As for Retzlaff, the third member of the declining group, he, like Hamas and Schaaf, was coming along at a rapid gait after several setbacks last summer, only to fall into a lapse when he engaged Jimmy Braddock in a ten round fight in Boston. Retzlaff figured to beat Braddock decisively, instead of which he was fortunate to pull through with a hairline decision.

The present crop of heavyweights is by far the worst the division has had in many years. It was hoped that Hamas, Retzlaff and Schaaf would aid in reviving the interest in the division, but they'll have to do far better than they displayed recently, to attract fight patrons this summer.

* * *

THE recent victory of Mickey Walker over King Levinsky indicated that it will take a long time, for the Toy Bulldog to reach the championship rung in the heavyweight class. Mickey is a great little battler, but he isn't a first class heavyweight—at least, not at this writing. The fact that Referee Purdy saw fit to give the decision to Levinsky while the two judges awarded the verdict to Mickey, is an indication of how close the match was. Considering the beating the King received at the hands of the erratic Max Baer in Madison Square Garden and his defeats at the hands of Tuffy Griffith, Johnny Risko, Ace Hudkins, Jimmy Slattery and Primo Carnera, there was nothing extraordinary about Walker's performance. The fact that Walker was floored in the first round and almost stopped, is evidence of his known gameness, but gameness alone never made a champion.

There is one phase of the Levinsky-Walker affair, however, that deserves special mention and that is that at a $5.00 top, more than $70,000 was collected.

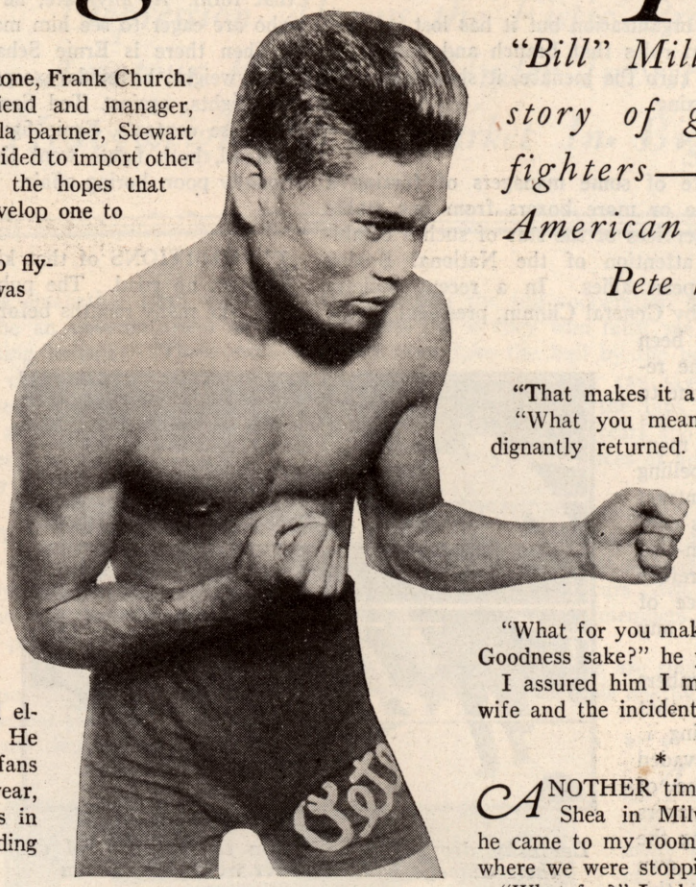
Boxing's Mosquito

"Bill" Miller continues his story of great Filipino fighters — Discusses the American Campaign of Pete Sarmiento

WITH Pancho Villa gone, Frank Churchill, his faithful friend and manager, urged by his Manila partner, Stewart Tait to carry on, decided to import other Filipino fighters in the hopes that some day he would be able to develop one to take the place of little Pancho.

The name of the best Filipino flyweight in Manila at that time was Inocencio Moldes. He was better known as Clever Sencio. In response to a cable, Stewart Tait sent the boy to the States, and he arrived early in September of 1925.

In the meanwhile, Pete Sarmiento, who had preceded him to the States was covering himself with glory in the bantamweight division. He was the busiest little devil in the ring I ever saw. He was a two-fisted brown demon who poured punches from all angles and he had the most marvelous arm and elbow defense that I've ever seen. He had endeared himself to fight fans all over the country. In one year, alone, he had fought eleven times in Milwaukee and was commanding good purses.



Pete Sarmiento, the most colorful of all Filipino fighters

Sarmiento had whipped Benny Bass, Eddie Shea, Charley Phil Rosenberg, Cannonball Martin, Joe Lynch, Irish Johnny Curtin, and many other topnotchers. Of all Filipino fighters, or American fighters either, for that matter, Pete Sarmiento made the best "copy" for newspapermen. He was a head-ache to his handlers. He was always getting into scrapes and his escapades and pranks would fill a large book.

I will tell a few of them.

* * *

SARMIENTO boxed Bud Taylor in Los Angeles in November, 1925; and a few months later—Churchill had sailed for Manila in December of that year—I moved our headquarters to Chicago, anticipating the legalization of boxing in Illinois. Jim Mullen had written that this was a sure thing to go through, and we figured that with a large stable like ours, Chicago would be an excellent and central location to work from.

Offices were rented in the Garrick Theatre Building. One day, Sarmiento came up to the office, and asked me to blazon the fact to the world at large that he had got married. I was busy at the time, so I said:

"Make a memo of it on that telegraph blank, Petey; I'll write it up after a while, when I get more time. I'm busy now."

And here is the memo, exactly as Pete wrote it; I have it before me as I write:

"Pete Sarmiento, the greatest living Filipino bantamweight, just get married last October 11 in Holly Name Cathedral. Now they are in the way of nice honeymoon and Pete is very proud of his beautiful wife by name Frances Staufel, from Joliet, Ill., and Pete's beautiful wife is very proud of her wonderful husband."

I snorted when I read it:

"That makes it a horse apiece, Pete."

"What you mean, Horse apiece?" he indignantly returned. "What horse got to do wit' my honeymoons?"

"I mean she's proud of you, and you're proud of her—see? That's a horse apiece. It's a joke, you sap."

"What for you make joke about my wife, fo' Goodness sake?" he yelled, highly incensed.

I assured him I meant no disrespect to his wife and the incident was closed.

* * *

ANOTHER time, Pete was boxing Eddie Shea in Milwaukee. After the fight, he came to my room at the Plankinton Hotel, where we were stopping, and asked for $150.

"What for?" I asked. There were some Milwaukee newspaper men in the room, and I had been telling them about Sarmiento's spendthrift habits. For their benefit, I wanted to show them the proof, to substantiate my statements.

"I buy two nice suits clo'es," he smiled, blandly. "One suit he got nice gulf pants."

"Golf pants, you nut," I said. "You don't play golf. Besides, you must have fifty suits of clothes in New York, all made by highclass tailors. Why buy clothes here in Milwaukee, when you have a room-full in New York, already, you Filipino lunatic?"

"Never mind—dot's all ri' fo' Goodness sake," he responded, stoutly. "I make moch money here in Milwaukee, I like spend money here, too! Milwaukee people very nice to me, fo' Goodness sake! More bettair I spend money here as New York!"

The logic was sound. Don't think THAT didn't get a nice splash in the Milwaukee papers.

* * *

ABOUT a year before Pete's marriage, he had a love affair with a pretty girl in Brooklyn. Her name, if I remember correctly, was Susana. However, since he had love affairs on the average of once a week, we didn't worry about it.

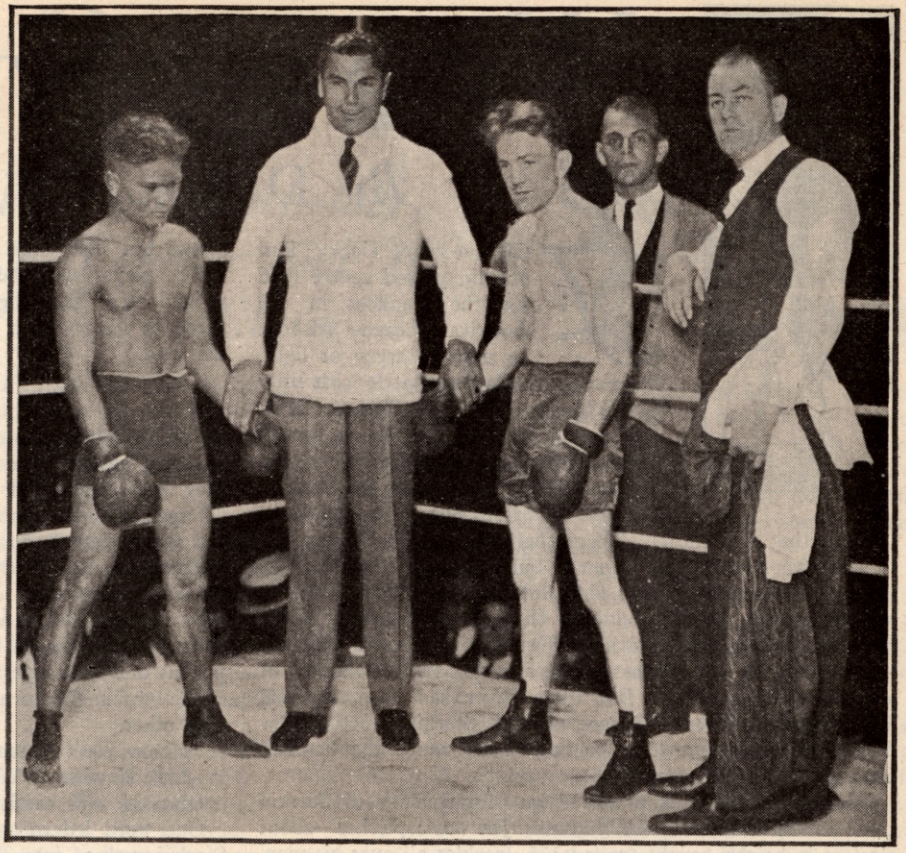
Churchill had telegraphed me from Los Angeles to ship Sarmiento out to the Coast, and to try to arrange some fights for him enroute in order to break up the trip and incidentally put some sheckels in the strong-box. That was easy; so fights were scheduled for Pete in Columbus, Ohio, against a local kid, whom he easily defeated; in Chicago, against Pal Moore, with whom he boxed a draw; in Kansas City against Joe Rivers, whom he defeated; in Sioux City against Earl McArthur, whom he defeated, and in Helena, Montana, against Dixie LaHood, whom he defeated.

It was while Pete was in Helena that he sent me a long, long wire, collect, straight rates. Here is a copy of the message:

Fleet

By "BILL" MILLER

(The Fourth of a Series of Colorful Filipino Boxers)



When Sarmiento clashed with Joe Lynch in Philadelphia on September 8, 1924, with Jack Dempsey the referee. Pete gained the decision

"Hello, Bill, my old pal, how are you? I am fine, and feel like I knockout Dixie. But I want you to do me beeg fabor. You know my sweetheart Susana what live in Brooklyn, she is very sweet and nice and I want you to call her up and ask her shall she be my wife because if you will do this I will do the same for you some time my pal and please tell her I am good fellow and make nice husbands. Let me know right away when she say yes. Kind regards.

PETE SARMIENTO."

Figure out the cost of a wire like that, straight rates, Helena, Montana, to New York City! I decided to cure this lunatic of sending me wires like that. Besides, I remembered only too well the courtship of Miles Standish, and I was already burdened with a perfectly satisfactory wife. So I wired him:

"Hello, Pete, my pal. Got your wire and was glad to hear from you. The weather is nice here, a little cloudy, but maybe it won't rain, although it is threatening in spots. Well, how are you getting along, Pete? Oh, yes; about your sweetheart Susana, I am afraid to call her up because maybe she will think I am asking her to marry me and if she says yes, I will be in a hell of a spot because I already have one wife, you see. So, old pal, maybe you'd better ask her yourself, because I think you can do a better job. Remember me to the chief of police and all the manicures in Helena. Your pal,

BILL MILLER.

Sencio Moldez, known in ring circles as "Clever" Sencio

And I sent THAT straight rates, COLLECT!

Do you think that cured him? Not Petey!

He answered: "You make big mistake, Bill. I do not want you to ask Susana for you; I want you to ask her for me, old pal."

* * *

WHEN Pete left the Philippines for the United States, Stewart Tait, Churchill's partner, bought his steamship ticket and placed him aboard the boat. It was Pete's first trip on a steamship, and he loved it. The gleaming silverware, snowwhite napery, excellent service and splendid "chow" made a decided hit with him. Sarmiento loved a good meal, and he was a hearty trencherman.

One thing, however, he learned aboard that boat.

Some of the American sailormen, members of the crew, had seen Pete fight in Manila, and they made him quite a hero aboard ship. They invited him down to their quarters, and there initiated him into the mysteries of a grand old American pastime, a game which you played with two little pieces of ivory, spotted on all sides with numbers running from 1 to 6. You know the kind I mean.

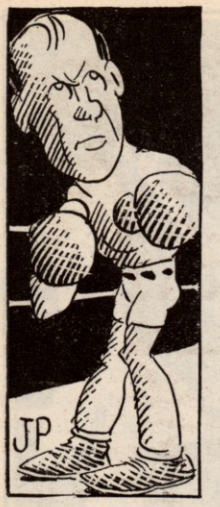
It seemed that you shook these two pieces of ivory in your hand, and then rolled them out on the floor. If it was a lucky number, you collected; if not, you paid. That was simple enough, thought Pete. Like many Orientals, the love of gambling was part and parcel of his nature.

Well, he shot craps; not wisely, but too well.

The result was that he landed in Seattle with a two-dollar bill in his pocket. But Pete, with his happy-go-lucky nature, refused to worry about it. He had his railroad ticket, and if only the chow aboard the railroad was as good as the chow on the steamship—well, then his cup of happiness would be filled to the overflowing.

Pete climbed aboard the train, in due time, and was the first man in the dining-car when "First call for dinner" was sounded.

(*Continued on page* 45)



THREE STRIKES

By DANIEL M. DANIEL

FOR five years "Cocky" Phil Starkin played centre field for the Yankees in the American League without an urge to argue or fight. Then came the famous battle with Billy Rarins, under the stand in Detroit. Billy was an umpire—well set up, a former college athlete, and inclined to be pugnacious. They had it out for half an hour, and Starkin won by a knockout.

Well, that started it! The hitherto peaceable Starkin became a fight seeker. He began to bully his own club mates as well as the opposition. His old salutation of "H'Yah" became a sneering "Oh, yeah!" Some of the scribes thought it might be trouble with Mrs. Starkin. Freudian experts among the baseball writers figured that perhaps it was Phil's conquest of an inferiority complex. But there never had been anything inferior about Centre Fielder "Cocky" Starkin, of the New York Yankees. For years he had been one of the baseball elect and the diamond elite.

Right into the thick of the reign of pugnacity of Starkin came Joe Mac Claim to the Yankees. Joe was a pitcher—about six feet in height, weight around 175, freckles all over his map, and his hair as red as the red of a ripe tomato. Joe had won fifteen straight for Springfield, and the New Yorks, battling for another pennant, had called him into the fight in July.

Oh, yes, we almost forgot. Red Mac Claim was left-handed. He was one of your quiet, reticent southpaws—the kind that go to bed at ten and rise at six. There are plenty of those in the major leagues—no, not red-headed southpaws like Joe Mac Claim, but early to bed and early to rise boys, most of them lads off the farm.

* * *

"WHO is the new pooch?" Starkin asked of "Moose" Haner, the veteran catcher, when Phil spied Mac Claim taking possession of his locker in the club house.

"Take it easy, Phil. That's our new pitcher from Springfield. Name is Mac Claim, and he wins fifteen in a row for the minors. Looks like he ought to help us. Almost anybody could help us the way those double-headers have shot the pitching staff."

"Well, it certainly is tough on us boys to be out there driving in the runs day after day, only to see our sucker pitchers knocked all over the lot by the rag tag and bob tail of the league. Here we are hitting .310 as a team, and we are down to a one game lead. Six games whittled off, and all on account of a lot of stiffs throwing groove balls and cripples to a bunch of ham and bean ball players from St. Louis and Detroit."

Steve Karten, the veteran right-hander, heard it all. Only the day before he had been driven from the mound. Steve snarled, but he said nothing. Haley Bartley, the left-hander, walked away from the Starkin vicinity, for Haley felt a fight coming on.

Mac Claim heard, and smiled. "Howdy, Mr. Starkin. I sure am glad to know you. Heard so much about you as a player," said Red.

Starkin refused the extended hand. "Better show what you have before we get too chummy," he chuckled. "Pitchers come and pitchers go around here. No use in making any friendships if they're going to last only a few days. There's that kid Henry, from Mobile. He came here Tuesday at noon. At four o'clock he was knocked out and at six he was on the train, headed back for that dear Mobile Bay."

Red was not to be feazed. "No harm in shaking hands, though, "Cocky". I may go back to Springfield, and who knows but that some day we will be team mates there!"

The players laughed. Haner roared. Starkin glared. Red walked off. "He'll be on you for life," Chick Gleesen whispered to Mac Claim, as the southpaw meandered out toward the field.

* * *

JULY melted into August. The pennant fight grew hotter and hotter. The Athletics, battling to hold a supremacy they had established over a stretch of three seasons, were determined to set a new record. But the Yankees, with power and speed, kept a game's length ahead.

Early in August the Tigers came into the Stadium, and Starkin resumed an old vendetta with Grady Hawks, their right fielder. Grady and Phil had started in baseball together, down at Charlotte, in the old Sally League. Grady was a trifle jealous of Phil's superior progress, Phil was inclined to patronize his onetime team mate. For two years they had been "on" each other.

"I hear you've been bulling all the new kids around here," laughed Hawks. "You always were a great guy for high-hatting the new hands. The old guys are wise to you."

One word led to another, and after the game that evening Starkin walked into the Tiger clubhouse and knocked Grady cold in less than five minutes of fighting. The management tried to hush it up. But the baseball writers got wind of the scrap and the next morning found the news on the front page. This was far and away Starkin's most impressive fistic triumph.

And it gave "Cocky" new ideas. They came with stories lauding his fistic progress, and intimating that if Starkin cared to take a fling at the ring he undoubtedly would have a brilliant boxing future.

* * *

STARKIN had a memory like an elephant. He never had forgotten Mac Claim's slight. He was out to get the red-headed lefthander. Day after day he shot barbs at the pitcher. But Red had a calm, unruffled disposition. And he had a ready repartee. Starkin seldom scored a verbal hit without getting at least as good in return.

What irked Starkin was Mac Claim's class as a pitcher, and his habit of winning. Mac Claim had made the jump from the Class A minors to a pennant contender in an easy and natural way. "Pitching is pitching, whether it be in Springfield or New York," Red told the boys who interviewed him.

"Phil, you know I never interfere with you," Riggs Kelly, manager of the Yankees, said one morning as they walked out of the clubhouse together for a batting drill. "But you have been riding that kid Mac Claim too hard. I have overheard some of your quips, and I've been told about others.

"This redheaded stringbean has the makings of a really great pitcher. He's a fine hurler right now, and he's going to win the pennant for us. Lay off him. Pick on somebody else. Pick on me, if you need the exercise. But that kid is too good to be spoiled."

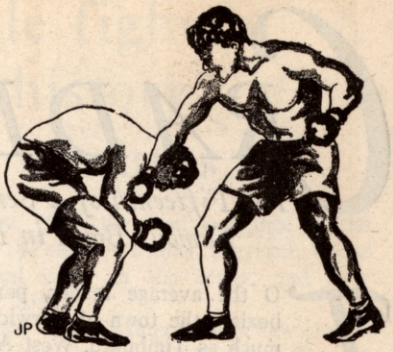
Starkin snarled. "What's baseball come to? A lot of sissy boys. I give the lad a little ride to keep him from getting swelled and spoiling himself for you, and you tell me to lay off. Well, I'll give him a wide berth. But if he gets fresh with me, pennant or no pennant, I'll close an eye for him."

* * *

THE manager's warning seemed to spur the pugnacious, bull-headed Starkin. A week later Mac Claim came into Kelly's private office.

on Cocky!

Starkin, Baseball's Best Outfielder, Tries to Become a Fighter and Is Fanned by Red Mac Claim



"Mr. Manager," the redhead started, "I am not a cry baby, and I come here with no intent to ask favors for myself. All I want to do is win a pennant, get myself some world series dough, go back to Los Angeles with a Yankee tag on me and live happily through the Winter.

"I also would like to spare this bird Starkin for you. I believe he's leading the league in hitting, and while he isn't the most graceful flycatcher in the world, bar his own opinion, I think he's a great ball player.

"But he's picking on me. Last night he met me with a girl cousin of mine in the Hollywood Grill. Well, alright," Mac Claim laughed as Kelly smiled. "Then she wasn't a cousin of mine. Matter of fact, she's my sweetheart. Came in from Springfield to have dinner with me.

"Starkin walks in with a blonde, and as he passes he says, 'Better get home and to bed or they'll knock you out sooner than usual to-morrow.' The blonde laughs. The sweetie cries.

"Well, says I, it's time to sock this Starkin. But I refrain. My sweetie says, 'Hang one on the big bum,' or words to that effect. But I let the tramp get away with it. Now, this has been going on ever since the hour I joined this club, and somebody has got to stop him or you'll find your best player ruined."

Mac Claim went on to explain. He was in the office for half an hour. As he left, Kelly was all smiles. "Well, I'm a son of a gun," he kept chuckling. Mac Claim was laughing. "Why didn't you tell me this before? But keep it to yourself. And don't lay a hand on the big boy. This isn't the time—not yet, Red!"

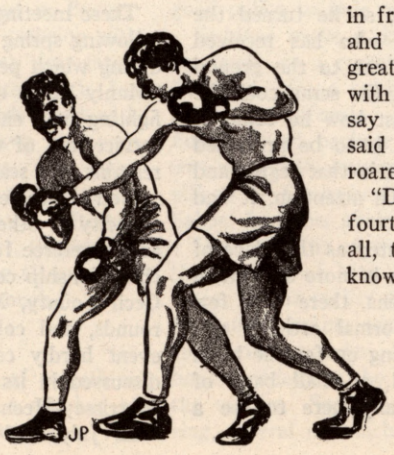
* * *

LATE in August, Starkin polished off another umpire—this time, Larry Hudson, a pretty good rough and tumble scrapper. The story got wide publicity and the next day Harriette Goulding called Starkin over the telephone. The radiant Goulding girl—clever, gorgeous, irresistibly pretty, with the business acumen of her famous railroad genius father.

"As you know, the Junior League is running a big boxing and wrestling show in the Polo Grounds two weeks from to-day," she explained. "It's all for the unemployed. They paid to see you play when they had it and now they are broke and it's up to you to help them. We want you to meet some third or fourth rate professional fighter.

"He would be easy for you—five or six minutes of exercise, and you would make our show a financial success. Why, every kid knows about your prowess as a fighter—and, of course, as a ball player, too. They tell me that you are about the greatest player in the world," cooed the crafty Harriette.

Starkin flushed. "Well, Miss Goulding, you know I'd do anything to help you. But this is the baseball season. We are fighting for a pennant. If anything happened to me we would lose to the Athletics. I owe it to the other players as well as myself to keep in the best of shape, and not invite trouble. This palooka you want me to fight might knock me cold, or break my leg or arm, and where would the Yankees be? What would the fans say? Why, I'd have to quit New York."



Miss Goulding kept cooing. They met at luncheon the next afternoon, which happened to be an off day. Miss Goulding was not to be denied. She was determined to get Phil Starkin for the unemployed relief show and she used all the wiles of an outrageously pretty girl, all the craft of John Harlin Goulding's daughter, to get what she wanted. And she succeeded. Phil never had a chance.

* * *

KELLY raved. Colonel Haffen became incoherent. "I'm just the owner of this ball club and not to be consulted," he shouted.

"How could you promise to fight this Gink Hettrick when you haven't the time to train, and you haven't the right to make any such arrangement?" yelled the manager, as he pointed to the front page of the *World-Telegram*. "Phil Starkin to fight for the unemployed—great ball player to aid needy—first time in baseball history—Harriette Goulding scores another ten strike for Junior League show."

Kelly threw the newspaper to the floor. The Colonel hurled himself into a chair. Starkin was defiant. "I know it's not according to Hoyle. But these are unusual times," he persisted.

"Miss Goulding said I would make the show. Spike Lee, the boxing promoter, insists this Gink is just a bum and that I can polish him off in a round. I'll do some training for a few mornings and with the fight taking place at night, I won't lose any baseball time. It's a great thing for baseball to come to the aid of the broke.

"It's a grand chance for baseball to get some great publicity, a fine opportunity for me. You birds magnify the danger. And it's no use. I gave my promise. The fight has been advertised. The advance sale picked up terribly this morning, I am told. Now, I'm going down to meet Miss Goulding for dinner, so rest easy. Phil will not be damaged. I can take care of myself."

The Colonel shook his head in despair. The manager moaned, "The pennant is gone. That so-called palooka will be like Dempsey against Starkin. There goes the pennant, and me battling four years to build for this season."

But Riggs Kelly, one of the wisest managers in the busines, was not to be beaten so easily. He called Red Mac Claim into conference. Red went out laughing.

The next morning, as Starkin sat on a bench in front of his locker dressing, Red walked up and said, "They all say Dempsey was the greatest fighter, but after you get through with this ham-and-beans battler they'll still say Dempsey was the greatest." Mac Claim said this loud enough for all to hear. Haner roared. Starkin glared.

"Don't get it into your noddle that them fourth rate professional fighters are soft. After all, they were good enough to be pros. They know something. Protect yourself in the clinches. And don't break your throwing arm."

Flinkey, the first baseman, laughed. "Cocky" became infuriated. "And that Miss Goulding," Mac Claim continued, despite high signs from half a dozen team mates, (*Continued on page* 47)

CRADLES of BOXING

The Fifteenth of a Series of Articles on Famous Bouts in New England

By "DOC" ALMY
(*Boston's leading boxing authority*)

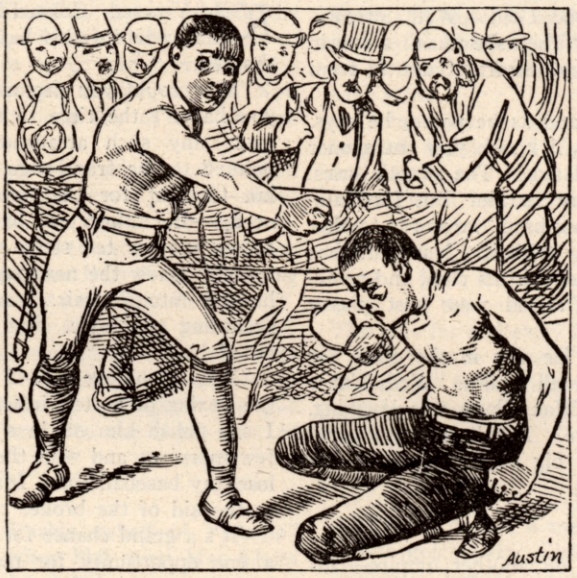
TO the average reader, particularly a follower of boxing, the town of Berwick, Me., means about as much as Timbuktu, West Africa, perhaps even less. To many New Englanders, however—the vacationists who each summer and fall trek northward into the big Pine Tree State—it has its appealing attractions and surroundings.

Whether such existed years ago, the writer does not know, but on one occasion back in the old days the sporty took a temporary, though ardent, interest in the burg whose history dates back to colonial times. In the near-vicinity of Berwick, one December day in 1860, there was staged a ring fight which has remained in the annals unto the present time.

It was not the greatest, neither the hardest-fought melee within ropes in America, but it was the longest bare-knuckle fray in the fistic history of this country, going to 66 rounds lasting four hours, 20 minutes.

Many of the details are sadly lacking. The pugilists came to Berwick, fought a historic mill, retired and sank into oblivion insofar as ring records go. Research reveals, however, that Ned Price, the Boston boniface, though busy with the affair of John "Cocky" Woods and George King, as told in the May issue of THE RING, had a chance to mix into it.

Into his sporting establishment in North Street, Boston, a thoroughfare formerly known as Ann Street, one November day in 1860, there walked James Fitzgerald of Providence, and James O'Neil of Worcester, pugilists who were looking for action. They wished to fight each other for a side bet of $500, but having received small encouragement in their home cities, and being a bit uncertain just how to go about it, had come to Boston to consult Price. As he was a well-known and recognized authority whose fame had spread far and wide, they picked the right man.



O'Neil, floored in the 65th round of his battle with Fitzgerald

* * *

PRICE could not give the subject much of his attention in view of the Woods-King business, so he turned the affair over to Harry Finnegass. Harry, who has received frequent mention in the series, with one ear to the ground and the other at Price's elbow, opined that the scrap could be staged, but outside of Massachusetts. Just how he came to select Berwick, Me., is not known, but it is to be presumed that as prize-fighting was a fairly new sport in that region and its law-makers had not given it very much attention, it had its peculiar appeal.

In any event, Berwick, Me., was designated as the place of venue and though winter was on and Maine is more often than not a particularly cold spot at such seasons, there were few demurs. Fitzgerald and O'Neil signed formal articles, and then in saloon back rooms did their warming up for the bout. December 2 found them Berwick bound, a small band of Boston sports—the chaps who will go anywhere to see a scrap—accompanying them.

There was the usual long and tiresome ride in the cars, and final arrival of the party at its destination. As the weather was cold and the snow on the ground seemed likely to hinder an outdoor fracas, an accommodating farmer was induced to rent his big barn for a "wrestling match". Said match, which was attended by about 100 dyed-in-the-wool Boston and Portland sports, with a few rurals scattered in, was staged on the morning of December 4. The "Gentlemanly Mr. Phillips of Boston," referred to in one of the earlier stories, was chosen as referee, while Jack Saunders and Sam Scranton were elected as seconds for Fitzgerald. Harry Finnegass and Tom Nugent similarly assisted O'Neil.

* * *

IT was a muss on the bare boards with naked fists. One would have thought, considering the season of the year, that the men would have got very busy on the word. To the contrary, they did not. The first round was not so bad, as it lasted but 20 minutes, but the second was strung along for an hour and ten minutes with neither doing much execution.

Finally the spectators prodded them into action and it became a real fight. Fitzgerald had the better of the going and by the time the 65th round was reached O'Neil was toppling all over the ring. A right to the mouth sent him sitting on the floor. Yet he refused to give in. But the clash settled itself in the next round when during a grapple in which Fitzgerald had all the better of the argument, O'Neil lost his balance, fell forward and grappled Fitzgerald about the legs. As there seemed to be small chance of O'Neil getting back onto his pins and being able to renew the action, the claim of "foul" made by his seconds was allowed by the referee.

Fitzgerald was declared the winner and he collected the purse. The Boston sports who attended this match missed the Woods-King session, fought on the following day, December 5, in Jersey, but on their return to The Hub, they had something to talk about.

These meetings wound up the ring sport for 1860, while the following spring saw the beginning of the American Civil War, during which period there was very little doing as regards the "Manly Art" either in Boston or vicinity. Many of the fighting men enlisted in the Federal ranks and saw plenty of service, but of what became of them or how they fared, there remains but scant record.

Ned Price eventually got into military action in some capacity or other, though he was leg-free enough to be able to act as referee for the Joe Coburn-Mike McCoole heavyweight championship combat staged on May 3, 1863, at Charlestown, Cecil County, Md. Coburn won this affair, a contest of 67 rounds, and collected the money as well as the title. This event hardly concerns Boston fisticuffs though it was much discussed in its day, taking rank with the Hyer-Sullivan and Morrissey-Heenan clashes.

In July, 1864, Prof. William G. Taylor, who had taught

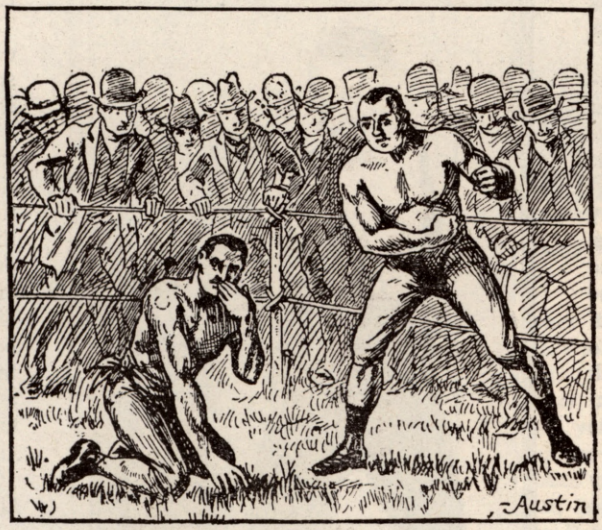
Story of the longest bare-knuckle fight in the annals of American ring history, lasting four hours and twenty minutes.

boxing in Boston for years, and presided as master-of-ceremonies at many exhibitions, passed on to his fathers at New Orleans while a wearer of Uncle Sam's uniform.

Getting back to Boston happenings, on June 10, 1861, Johnny Morris and Frank Keary, local lightweights, stretched it out for 38 rounds for a purse of $100 near the old battle ground in Brighton, a favorite spot with the boys when the police were known to be busy elsewhere. Morris dislocated his right arm in the third round, but that was a mere incident and he kept on fighting. In the 38th, when both boys were pretty well used up, the fracas was stopped and declared a draw.

* * *

JIMMY ELLIOTT, the New York scrapper, a native of Ireland though always tagged as from Gotham, came into the Boston picture in November, 1862. Fate had picked him to have a mingle for the championship with Johnny Dwyer of Brooklyn, a former American heavyweight title-holder, whose name is practically unknown to more than one generation of ring followers, also to take a beating inside hemp from John L. Sullivan. It remained for him to be snuffed out of this world on March 1, 1883, when he was shot and killed in a Chicago saloon brawl by Jerry Dunn, a sporting character, well known at that time in New York and the Windy City.



Seddons, thrown, twisted his ankle and was forced to quit in the 20th round of his bout with Pete Dailey

Prior to his arrival in Boston in 1862, Elliott had participated in but two ring bouts of more than ordinary note. The first of these, as related in the April issue of THE RING, was when he and Young "Nobby" Clarke entertained the assembled guests at Huyler's Landing, N. J., May 28, 1860, when the first scheduled "Cocky" Woods-George King muss fizzled out.

His next essay of any real importance was with Hen Winkle, a contest of 95 rounds, lasting two hours, 15 minutes, staged at Weehawken, N. J., January 6, 1862. It resulted in a draw, also, a few days later, the arrest of Elliott. He escaped a jail sentence on that occasion though was subsequently destined to have more than one experience inside a "stout house."

The Winkle mill and the incidental unpleasantness surrounding it were largely responsible for Jimmy's advent in Boston. He was not long in the town before he came into collision with a sporting celebrity known as Big Bailey, at that time interested in the saloon business. Bailey had sparred with Joe Coburn and others, and considered himself as fairly good with his mitts. Elliott's disagreeable ways failed to awe him very much. "Will you fight?" he was asked. "Yes, you cheap mug," was the retort. So things were arranged with $100 up as a purse, and on November 16, out in Watertown, a Boston suburb, they got to work with their dukes. Elliott, though but a light-heavy at that time, punched the big fellow all over the lot. At the end of four rounds Bailey "had enough."

* * *

JIMMY continued to stick in town in hopes of something in his line turning up. He participated in a number of exhibition affairs and finally came close to having a real combat. Early in January, 1863, the loud boastings of the cocky Irish lad got under the skin of Danny Kerrigan, whose name has appeared several times in the series, and they signed to battle it out for $300.

On the morning of January 9, the fighters and a few chosen henchmen assembled in a hall in the old National Theatre building, scene of many stirring events, near the corner of Portland and Travers Streets. The circumstances and surroundings were most propitious, or, so seemed, for a fine brawl. But someone had blabbed to the police. Before the festivity had fairly started, there was a crashing of doors in the lower hallway and a squad of officers, armed with pistols and clubs, came pouring up the stairs.

The pugilists and their friends, bidding each other a hurried "good morning," tore for the roof. They got out through a skylight, and, making their way to adjoining buildings, made a fairly clean getaway. A few of the would-be spectators were captured, but as no fight had taken place and consequently there was no real charge against them, they were released. The police took no further action. Following this happening, Elliott returned to New York, there to fight Jimmy Dunn of Brooklyn on May 11, 1863, to whom he lost on a foul in 12 rounds.

The rest of the year 1863 was blank insofar as ring doings of any moment in Boston were concerned, and the same situation existed in 1864 and 1865. It remained for George Seddons to help snap the sport out of its lethargy. His arrival in Boston in the spring of 1866, certainly was timely. Though he was a little fellow, weighing around 120 pounds, he was full of fight, had plenty of ability and had distinguished himself by whipping Dave Barry, known as "Barry, the Kid", on December 11, 1865, in a bout of 24 rounds, lasting one hour, 11 minutes, fought near Flushing, L. I.

This Seddons, who should not be confused with George Siddons of Chicago, a later-day addition to the feather and lightweight ranks, was born in Leicester, England, about 1845, and came to New York when a boy. As boxing appealed to him, he went strong for it, and at the time of our story was in some difficulty incidental to the Barry mill. So he deemed it good policy to fade out for a while, hence his visit to Boston.

Seddons made it known in The Hub that he was looking for trade, so a customer was supplied him in Pete Dailey of Portland, Me., a fighter of some ability, who had made a ring name in California. Though sporty money was scarce, they finally found backers to the extent of a $500 purse. As it was practically impossible to put on the match in Boston, the village of Swampscott, a seacoast hamlet between Lynn and Salem, had this affair of fists thrust upon it.

Here in a bit of woodlands the boys slung their mauleys on the morning of May 13, 1866, with Seddons having much the better of the earlier part of the conflict. At the conclusion of 65 rounds, lasting one hour, 53 minutes, Seddons, injured, was forced to surrender. Despite his defeat, this melee served to boost Seddons in the esteem of the sporty. "A rare 'un," was the verdict. Seddons figured in more than one affair of the ring, several of which events will be told in their place.

Even *Good* Managers

FIGHTING talent in the raw sometimes is hard to judge accurately and managers, combing the gymnasiums for prospects, frequently are misled. Even the best of them. One manager will look at a boy—and look away again, having seen nothing. Another will look at the same boy, take him up and go on with him to a title and a fortune.

A fighter may be passed up because he is too large. Or because he is too small—or too clever—or not clever enough. And although he may have had thumbs turned down on him by some shrewd and experienced judge of material, he may go on to become a champion or, failing that, to pull down a fortune with his gloved hands.

Not every fighter who succeeded, was adjudged a misfit at the start. But nearly every outstanding manager you can think of may be charged with at least one glaring error in the matter of selection. Take a few at random:

Take, first, Charlie Harvey. Charlie is very much in the limelight right now because he manages Steve Hamas, who is numbered among the bolder of the younger set of heavyweights. However, Charlie had many a good fighter before he saw Hamas. He had Mysterious Billy Smith, who made some classic fights against Joe Walcott. He became an importer of British glovemen and brought to this country, among others, Jack Harrison, Matt Wells, Johnny Summers, Owen Moran and, best of the lot, Jem Driscoll. BUT!

In the course of one of his many visits to Europe, he ran down to Cardiff to spend a few days with Driscoll, who owned a hotel there. The "boots" at Jem's hotel was a tiny chap, with spindly arms and legs, big eyes and a wide smile. When Charlie was leaving, the little fellow asked him earnestly:

"Tike me to Hamerica with you, Mr. 'Arvey?"

"What as," wise cracked Charlie, "a watch charm?"

Driscoll, who was present, grinned.

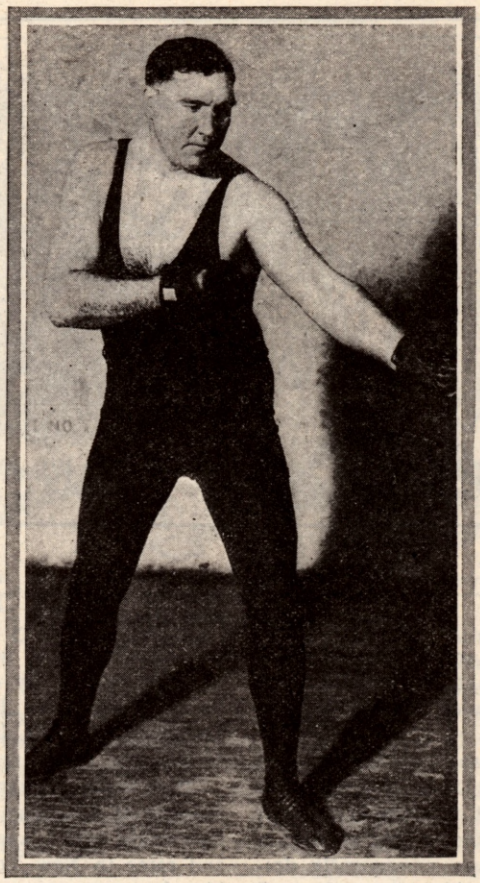
"No," he said. "As a fighter. He's a good one."

"He may be," said Charlie, "but in America they would hit him with a fly swatter and that would be that. No, my little man, I shan't take you. But here's a guinea for you. Buy yourself a pair of stilts."

And that was Jimmy Wilde!

* * *

TAKE Dan McKetrick. He's dabbling around in this and that now and, so far as the fight business goes, he's out of the picture. There was a time, though, when he was a pretty good manager. He had Joe Jeannette and Willie Lewis and Bert Keyes and a few more and he mopped up Europe with them. In particular, he had much to do with the growth of boxing in France because he demonstrated, through the medium of Lewis's one-two punch, that if a man knew how to box and how to hit he could bowl over heavyweights even though he weighed no more than 150 pounds. BUT:



Jess Willard who failed in an attempt to get Tom O'Rourke to manage him

Once when he was sailing for Europe, a friend of his by the name of Dan Morgan, who also was a fight manager of sorts, was down at the pier to see him off. McKetrick was leaving behind him three or four fair fighters in whom he had an interest and he gave Morgan some instructions about them, for he wanted Morgan to look after them.

"And what of that little square head?" asked Morgan.

"Oh," said McKetrick, "do me a favor and take him off my hands. I doubt that you can do anything with him but if you can you're welcome to him."

And that was Knockout Brown!

Take Tom O'Rourke. Tom piloted George Dixon and Joe Walcott to titles and took Tom Sharkey so close to the heavyweight championship of the world that the drive left James J. Jeffries winded at a time when Jeffries was himself and not the famed Hollow Shell of Reno. Tom knew his fighting men. He'll go down in the books as one of the smartest managers of them all. BUT:

In the summer of 1912 a big, gawky fellow out of Kansas arrived in New York looking for action. He didn't know anybody there but he had a letter of introduction to Joe Vila, Sporting Editor of *The Sun,* and he asked Joe to direct him to a manager who would be interested. He said he'd won a few fights through the middle west and was sure that if he were properly handled he'd win the world championship from Jack Johnson. Joe sent him to O'Rourke and O'Rourke looked him over.

"I'm a fight manager, not the proprietor of a side show," he said. "Sorry, but I'm not interested."

And that was Jess Willard!

* * *

GEORGE ENGEL had Buck Crouse, Frank Klaus and half a dozen other first rate fighters, most of them recruited around East Pittsburgh, where there were better fights on the street corners every night than you could see in most of the fight clubs around the country. He followed in McKetrick's trail to Europe, for the picking was very good over there in those days.

He knew a fighter when he saw one, too. For instance, he's been going back and forth between this country and Europe in recent years and, two years before Schmeling became the boss of the heavyweights, he predicted that a German fighter would win a title in this country inside of five years. A smart fellow, George. BUT:

When Buck Crouse was a big shot around Pittsburgh there also was in Engel's stable an awkward middleweight who threw punches from every angle with great fervor but who had no idea of how to block a punch from any angle. Somebody—probably the sadistic Crouse, who used to like to beat him up in the gymnasium—had flattened his nose and he was known around and about as Flat Nose.

Once when Engle had booked Crouse into Philadelphia for a fight, he took Flat Nose along as sparring partner for the big shot and, by way of getting back the expense money he

Make *Costly* Mistakes

World Champions Among Those Turned Down When Career Was Started

By FRANK GRAHAM

had laid out on him, put him into a preliminary on the same card. Flat Nose gave a horrible exhibition, took plenty of punishment and, trying to nail his clever opponent with a wide sweep, struck him on the shoulder and cracked his right wrist. That, so far as Engel was concerned, was the pay off.

After the fight he bought a ticket for Pittsburgh—a one way ticket—and gave it to the boy, along with ten dollars.

"Here, Flat Nose," he said. "Chase yourself. . . . And don't come back."

And that was Harry Greb!

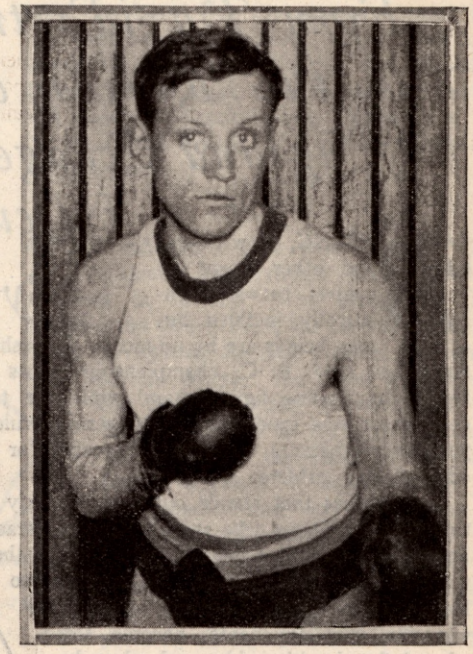
* * *

AND, finally — although you could go right down the list and take a great many more—take Phil Lewis. Lewis gathered up a half million dollars in purses with a dozen second rate fighters he managed outright and another half million dollars with a half dozen first rate fighters of whom he had a piece. He could—and still can—spot a good fighter a mile off and make more money with him in a year than almost any other manager could in a life time. BUT:

Phil had as his handy man some years ago a young fellow named Joe Jacobs. Joe was a lively chap, hustled around, left no detail of his job undone and was loyal to his employer. Phil wanted to do something for him, so one day he said to him:

"Joe, you're all right. You've been a great fellow for me. Now I'd like to see you get started on your own. It happens that I can't do as much for you as I'd like, for as you know, things are a little dull with me. But take that new kid we've got. You can have him for keeps. He won't make any real money for you and, because he's such a sickly kid, I'm afraid he won't fight very long. But he'll do until a real money maker comes along, maybe. Any way, I wish you luck. Take him and see what you can do with him."

Harry Greb who had a hard time convincing George Engel that he could fight



Jimmy Wilde, turned down by Charley Harvey, made good

And that was Benny Valger—a pretty good fighter who for quite a time, was a fine Parisian card.

The "Golden Fleece" for every manager these days is the man who will knock over the heavyweight champion. Such a fellow is worth his weight in gold both to himself and his manager. Thousands of dollars have been spent in the past by ambitious managers trying to develop a successor to Dempsey and Tunney, but to date no man has been found who can fill the bill. True Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling are the leading heavyweights of this day, but neither can be classed with Tunney or Dempsey.

No matter how good and smart a manager may be, it takes more than cleverness and smartness to gain the pivotal point in the heavyweight ranks. Seldom does one find a polished fighter, ready to leap into the front ranks of the heavies. It takes years to develop a potential champion and every manager has his heart set on finding such a fellow. The woods, the mines and the ranges are being scoured for such "hopefuls", young men who have everything required to make of them another Tunney or Dempsey—heart, durability, viciousness, speed and punch.

Somewhere, perhaps there is such a man. It is up to some manager to find him if he exists. To such a boxer and his discoverer, a million dollars will be the reward. But where is such a heavyweight?

Boxing's Rise Traced

From David's trusty slingshot, Goliath's spear, the Roman cestus, Ireland's shillalah, England's cudgelling and backsword to modern fistcuffs with the gloves

By Charles Webster

BOXING, wrestling and other forms of contest between athletically inclined human beings are by no means of mushroom growth. As remote as 1015, B. C., championship events were staged between the leading fighters, and while the technique of the contestants was crude and the governing rules rather elastic, yet the combatants were quite as eager for the fray as the present day athletes.

One combat that stands out conspicuously was that between David, the second King of Israel, and the Giant Goliath, who was the Carnera of that period. According to history, Goliath had, as a result of numerous victories over opponents, become somewhat inflated with pride, and when he was challenged by David, the big fellow laughed derisively at the idea of a small chap like David bidding defiance to a monster of his build.

However, Goliath at once accepted the challenge and the fight took place without any special effort for publicity. The historians are silent as to the rules under which the battle was waged, but fists did not play any part in the contest.

It appears that Goliath was armed with a spear or sword, or some such uncouth weapon not permitted by modern rules, while David relied on a trusty slingshot, loaded with a piece of jagged rock. It seems that Goliath felt confident the rock would rebound from his skull without doing any damage, after which he could finish David with spear or sword, as might be advisable. But it appears that David was a sharpshooter with a slingshot, and he managed to send the rock against Goliath's temple, putting the monster down for the full count, and winning the title in a rush.

Jack Broughton, founder of the first set of boxing rules

Later on the athletes decided that swords and spears and slingshots were too trying on the constitution, and they developed what was known as the cestus. This consisted of iron or rawhide that was bound to the hand and made a deadly weapon. It was quite as destructive as the brass knuckles employed by underworld adventurers of a later date.

* * *

BUT soon the cestus wore out its welcome and many of its victims and was superceded by the bare fists of the gladiators. James Figg was the first champion of England under bare knuckle rules, in 1719, and he also had the honor of starting the first boxing academy in history, the place being London. Incidentally, England was the cradle of pugilism, for it was there the bare knuckle combats were staged in 1719 and it was there that the first rules governing the bouts were drawn up and put into force.

These rules were drafted by Jack Broughton, who won the bare hands title in 1732 and held it 18 years. He drew up his boxing rules in 1743. They provided that a square of a yard be chalked in the centre of the stage and the contestants take position on each side of the square.

In case of a knockdown or wrestled down, the fallen man had thirty seconds in which to resume fighting. A champion could not be defeated unless he failed to resume fighting within the limit of thirty seconds, or his own second admitted defeat.

No second was to ask the opposing boxer any questions or to advise him to "give in." The winner was to have two-thirds of the money, which was to be publicly divided on the stage. It was illegal to hit an opponent when he was down, or to seize him by the hair or below the waist. A fighter on his knees was down.

During the 18th century the London rules were drafted, and while they were an improvement over the Broughton code, they provided for bare knuckle fights, with wrestling and other extraneous issues. The bouts under London rules were decidedly brutal, and in 1865 were superceded by the Queensberry rules drawn up by the Marquis of Queensberry, which eliminated wrestling and provided that the contestants wear five-ounce gloves on their hands.

In the early days of boxing in America the London rules governed, but as soon as the Queensberry code made its appearance, it was adopted by American fighters. The final London rules battle for the championship was that between John L. Sullivan and Jake Kilrain, at Richburg, Miss., July 8, 1889, and the first championship contest under the Queensberry Rules was that between Sullivan and Corbett at New Orleans, Sept. 7, 1892. Yet glove contests were frequently held in halls and theatres, the bouts usually limited to 3 rounds.

During the Horton Law the Queensberry code was in force, but with the advent of the Frawley Law, Commission rules were put in force, and these were amplified during the Walker Law regime, to such an extent that today the boxing rules adopted by the committee in charge are now practically the boxing rules for the entire world.

* * *

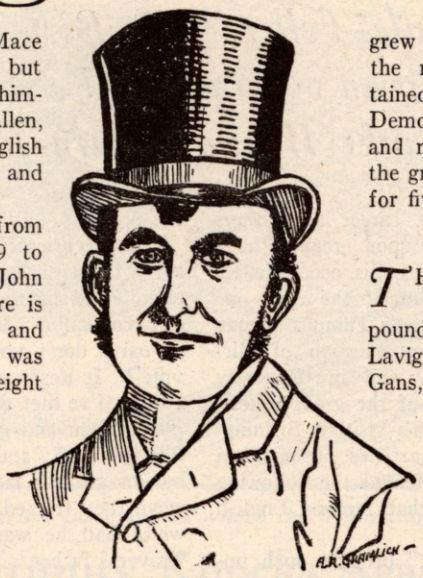
IT is questionable if any heavyweight of London rules days ever approached the ability of Tom Hyer, native of New York State, who held the American heavy title for 8 years and retired only because no one would fight him. He beat Yankee Sullivan in 101 rounds, lasting 2 hours and 45 minutes. After that battle John Morrissey and other contenders refused to meet Hyer in the ring.

Of the English fighters, Jem Mace was without doubt the

Through the Ages

best man that came from Great Britain. Mace not only won the heavy title of England, but also came to America in 1876 and made himself world's champion by defeating Tom Allen, American champion. Allen was also of English origin, but came to America, settled here and won the American title.

Under London rules, Hyer held the title from 1841 to 1849; Yankee Sullivan from 1849 to 1853; John Morrissey from 1853 to 1857; John C. Heenan from 1857 to 1863. While there is no basis for comparing the merits of Hyer and Heenan, there is no question that Heenan was one of the greatest fighters in the heavyweight class. He went to England in 1861 to fight Tom Sayers, English champion. The general opinion is that Heenan beat his man, who had to be carried to his dressing room. The referee, however, left the ring at the end of the 38th round and the men fought four more rounds without an official.



The Marquis of Queensberry, founder of modern boxing rules from which all present day rules have been formulated

At the close of the 42nd round, Sayers' followers rushed the ring, cut the ropes and stopped the battle. Two days after the contest the referee announced that the contest was a draw! Heenan's treatment, according to the American scribes who saw the bout, was most unfair.

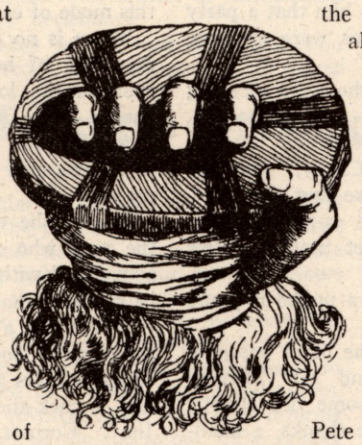
Joe Coburn, a very clever boxer, and the equal of Mace, held the American title from 1863 to 1865; James Dunn, 1865 to 1866; Mike McCoole, 1866 to 1869; Tom Allen, 1869 to 1876; Joe Goss, 1876 to 1880; Paddy Ryan, 1880 to 1882, and John L. Sullivan from 1882 to 1892. Sullivan was the last title holder under London rules.

Then followed the succession to title under the Queensberry rules. Corbett, cleverest defensive boxer in the history of the heavyweight class, held title from 1892 to 1897; Robert Fitzsimmons from 1897 to 1899; James J. Jeffries from 1899 to 1905; Tommy Burns from 1907 to 1908; Jack Johnson 1908 to 1915; Jess Willard 1915 to 1919; Jack Dempsey 1919 to 1926; Gene Tunney 1926 to 1928, and Max Schmeling now holds it.

* * *

AMERICA had a large number of great fighters in the 175-pound class during the Queensberry and Commission periods. Among them was Stanley Ketchel, doubtless as hard a hitter as ever stepped into the ring. Bob Fitzsimmons, at 44 years of age, won the class title from George Gardiner, a man half the age of the old chap. Harry Greb was another remarkable specimen of the fighter and boxer. Later on came Tommy Loughran, one of the headiest boxers in history.

Early in the Queensberry period the middleweight class contained the names of some wonderful pugilists. Nonpariel Jack Dempsey who held the title 5 years until dethroned by Fitzsimmons. The latter was champion of the class for five years and retired to enter the heavyweight scramble. Tommy Ryan, great boxer and hitter, was the champion for 12 years and retired undefeated. Ketchel held the title a short time, his tragic death ending a promising career. Then came Frank Klaus, George Chip, Al McCoy, Mike O'Dowd, Johnny Wilson, Harry Greb, and Mickey Walker, the latter a very able performer.



The cestus with which the Romans fought

Tommy Ryan and Kid McCoy, who started as welters, grew too heavy for the class and went into the middleweight division. This class contained the great Joe Walcott, the Barbadoes Demon, who as a side issue knocked out heavies and middles indiscriminately. Then there was the great Jack Britton, who was the title holder for five years.

* * *

THE lightweight class from 1868 to 1925 contained the greatest array of 135-pounders in history. The remarkable Kid Lavigne, the clever Erne, the incomparable Joe Gans, the fighting Battling Nelson, the never-say-die Wolgast, the clever Ritchie and the brilliant Benny Leonard, who retired undefeated in 1925, after wearing the crown of the class for 8 years, formed a galaxy of fighters never before equalled and very unlikely to be matched in the future.

The featherweight division of the Queensberry and Commission periods was so completely dominated for years by George Dixon and Terry McGovern, as to overshadow all others. There were some excellent men in the class in addition to Terrible Terry and the great Dixon, notably Abe Attell, Brooklyn Tommy Sullivan, and Young Corbett.

Until McGovern lost his physical form due to unfortunate habits, he held all competitors in the feather and bantam divisions at his mercy. He was well along the road to compulsory retirement when he fell before the blows of Young Corbett. Abe Attell was the next best man in the class, and he lost his title to Johnny Kilbane due to a questionable decision.

However, neither Attell nor Kilbane desired a bout with Jim Driscoll, the English feather champion, to a referee's decision. Kilbane held on to the honors until he succumbed to the blows of the French feather, Eugene Criqui, in 1923.

George Dixon was unquestionably the greatest flyweight and ablest bantam that ever entered the ring. He won the bantam title at 112 pounds from Nunc Wallace, the English champion, and he defeated nearly all the contenders, foreign or local, that desired matches with him. The flyweight class had not then been established, and Dixon conceded weight to nearly all opponents. He retired from the bantam class in 1892, after holding the championship for 4 years, and set sail for the featherweight honors. He captured those and held the crown until stopped by McGovern at a time when Dixon was on the down grade.

* * *

THERE were some excellent fighters in the bantam division, including Harry Forbes, Jimmy Walsh, Kid Williams and Pete Herman. Jimmy Barry also was a first class performer.

While Jimmy Wilde was unquestionably the leading flyweight of the division, and in good form outclassed the field, Pancho Villa and Frankie Genaro possessed class. After the untimely death from fever of Villa, Fidel La Barba defeated Genaro for the title. La Barba has since vaulted into the feather class where the going is somewhat rough.

As a means of saving their hands, (*Continued on page* 46)

A "TOUCHING" STORY

How the "Tale-Tellers" of Birmingham Got on John L. Sullivan's Trail and Sponged on Him for Drinks While "Yarn-Pitching"

STORIES of John L. Sullivan's career are always in order. Although reams upon reams have been published on his escapades, his eccentricities and his battles both in and out of the ring, one never tires reading about Boston's Famous Strong Boy. Harry E. Cleveland, veteran newspaperman of Birmingham, who knew John L. intimately and in the early days of American fisticuffs covered most of the great American battles, tells a new one about Sullivan's visit to Birmingham. Cleveland, who writes interesting articles on pugilism for the Birmingham *Weekly*, recently unfolded the following untold tale of Sullivan's experiences in that famous English city.

"Doctor Palmer, the Rugeley Poisoner," brought such unenviable notoriety to the Staffordshire town that the inhabitants petitioned for a re-naming of the place. When Lord Palmerston heard of this he remarked: "Do they want to change it to Palmersville?" That remark would appear to have quashed the agitation, which filtered through, and Rugeley retains its ancient name.

It fell to a great pugilist, John L. Sullivan, then heavyweight champion of America, to suggest the substitution of "Earbitersville" for "Birmingham." It happened this way: Mr. Sullivan was entertaining a large party of sportsmen, journalists and members of the City Council at dinner at the Stork Hotel, and had, not "knowing the ropes," as far as Birmingham was concerned, decided upon a short walk as a "pipe-opener," as he termed it. It soon became known among the confraternity of "earbiters" that John was taking his walks abroad, and two or three of the best tale-tellers among them were put on his track.

The big pugilist was not by any means a "softy," but he fell for the blandishments of a trio of yarn-pitchers, who evidently had some knowledge of the States, and played it up to the best advantage. First one sporting "pub." was visited, then another until Mr. Sullivan and all his loose change became separated, and it dawned upon him that a party of hungry celebrities in their various spheres were awaiting his advent.

He bolted from the crowd of spongers, who were pleading to be allowed to drink his health again in a dingy tavern, and happened upon a hansom cab being leisurely "tooted" by Teddy Tierney, known as the "Fighting Cabby," who had passed through a meritorious career in the prize ring.

"Want a keb, Mr. Sullivan?" enquired the ex-pugilist, who saw the "Boston Boy" arrive at New Street Station a few days before.

"Yes! Drive like Hades to the Stork and a pound is yours if you get me there inside ten minutes."

Although the big fellow did not know it, the hotel was only about a couple of hundred yards away, and Mr. Tierney, with a great show of fancy driving through some side streets, did the trick in five minutes and secured the thanks, a handshake, and a sovereign from the big pugilistic "noise" from the States. Tierney knew his fare and profited by the knowledge; a "bit of easy," he called it.

Sullivan was 10 minutes late, and Mr. Jack Barnett, his secretary, did not know what to make of it. "John's a most punctual man," he kept repeating, "and I cannot understand it!"

Presently in rushed, through the folding doors, a figure with a silk hat surmounting it, coat tails flying, taking the stairs three steps at a time, upsetting a couple of waiters in the progress, until he joined his guests.

"Say, gentlemen," he boomed, mopping his forehead, "I'm sorry I'm late for this ceremony, but I'm darned if I'm going to take all the responsibility for it." Turning to a prominent city councillor, America's greatest fighting man said: "Why on earth don't you city fathers re-name this burg 'Earbitersville'? It deserves it more than any other place I've struck. I think I've met the relations of every fighter that's been born. I've shaken and greased the palms of Tom Sayers' dad, Bob Brettle's son, and other pugilists all along the line. I've bought gin for ladies with prizefighters' faces; but I quitted when they trotted up an old greybeard, who would have been white had he washed himself, and introduced him as 'Bob Travers' father.' I knew Travers was a 'coon.' I met him in London. I was not going to wear that, so here I am." Turning to the head waiter he shouted: "Let her go Gallagher, and don't forget the wine."

It has gone on record that Birmingham possesses more spongers on active service on the principal thoroughfares and passages adjacent thereto than any other city or town in Great Britain in proportion to its population. At periods the "industry" has been overcrowded, and a few hundreds of the tale-tellers have been spared for operations elsewhere.

To the observant individual, the practised earbiter is easily "spotted," his shifty eyes, slouching gait, and the manner of his opening conversation give him away. He mostly opens up with the observation that he comes from such and such a place, where a job of work is awaiting him if he can only raise the money for his fare. Would the gentleman be so kind as to, etc., etc.

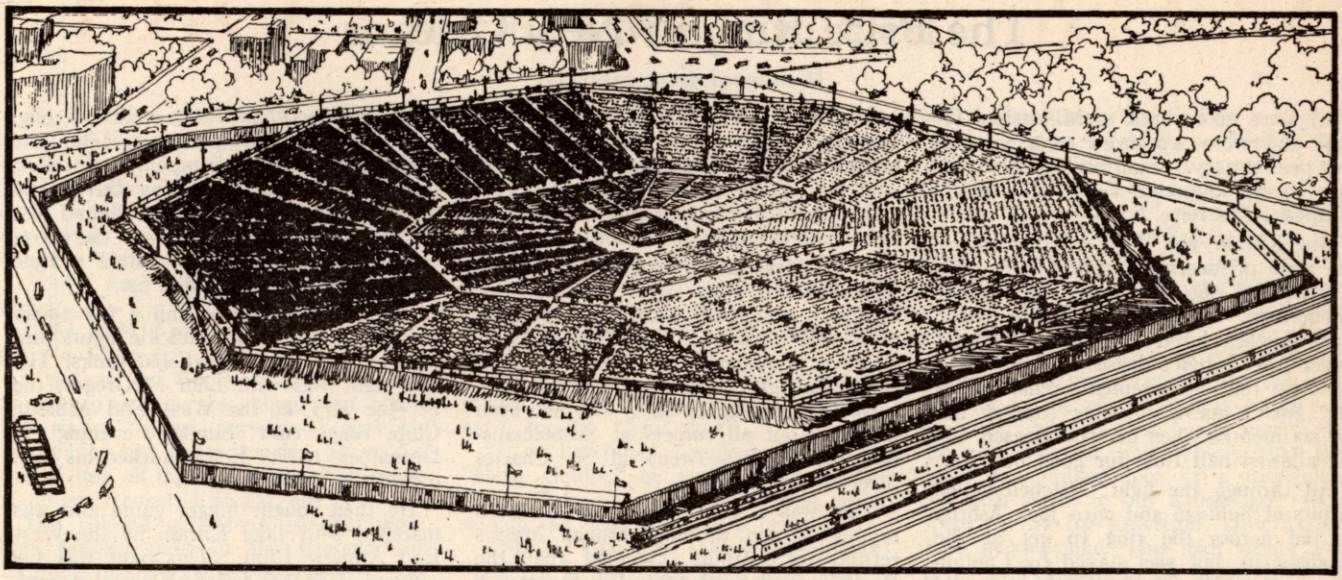
If two or more are gathered together sometimes the wayfarer is threatened with a "bashing" unless he "drops" a dollar. It has happened on several occasions that these men of leisure have "called the wrong tune," and retaliations necessitated their absence from their regular "beats" for several days; but they invariably come back, which proves that this mode of earning a living is a paying one.

There is no class of people in the world who are more undeserving of help than the professional tale-tellers, who are ever on the lookout for a bit of information on which to hang a piece of blackmailing. They have their "listeners" in bars who take in scraps of confidential talk, to be passed on to fellows who can turn it to profit "if the 'mug' will listen to reason."

One of the worst classes of all, the begging fraternity, are the men who accost you by name and claim to have been acquainted with you some time or other. They generally work in couples standing at street corners.

I recollect a story Jim Corbett once told of having been accosted by some of the beggars when he travelled through England years ago, and one, speaking with an Irish accent, told him a cock-and-bull story of his relationship to "Gentleman Jim". Corbett, wise to the ways of the "talent", owned up to several relations who existed only in his imagination and much to the surprise of Corbett, the stranger, waiting for a chance to "touch" the heavyweight champion, discussed several incidents in the career of these "relations", thereby exposing himself as a fraud.

Corbett listened attentively, and when the "relative" got through with his yarn, Jim caused him to rush for the nearest exit by exposing the fakir to the rest of the party. Thereafter, Corbett never again was molested by the begging tribe. The milk had been spilled.



The new Madison Square Garden Bowl on Long Island where the Schmeling-Sharkey fight will take place

Opportunity Knocks Again

(*Continued from page 5*)

yet to prove that he has real courage."

But those who are Sharkey enthusiasts are equally certain that the one man the Boston gob can knock out should they ever meet again, is Dempsey.

Gene Tunney, retiring as champion when Sharkey was regarded as his most worthy foe, maintains that Sharkey never has shown championship qualifications and stands by the statement he made on retiring—that there was no "worthy competition" available at the time. Tunney has seen Sharkey in his bouts with Dempsey, Scott, Schmeling, Walker and Carnera and regards the Bostonian as "too flighty" to win the title.

Gene was among those who thought Schmeling would have gone along to defeat Sharkey but for the foul and also believes that Mickey Walker beat the Bostonian for the "American heavyweight championship."

Tommy Loughran and Young Stribling, both defeated by Sharkey, always have maintained the Sailor was afraid to meet them in return bouts. Paulino, Johnny Risko and the youngsters—Tuffy Griffiths, Paul Swiderski, King Levinsky and a host of others have clamored unsuccessfully for a chance at Sharkey and each is confident he is Sharkey's master. But that is to be expected. The Sharkey of today, regardless of the fighters' assertions, is the best American heavyweight. Clearly, Mr. Sharkey is not a fighter's fighter.

William Muldoon, 87-year-old dean of the New York commission, ranks Sharkey as "the best fighter in the world, from the neck down" but gives indication of weakening in his once staunch belief that his protege is destined for championship honors.

Veteran boxing managers also have little regard for Sharkey's ability, as evidenced by the opinion of "Dumb Dan" Morgan, erstwhile mentor of Jack Britton and Paul Berlenbach.

"Sharkey is the luckiest fighter who ever lived," says Morgan. "He never could punch hard enough to knock out a sturdy foe and there are plenty of better boxers in the division. He just happened to break in at the right time and was lucky that his braggadocio won him publicity. He always has picked his spots and has made a fortune because the newspaper men kept him up in front when in reality, he never has seen the day he could clean up the division."

Boxing writers, who formerly regarded Sharkey as "uncrowned champion" also have lost some confidence in their favorite. Yet many, like Bill Corum, Hype Igoe, Nat Fleischer and others, still stand by him.

Whereas the Bostonian was an overwhelming choice in his previous important fights—with Dempsey, Stribling, Scott, Schmeling and Walker—sentiment now has swung to Schmeling the opportunist and a majority of ring experts believe Sharkey again will be napping when opportunity knocks on his door June 21st. Jack, however, thinks otherwise.

Set Example for Max

(*Continued from page 3*)

proved a huge disappointment, for like the first Sharkey-Schmeling bout, the representative of the Fatherland claimed a foul and refused to continue.

The story of that contest bears considerable similarity to that in which Schmeling won the world title while sitting on the canvas. Allen had a good margin in points in the first two rounds. In the second, a short right hook to the chin staggered the German. A left to the heart made Ben wince and as he went to his corner after being thrown, he held his hand over his heart.

The third round started with a rush. Allen was determined to whip his man and wasted no time going after him. As they closed, Allen ripped a left to the heart and Hogan backed away. Allen rushed at him and in attempting to land a right swing, Hogan, trying to check it, threw himself forward with a leap and caught the punch in the groin. He went down and claimed a foul. His seconds likewise rushed to his aid but the referee decided the blow had been a fair one.

Hogan insisted that he be given the verdict, but Ryan refused and a free-for-all took place in which the followers of each used fists, sticks, stones and knives. Several revolver shots were fired injuring a number of the spectators. The referee leaped out of the ring and the bout was declared by him a draw. In a statement issued later, he said that Hogan had only himself to blame for being struck low because he leaped in the air when he saw the blow coming and that under the circumstances there was no reason for disqualifying Allen.

What a difference between that fearless official and the majority of those who are in charge of championship fights today. Billy Egan of St. Louis, the stakeholder, returned the money to each fighter and all bets were declared off.

So disgusted was Hogan with the verdict that he retired and like Bold Bendigo he decided to enter the service of God as a salvationist. He turned his money over to the church and went forth calling sinners to repentance.

He became a naturalized citizen and with the knowledge he had gained of the evils of the dance halls and the gambling dens through personal contact, his preaching against sin gained him considerable publicity. Every time he appeared to preach the Gospel of God, he drew throngs to his mission. He had a strong voice and was a muscular specimen of manhood. Others have followed his example, some with fine results.

The Prize Ring in New Orleans

(*Continued from page* 21)

They were taken back to Mississippi for trial and were sentenced to a year in the penitentiary. Sullivan appealed his case to the Supreme Court and finally escaped jail service.

But Kilrain was duly enrolled among the state prisoners and would have worn stripes, had not Mr. Rich, the wealthy lumberman, on whose land the battle was fought, hired him as a laborer under the convict lease system. Kilrain, by that arrangement, remained as Mr. Rich's guest, enjoying country life for six months when he was released, being allowed half time for good behavior.

All through the fight, Mitchell yelled insults at Sullivan and once Jack Ashton started across the ring to get at the Englishman, but was stayed by Captain Fitzpatrick, the referee. Only once did Sullivan reply to Mitchell. It was along toward the end of the fight, when Kilrain was going down without a blow to avoid punishment. "If I had you here, you bloody Cockney," roared Sullivan, "I'd make dog meat of you."

"Yes," was Mitchell's quick retort, "to feed to hungry cur dogs, like y'rself."

In the early eighties, before the Sullivan-Kilrain battle, New Orleans was an active prize-fighting center. Mike McCoole fought Burns, a local heavyweight, at the Old Metairie Race Course, now a fashionable cemetery, London Rules, and beat him in eleven rounds, lasting seventeen minutes.

And then there was a Frenchman named Charley Bixamos, a middleweight, who was a terror around the French Market, and ready for all comers, in the several arenas run as adjuncts to the beer halls along Royal Street. Bixamos won a number of fights with skin gloves and bare knuckles, when the La Villes and Bayous conducted their racquets games back of the City Park. These racquets matches always terminated with a fight of some sort, a pre-arranged set-to, or an impromptu free-for-all.

Bixamos went four rounds with small gloves with the great Mike Donovan in Schoenhausen's Palais Royale, in Royal Street, and Mike thought so much of him, that he wanted to take him to New York for a trial with Fulljames or Jack Dempsey, the Nonpariel, who was just then rising to greatness. But Bixamos loved his cafe brulot and bouillabaisse too much to think of leaving the French Market quarter, so he remained, content with the Crescent city championship.

While Bixamos was at the height of his fame, Jack Dempsey came to town and a match was made between the champion and the New Orleans Cyclone. They fought in Sportsman's Park, on Sunday evening, March 19, 1885, and used two-ounce gloves. The purse was $1,000 and Bixamos made a good fight of it for a time, but finally crumpled under Dempsey's smashing blows. The fight went five rounds and lasted eighteen minutes.

The West End Athletic Club was the first of the big prize fighting institutions to be established in New Orleans. It was built on a platform extending into Lake Pontchartrain, at West End, a popular amusement park. This club opened in the late eighties, and ran fights every Sunday afternoon.

Its first big attraction was the finish fight between Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone, who had fought a 68-round draw with Jack McAuliffe for the lightweight championship, at North Judson, Ind., skin-tight gloves, and Andy Bowen, a New Orleans lightweight, who had been knocking out all comers at Schoenhausen's and Duffy's Arena in St. Charles Street.

This was a bitter fight and went 28 rounds, Bowen winning through Myer's refusal to continue, claiming that the Bowen crowd headed by Jim Sweeny, a race horse man and trainer, was interfering with him. Myer was badly used up in this fight, and would have been knocked out had he continued.

Bowen was one of the greatest lightweights in the ring and might have won the championship, had he not been given to posing, and awaiting applause while fighting. One of Bowen's early fights was with George Wilson, the English Kid, a promising featherweight. They met down behind the Slaughter House one Sunday morning with skin-tight gloves and Bowen won in three rounds.

Bowen met Jimmy McHale, a New York lightweight one Sunday afternoon at the West End Club, and Jim Sweeny, his second, discovered that McHale had plaster of Paris sewed in his five-ounce regulation gloves. Other gloves were substituted, and Bowen beat McHale in two rounds, using him up so badly that the New Yorker had to spend a few days in the hospital.

In September, 1891, Jimmy Carroll, the doughty lightweight contender, came to New Orleans and fought Bowen in the Olympic Club. Carroll knocked Andy out in 21 rounds. Bowen also lost to Austin Gibbons in 48 rounds at the Metropolitan Club, which was started as opposition to the famous Olympic Club. He had Gibbons beaten, but halted in his work and posed for applause, allowing Gibbons to recover when he was nearly out.

This same Bowen engaged in two of the longest fights on record. The first was with Jack Everhardt, a slashing lightweight from New Orleans, which Bowen won in 87 rounds, and the second was the long draw of 110 rounds with Jack Burke. Both of these fights were at the Olympic Club in 1894.

Bowen was killed in the ring by George Kid Lavigne, the Saginaw Terror, in 1895. The men fought at the Crescent City Athletic Club, and Bowen was knocked out in the 22nd round. His head hit the floor of the ring which was badly padded, and the fall fractured his skull. He died the next day.

Another aspirant for championship honors the rings of the New Orleans sporting houses developed, was Felix Vaquelin, a big Creole car driver. Felix was a giant, abnormally strong, and weighed 220 pounds. Like the ancient Sicilian champion, Entellus, famous in Virgil for beating Dares, and then braining with his iron bound fist the poor bullock which was the prize of the contest, Felix had killed a mule with a blow of his ham-like fist.

Vaquelin beat Burns and a few tough levee negroes in bare-knuckle fights and then entered the professional ranks. His first fight was with Lem McGregor, the St. Joe Kid, at the West End Athletic Club, one cold Sunday evening in December, 1889. Felix knocked his man out in ten rounds.

He then sought bigger game and was matched with Jake Kilrain by the West End Athletic Club. This fight was for a purse of $3,000 and took place on Sunday afternoon, February 2, 1890. Felix had stage fright, and made quite a show of himself in the ring, Kilrain winning easily, four rounds.

Although Vaquelin never amounted to much in the ring, he had to his credit a sort of unofficial victory over the mighty Frank Slavin, the Australian heavyweight. Vaquelin sparred Slavin in an exhibition bout in the Olympic Club, and let loose a right hand swing which stretched the giant Australian helpless on the canvas. The bout was stopped, and Slavin, staggering and groggy from the blow was assisted to his dressing room to recover.

Charley Mitchell, who was with Slavin, flew into such a rage that he wanted to enter the ring then and there with the big Creole, and take payment for what he called "a nasty double cross." Vaquelin was willing, but the club authorities were not. Felix ended his days as a policeman.

Less than two weeks after his victory over Vaquelin at the West End Club, Kilrain entered the ring at the Southern Athletic Club, as he thought, to give a presumptious youth from California a good beating with the five-ounce gloves.

The man from California was James J. Corbett, the ex-bank clerk, who had proven quite a sensation on the West Coast, by beating Joe Choynski, big Joe McAuliffe, the Mission Boy and others. Corbett and Kilrain were matched for a six-round contest, and everybody thought that Kilrain would have an easy thing of it.

Kilrain to Corbett was like a kitten to a bull dog, and the young Californian beat poor Jake unmercifully and hitting him at will, made him a laughing stock for the big audience. Ned Violet, a well known clubman, was referee and unhesitatingly gave Corbett the decision.

The same night Mike Cleary, who was afterwards so badly hurt by a street car in New York, that he died of the injuries, fought Mike Smith, a local heavyweight, and knocked him out in two rounds.

(The fourth installment in this series will appear in the next issue.—Editor's note.)

Boxing's Mosquito Fleet

(*Continued from page* 33)

He took his place at the table, admired the luxury of this American institution for a minute, then called loudly for a waiter. A smiling black fellow came to take his order. He handed Pete the menu. Pete looked at it, licked his chops in anticipatory pleasure and said:

"Dot's fine! You breeng me eberyt'ing!"

"Yes, SAH!" replied the waiter. "You got a good appetite, sah!"

"Oh, yes, fo' Goodness sake," replied Sarmiento, smiling his bland and child-like smile. "I got very good appetite. Lucky for me I got teecket for train, too—I lose all my money shooting craps. If no got teecket, I no eat, eh?"

The colored gentleman thought fast; then hustled over to the steward and told him that the little Filipino feller was broke, and had an idea that his railroad ticket included meals aboard the train.

The diplomatic steward explained to Pete that a railroad ticket was not like a steamship ticket. "Aboard the railroad, you had to pay for what you ate," he said.

Whereupon Pete cursed the railroad company, in the fluent Pampangan dialect —and for the balance of the trip, all the way to New York, he subsisted on hot dogs, purchased at towns along the route.

By the time he got to New York, he was down to his last dime, and hated the sight of a hot dog.

He had purchased, in Manila, just before his departure, a hat, which the Ananias behind the counter had told him was the "latest American style". It was a hideous green in color, with a huge brim, made of some shaggy texture.

Churchill greeted Pete at the station upon his arrival in New York, and the first thing he gasped was:

"My God, Pete, where did you get that hat?"

"In Maneela," replied Pete, proudly taking the hat off his head and examining it fondly. "You like?"

"It's horrible!" replied Churchill. "Here, Goldie," he said, turning to Sol Gold, "Take Pete to a hat store as quick as you can, and buy him a new lid."

"No, fo' Goodness sake," yelped Pete. "Dot hat is joost like Tom Meex wear—very nice. I wear it always."

Churchill was forced to cut it to pieces with a pair of scissors a few days later, for Pete absolutely insisted on wearing that green atrocity in preference to the hat that Goldie had purchased for him.

Another time, at the training camp, there happened to be a youngster named Joey Abrams, a good-looking kid who was also a female impersonator. Joey dolled up in girl's clothes, and proceeded to make eyes at Pete.

Sarmiento, never troubled with excessive modesty, believed he had made a "beeg heet" with the good-looking gal, and invited her up the road for a stroll.

"You very nice gal," he confided to the "sweet little girlie", as they strolled up the road. "You geev me nice kees?"

The "very nice gal" promptly hauled off and smacked Senor Sarmiento on the cheek. As stated above, Joey Abrams was a professional fighter, and a very fair puncher. He put plenty of muscle behind that slap.

When Pete got back to the camp, he confided to Whitey Ekwert that the best puncher in the whole training camp was that "gal" who was the cook's niece. He did not, however, tell Whitey that the "gal" had milked him of a five-dollar bill with which to buy a new hat. Joey spent the $5 for ice-cream, after letting Pete in the joke. The joke wasn't entirely on Pete, either, for he ate most of the ice-cream.

Pete was the heartiest eater who ever donned a glove.

One time, in Cleveland, while stopping at the Hotel Hollenden, Pete ate $8.65 worth of food, by himself. There was nothing hoggish about his eating—he just was fond of good food, and if he had a yen for strawberries, and strawberries were out of season, therefore $1.00 a portion, that made no "never-mind" to Pete. He had strawberries; and when he felt like it, he had two or three orders of 'em.

(*To be continued*)

When Grandpa Was a Kid

(*Continued from page* 9)

Over on the far left is the Town Sport. He is waving his lid and showing his fancy vest. Behind him stands an intellectual giant who seems to have a black eye—or is it an artistic smudge?

The entire picture is a reminder of rougher days, and is redolent with that air of romance that it is possible to concoct over a fight of that sort only years and years after it has taken place.

We hear Heffernan clarion his challenge— "Insult my mother and I'll smash your jaw."

Funny if Heffernan got his jaw smashed instead. The records fail to say who won the battle. Let us hope that robust, fighting motherhood won the day back there at Miners Mills, Pa!

A Winning Pair

(*Continued from page* 12)

McCarthy was killed. In Luther, McCarney had a sure champion, and when he died following the bout at Calgary, McCarney lost a sure fortune, for Luther had been matched with Jack Johnson and according to those who had followed McCarthy's rise, he stood a fine chance to whip the Negro.

When Johnson fought Jeffries, McCarney obtained the picture rights for that fight as the personal representative of Tex Rickard and just as another fortune was in sight for Billy, the Government stepped in with the Federal statute forbidding inter-state transportation of fight pictures and Billy again lost out.

Then came another sad blow for McCarney when he ventured into the hotel business at Toledo at the Willard-Dempsey battle. The sports refused to pay $10 for the privilege of sleeping with two others for one night.

It was not until he and Jacobs obtained the contract on Schmeling with the aid of one of their champions, Andre Routis, that McCarney finally obtained his wish—to manage a world heavyweight king.

When Strength Beat Science

(*Continued from page* 11)

respects this hair made Jeff look boyish and then in other respects it made him appear as the cave man.

He had a way of scowling that drove the fear into many a man who faced him. This look, the pose, that crouch, with left shoulder elevated to cover the neck and chin, left hand extended in a hook, right hand drawn back against the body, ready to come winging on, with death dealing force, was enough to whip an opponent before the fight started.

And Jeff, despite his bulk, was catlike in his movements. He wasn't fast. But he wasn't slow. He could come in close, well guarded, taking terrific punches on his arms and suddenly jab with his left and shoot in his right and finish his man. He usually had his opponent pretty well scared before he landed a blow.

Schmeling is not as good as all that, but if Herr Max takes his fighting as seriously as did Jeffries, and instead of taking on one opponent a year he fights more often, he should develop into another Jeffries. He has everything a great fighter should possess—cleverness, hitting power, courage and an abundance of grey matter. He has a great chance to use these assets against Sharkey.

Boxing's Rise Traced Through the Ages

(*Continued from page 41*)

which usually were injured in bare knuckle contests, many matches were made in the London rules and Queensberry periods, in which the contestants wore kid gloves with the fingers cut off. However, the seams of the kid gloves cut and bruised more than the bare hands, and the practice was soon abandoned. Corbett and Choynski in their battle of June 5, 1889, wore kid gloves, Corbett winning in the 28th round.

During the London rules period, no purses were given by promoters, for the excellent reason that fights were illegal and there never was any certainty of a battle taking place on the date selected. As a result the compensation for the winner was in the side bet, the amount ranging from $500 to $10,000, the latter being the side stake in the Corbett-Sullivan title bout at New Orleans, September 7, 1892.

As New Orleans permitted fist fights, the promoter of the Olympic Club, Charles Noel, felt justified in offering a purse of $25,000, the largest up to that time. To be sure, the Crescent A. C. promised Fitzsimmons and Hall $40,000 for their affair on March 8, 1893, but the club was irresponsible and the winner, Fitz, never received one-tenth of the amount promised. It is a matter of record that Corbett had a heart-breaking struggle to get together the $10,000 side stake demanded by Sullivan.

The golden era of pugilism began on March 25, 1916, when Willard and Moran drew $151,524 to Madison Square Garden and ended with the second Dempsey-Tunney battle at Chicago which drew $2,658,660. Fistiana's biggest gates follow:

Dempsey-Brennan, Madison Square Garden, December 14, 1920, $200,000.

Dempsey-Gibbons, July 4, 1923, Shelby, Mont., $201,405.

Johnson-Jeffries, Reno, July 4, 1910, $210,000.

Leonard-Tendler, July 23, 1923, Jersey City, $367,852.

Firpo-Willard, July 12, 1923, Jersey City, $390,827.

Dempsey-Willard, Toledo, July 4, 1919, $452,522.

Dempsey-Firpo, September 24, 1923, New York, $1,177,404.

Dempsey-Carpentier, July 2, 1923, Jersey City, $1,626,580.

Tunney-Dempsey, Philadelphia, September 27, 1926, $1,900,000.

Tunney-Dempsey, Chicago, September 22, 1927, $2,658,660.

While there are no absolutely accurate figures as to the amounts received by leading boxers in all their contests, the appended figures are close to the record figures: Tunney, $1,400,000; Dempsey, $990,000; Willard, $600,000; Jeffries, $430,000; Corbett, $350,000.

Some of the puglistic records with recording follows:

Longest battles—London rules, Jack Kelly and Jack Smith, Australia, 1855, 6 hours 15 minutes; Queensberry rules, with gloves, Andy Bowen and Jack Burke, draw, 110 rounds, 7 hours 19 minutes.

Shortest bouts—London rules, Heald and Cannon, Carbondale, Pa., 30 seconds. With gloves—Battling Nelson and Rossler, Harvey, Ill., April 6, 1902, 2 seconds.

Shortest heavyweight title fight—Dempsey-Willard, 3 rounds. Other title fights—Gans-Erne, 35 seconds, one round. McGovern-Palmer, 1 minuute 15 seconds, one round.

Largest attendance—145,000, Tunney's share $990,000; Dempsey's share, $447,500.

How Kearns Got Dempsey

(*Continued from page 29*)

things by pairing men who were not well matched, from the standpoint of the spectator.

Then came the break between Curley and Willard, who finally settled with Jack for a cash consideration. Jess then tied up with Rickard, who was casting around for a suitable opponent for Willard for the Toledo fight. Kearns also allied himself with Rickard and Dempsey was given the chance of mixing with Big Jess whom he toppled in such decisive fashion that hot July day in the big arena on the shores of Maumee Bay, and opened the way for the earnings of the millions which poured into the treasury of the firm of Dempsey and Kearns until the break came after the Manassa Mauler married Estelle Taylor.

Kearns often is given credit for being the greatest ballyhoo artist the ring has ever known. Those who have followed the fortunes of Dempsey, declare that it was Kearns, through his shrewd ballyhoo, who made both Dempsey and Rickard millionaires.

At various stages of his career he managed such boxers as Eddie McGoorty, when Eddie was pretty good, Jimmy Clabby, Abe Attell, Frankie Neill, Dick Hyland, Indian Joe Gregg, Fighting Billy Murray, Kid Scater, Maurice Thompson, Freddie Weeks, Kid Parker, Eddie Shannon, Jimmy Regan, and at present has in his "stable" besides the world's champion, Joe Benjamin, Alex Trambitas, Babe Herman and Jimmy Darcy.

Kearns was the American representative of the great Les Darcy, and was really responsible for the latter coming to this country.

Current Wrestling Attractions

(*Continued from page 25*)

two out of three falls in Montreal and lost in like fashion to Henri DeGlane, title claimant of the Herman-Bowser circuit.

* * *

Jack Curley and his associates, Jack Pfefer, Rudy Miller, "Toots" Mondt, and Bill Nelson, expanded to larger quarters in the *Times* Building because of continued successes. Congratulations are in order.

* * *

Curley, however, was unable to get Londos to meet Shikat for the Free Milk Fund in New York, and substituted Ed "Strangler" Lewis. It was the "Strangler's" first appearance in the big city in several years. Londos, it seems, doesn't relish a meeting with either of the ex-champions. It is the opinion of many that both could throw him if given a chance. The Shikat-Lewis winner will be matched with Jim Londos for the world's heavyweight wrestling championship in an outdoor match in New York.

* * *

George Zaharias, the rough Greek, in his build-up campaign, threw Hans Steinke and Jim McMillen, both of whom are rated among the leaders.

* * *

Gus Sonnenberg steadily tosses the lesser fry, but doesn't seem to come up to the form he displayed a few years back, while Len Macaluso held Joe Malcewicz to a draw. Len is coming along in fine style.

* * *

Jack Washburn, rougher and heavier than ever, is quite a card up Boston way. Jack believes in mixing fisticuffs with his grappling, and the fans go wild when he shows.

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Three Strikes on Cocky!

(*Continued from page 35*)

who wondered what had got into the rookie pitcher. "I saw her picture in the paper this morning and boy, I don't blame you for falling. But what does Mrs. Starkin say about all this?"

Starkin rose slowly. "Mac Claim, you are a yellow bellied phoney, and it would give me great pleasure to bust your head open after the game this evening. Don't run home. I'll be waiting. Right after the game, rain or shine."

Mac Claim grinned. "You heard the champ, boys. He challenged me. I didn't pick this fight. I don't want to get hurt."

"You'll be there after the game or you'll not stay on this ball club," shouted Starkin, as he rushed out into the field.

This time Kelly sought no secrecy. He contrived to get the information of the impending fight to the men in the press coop. In fact, Kelly invited their presence. The air was charged with electricity all afternoon. For the first time that season Starkin dropped a fly ball at a critical stage of the game and the Sox won, 3 to 2.

After the game, while the boys were dressing, Kelly made a speech. "It seems there has been a challenge, and much as I deplore fighting on this club, especially at this time, I suppose I will have to put up with it. Starkin claims the right to fight for the unemployed and I cannot deny Mac Claim the right to defend his honor against aspersion by Starkin. It seems this no longer is a ball club, but a boxing camp.

"So let us do this the right way. I have here a pair of boxing gloves. Let's have this fight with mitts, right out in centre field."

So Mac Claim and Starkin donned the gloves and in their shorts, wearing their street shoes, they squared off at six, with all the Yankees and Sox, and the newspapermen surrounding the cockpit.

Starkin rushed his man as soon as Kelly shouted the word "Go!" Mac Claim side stepped awkwardly. The redhead offered a tentative right for the head and Phil laughed. He tried to close in on Mac Claim for one of his rough and tumble scraps. But, always in a lumbering way, Mac Claim evaded the Starkin rushes.

"Why don't you stand up like a man and fight?" shouted Starkin. "And get all mussed up?" laughed the unruffled Mac Claim.

The ringsiders laughed, too. They went along for three minutes and then Kelly called for a minute's intermission.

Starkin rushed his man in the second round, but Mac Claim neither was hit, nor did he strike Phil. He seemed so hopeless, did Mac Claim. He moved around apologetically. His team mates were inclined to pity him. "Pretty soon Phil will get warmed up and what he'll do to Mac is nobody's business," volunteered Haner.

Back to Our Old Price

Beginning with the next issue, the August number,

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a reduction of ten cents to meet the present conditions. The Ring Publisher desires, as prior to the world-wide depression, to bring This Great Boxing and Wrestling Magazine within the reach of every reader. Watch for it.

"Listen," Gleesen whispered to Haner. "This Mac Claim bird has something up his sleeve. There's something strange about this fight and mark my words, Starkin is in for a licking."

"I'm wondering, too," broke in Flinkey. "I'm wondering where we'll ship Mac after Starkin gets through giving him the medicine he handed Rarins."

In the third round Mac Claim suddenly changed front. He feinted and wham! A right to the jaw staggered Starkin. Phil grew wild. He charged like a bull. Mac Claim side stepped adroitly, yes, gracefully. He cut loose with a left to the head. It was right and left for the wind. Starkin was getting tired.

Punching lightly, Mac Claim got his man woozy in that round. In the fourth session Starkin rushed blindly and as Mac moved away the centre fielder fell to the grass. "Dropped another one, eh?" Mac Claim chuckled. The crowd shouted in glee. The fight had taken a great turn.

In the fifth round Mac got the nod from Kelly, and he cut loose. He moved Starkin around at will. He punched him with rights and he lashed him with lefts. Starkin was bewildered.

Toward the end of the session Mac Claim caught Phil flush on the button and Starkin passed out.

It was a hot, bright August morning. Starkin came out of Kelly's office, silent, sober. He walked toward Mac Claim's locker. Red rose with his right hand outstretched. Phil grasped it—and held it.

"I have been a darned fool, Red. Let's forget it all—and win this pennant," said Phil. Mac patted Starkin on the back. "Stick to ball playing, Phil. You're the best of them all. And a terrible fighter." Starkin smiled. "You're right, Red."

The clubhouse telephone rang. A call for Starkin. "Hello. Oh, Miss Goulding. I'm off the card? Well, I'm sorry. Bad publicity in the papers? You want me to fight Mac Claim again, or not at all. Well, let's call all this off. I can't fight, and this Mac Claim could knock me cold with one punch. Sorry. Good bye—and good luck."

Kelly, standing by, heard it all. "Thanks, Phil. I knew you would do the right thing. And you must forgive me for planning all this."

Kelly called the players into his office. They sat on the benches they always occupied at club meetings. "In justice to Phil, and to Red, I've got to explain. Phil never had a chance.

"Mac is Red Sullivan, light heavyweight from Los Angeles. He used to be a pro. But Red found out that he couldn't fight well enough to be a champion, and he felt he could pitch well enough to win a pennant for somebody. He turned from the ring.

"Recently Mac explained all this to me. He begged me to warn Starkin not to pester him. When Phil signed for that Goulding girl, I realized something had to be done. I knew I could rely on Mac to do the right thing the right way. I wanted all the fighting ideas knocked out of Phil's head. Imagine the greatest outfielder in baseball fooling around with the ring!

"I asked Mac to pick a fight with Starkin. I asked him to do what you saw him do last evening, and he did it well. I wanted Starkin to realize that he could not cope with a professional fighter, and Phil knows it now."

"I'll say I do," laughed Starkin. "A cheer for Red Mac Claim, boys—and another for the pennant."

That afternoon Starkin offered a handshake to Umpire Rarins. The umpire almost fell into a swoon.

"Lay off that Mac Claim bird, Rarey old boy," said "Cocky."

"Listen, lummox, I could have told you that weeks ago," laughed Rarins. "He's my neighbor in Los Angeles."

"My pal!"

SEATTLE AND TACOMA

By RINGSIDER

FREDDIE STEELE, 19-year-old Tacoma welter sensation, stepped into the big time last month by scoring a 2-round kayo over Ceferino Garcia, Filipino welter who had previously stayed 10 rounds with Young Corbett III. A dazzling left hook to the chin put Garcia down for the count.

Steele also captured two other important bouts during the month, his victims being Tony Portillo of Seattle, and Bobby Vincent of Oklahoma.

Abie Israel, star Seattle bantam, participated in but one bout during the month, registering a 2-round kayo over Young Freddie, Oakland Filipino, in the semi-final to the Steele-Portillo battle.

Results of other main events and semi-windups were as follows: Tony Portillo, Spanish welter captured a 6-round decision over Leonard Bennett of Detroit. Don Fraser, Spokane Scot downed Leo Hernandez of Los Angeles in 6 in the semi.

Henry Woods, 17-year-old Yakima negro featherweight, kayoed Pastor Calope, Filipino, in the sixth round of the Steele-Vincent semi-windup.

In Seattle: Leo Lomski, former lightheavy contender, defeated Bearcat Baker in a 6-round fight. Ros Dumaguilas, Filipino feather T. K. O'ed Eddie Thompson of Spokane in 3.

In Tacoma: Les Bain, 130, of Tacoma, won on a foul over Petie Miller, also of Tacoma, in 3 rounds. Doc Snell, Tacoma Tigerman, downed Paddy Walthier in 6 in the semi.

In Seattle: Canto Robleto, Mexican bantam Champion of California, annihilated Ros Dumaguilas in 6. Robleto is a tough little baby.

Joe Calder, Manila Typhoon, defeated Ernie Peters, Minneapolis Indian in 6, in the Steele-Garcia semi.

In Tacoma: Fred Lenhart trounced Ken Lee of California in 6.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE indoor season ended in a blaze of fiery contests, bouts that were sizzling with action and which presaged considerable activity for the summer months. The Fuller-Berg, Hamas-Loughran, Walker-Paulino and Battalino-Petrolle return contest, were fitting bouts to end the indoor session. Each drew heaps of applause from those who saw them, as they were of a variety such as the fans are eager at all times to see.

Some of the more important ring results of the month follow:

Mickey Walker decisively beat King Levinsky; Steve Hamas repeated his victory over Tommy Loughran but this time through a decision; Maxey Rosenbloom had a narrow escape at the hands of Harry Ebbets in an overweight match; Gorilla Jones whipped Young Terry; Jackie Fields scored over Henry Firpo in an overweight bout; Sammy Fuller won the junior-welterweight title from Jackie Kid Berg; Billy Petrolle again repeated over Battling Battalino; Kid Chocolate scored over Mike Sarko, and Al Brown whipped Domenique Di Cea in Paris.

There was plenty of action displayed in the heavyweight class. Ernie Schaaf headed the list with victories over Ted Sandwina, Jack Gross and a five-round kayo over Unknown Winston. Mickey Walker showed his class in whipping King Levinsky. Primo Carnera whipped Maurice Griselle and kayoed Hans Schonrath in three rounds. Max Baer turned in knockouts over Walter Cobb in four, and Paul Swiderski, seven rounds. Lee Ramage won over Yale Okun. Steve Hamas scored over Tommy Loughran.

Charley Retzlaff outpointed Jimmy Braddock. Young Stribling whipped George Neron and beat Joe Doctor on a foul in nine rounds. Doctor scored over Baxter Calmes. Tony Galento kayoed Johnny Freeman in six rounds. Stanley Poreda outpointed Pietro Corri. Larry Johnson whipped Joe Sekyra. Natie Brown won over Reds Barry and Eddie Simms. Charley Belanger scored over Steve Trojack, Pettit Ferrarer and stopped Stanley Wellise in five rounds. Jack Redman won from Rosy Rosales.

John Henry Lewis won over Yale Okun in San Francisco. Leroy Haynes kayoed Hans Birkie in eight rounds. George Panka disposed of Tiny Powell in the sixth. Joe Barlow won from Salvatore Ruggirello. Ralph Ficucello kayoed Jimmy Taylor in two rounds. Tony Cancela and Joe Merhart whipped Pete Wistort. Charley Massera kayoed Charley Crosby in two rounds.

Maxey Rosenbloom engaged in two overweight bouts, defeating Harry Ebbets and Harry Fuller. Ebbets kayoed Vinka Jakassa in the first round. Bob Godwin drew with Joe Banovic and defeated Owen Phelps. Phelps kayoed Eric Lawson in two rounds. George Manley kayoed Sammy James in four rounds and whipped Harry Smith. Trader Horn outpointed Red Boyette. Sam Weiss whipped Andy Mitchell. Roscoe Manning won from Cowboy Jack Willis and Jake Durham kayoed Russ Rowsey in eight rounds.

In the middleweight class, Sammy Kid Slaughter heads the active group by whipping Jack Moran, Rosy Kid Baker and drew with Roy Wallace. Ray Tramblie was beaten by Dave Shade and kayoed by Paul Pirrone in five rounds. Gorilla Jones scored over Young Terry. Jack Kilbourne outpointed Buck Everett. Wesley Kitchell scored knockouts over Jimmy Flinker, seven rounds; Terris Hill, one, and Jack Gibbs in the first. Leo Larrivee scored over Bobby Brown and George Courtney.

Tommy Freeman kayoed Big Boy Blanchard in two rounds. Len Harvey whipped Len Johnson in England. Johnny Oakey scored over Al Rossi. Ignacio Ara kayoed Kid Neubauer in eleven rounds. Billy Angelo won from Jimmy Rhodes. Enzo Fiermonte kayoed Mike Collins in one session. Vittorio Livan beat Al Rodriquez. Buck McTiernan won over Joe Trippe. Oddone Piazza kayoed Ray Lopez in five sessions.

Jackie Fields, who leads the welterweight class, scored over Henry Firpo in an overweight match. Young Corbett defeated Vearl Whitehead. Johnny Indrisano scored over Lou Brouillard. King Tut kayoed Freddy Edwards in one round and defeated Mickey O'Neill and Morrie Sherman. Sherman scored over Charley Johnson. Red Affinito defeated Eddie Sullivan, Napoleon Pourix, Tiger Roy Smith and kayoed Bucky Lawless in eight rounds. Hy Diamond was beaten by Al McCoy and stopped by Baby Joe Gans in seven rounds.

Andy Di Vodi scored over Gaston LeCadre and Paulie Walker. Joey Goodman whipped Alphonso Gonzales and Johnny Romero. Romero stopped Tommy Herman in seven rounds. Freddy Steele kayoed Cerefino Garcia in two rounds. Jackie Purvis whipped Sam Bruce and drew with Jackie Brady.

Billy Buck Boyle kayoed Billy Tosk in one round and defeated Eddie Shapiro. Jimmy Phillips whipped Frankie Petrolle. Freddy Polo kayoed Pete Petrolle in two heats. Rufus Miles scored over Red Bryson and Gus Sampbell won from Relampago Saguero.

Sammy Fuller clinched the right to the junior-welterweight title by whipping Jackie Kid Berg. Manuel Quintero kayoed Young Kannear in three rounds. Tony Herrera disposed of Ray Collins in two rounds. Steve Haliako scored over Hershie Wilson and Lope Tenorio. Jack Portney won from Jimmy McNamara and Tenorio.

Tommy Grogan disposed of Lloyd Smith in six rounds and whipped Johnny Lamar. Bobby Mays beat Frankie Cinque. Barney Ross finished Dick Sisk in six rounds. Sisk kayoed Ruby Goldstein in two rounds and won on a foul from Frankie Hughes in seven rounds. Emil Rossie outpointed Willie Siegel. Cecil Payne defeated Ray Kiser and Kiser kayoed Tex Lee in three rounds. Mushy Callahan scored over Tod Morgan.

Frankie Wallace lost to Tommy Paul and defeated Johnny Mitchell. Freddy Miller scored over Johnny Dunn and Ray Meyers. Charley Von Reeden kayoed Armando Vidal in six rounds and whipped Johnny Blaine. Art Chapdelaine scored over Robert Paulhus and Max Tarley whipped Buddy Ryan.

Al Brown, lanky ruler of the bantamweights, defeated Domenique Di Cea. Baby Arizmendi has decided to remain in the bantam class and defeated Lew Farber. Newsboy Brown whipped Lew Pacion and Cris Pineda. Young Tommy kayoed Benny Carter in three rounds. Ross Fields disposed of Antol Kocsis in the sixth round.

Emile Pladner whipped Bobby Leitham. Canto Robleto scored kayos over Benny Gallup and Ros Dumagulias. Willie Davies won from Johnny Warner. Pee Wee Wilson kayoed Johnny Posky in five rounds and Jimmy Mack finished Johnny McShea in five.

Little action was shown in the flyweight class with Frankie Donnelly, a new member of the first ten, whipping Sammy Goldman. Phil Tobias was beaten by Benny Rodriquez and Baby Quintana in Panama. Frenchy Bellanger scored over Pancho Linda and Leo Mozdy whipped Johnny McCoy.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF MAY

The following are my ratings for the month ending May 21:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Max Schmeling	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	Title Vacant	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Sammy Fuller
1—Jack Sharkey	George Nichols	Marcel Thil	Billy Petrolle	Billy Petrolle
2—Ernie Schaaf	Dave Maier	Vince Dundee	Young Corbett	Jackie Kid Berg
3—Mickey Walker	Harry Ebbets	Frank Battaglia	Johnny Indrisano	Battling Battalino
4—Primo Carnera	Joe Knight	Sammy Kid Slaughter	Jimmy McLarnin	Manuel Quintero
5—Max Baer	Adolph Heuser	Dave Shade	Lou Brouillard	Tony Herrera
6—King Levinsky	Bob Godwin	Gorilla Jones	King Tut	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—Lee Ramage	George Courtney	Jack Kilbourne	Teddy Varosz	Steve Haliako
8—Charley Retzlaff	Billy Jones	Young Terry	Baby Joe Gans	Jack Portney
9—Steve Hamas	Lew Scozza	Paul Pirrone	Red Affinito	Tommy Grogan
10—Young Stribling	George Manley	Leo Larrivee	Morrie Sherman	Bobby Mays

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1—Billy Petrolle	Tracey Cox	Nel Tarleton	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—Sammy Fuller	Benny Bass	Varias Milling	Baby Arizmendi	Little Pancho
3—Lew Massey	Al Foreman	Lew Feldman	Young Tommy	Young Perez
4—Wesley Ramey	Roger Bernard	Johnny Pena	Newsboy Brown	Babe Triscaro
5—Battling Battalino	Joey Costa	Tommy Paul	Pete Sanstol	Valentin Anglemann
6—Battling Gizzy	Joe Ghnouly	Eddie Shea	Vidal Gregario	Jackie Brown
7—Harry Dublinsky	Maurice Holtzer	Fidel La Barba	Ross Fields	Mariano Arilla
8—Tony Falco	Davey Abad	Frankie Wallace	Emile Pladner	Mickey McGuire
9—Johnny Jadick	Tony Sciolino	Kid Francis	Eugene Huat	Maurice Huguenin
10—Young Firpo	Harry Sankey	Freddy Miller	Mose Butch	Frankie Donnelly

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Billy Petrolle still remains the dominant figure in three divisions. He clinched his supremacy as contender in the lightweight class with his victory over Battling Battalino. Lew Massey furnished a great surprise when he defeated Tony Herrera. Wesley Ramey whipped Ray Miller. Frank Bojorski scored over Lew Terry but was beaten by Tony Falco. Sammy Dorfman scored over Jimmy McNamara and drew with Joey Costa. Young Firpo drew with Buster Brown.

Billy Wallace scored over Herman Perlick and Perlick drew with Bud Jones. Prince Saunders kayoed Santiago Zorilla in seven rounds. Paul Junior scored over Pancho Villa and stopped Joey Ferrando in eight heats. Ferrando whipped Carmen Roman. Lew Kersch defeated Rocco Vigna, Paul Scalfaro and kayoed Jack McSweeney in two rounds. Patsy Pasculli kayoed Stanley Miller in four rounds. Eddie Anderson scored over Paul Wangley. Eddie Mack kayoed Joie Klein in two rounds and Ernie Ratner scored over Benny Valger.

Kid Chocolate, leading the junior-lightweight class, defeated Mike Sarko. Tracey Cox kayoed Jose Estrada in five rounds. Harry Sankey defeated Petey Sarron. Phil Zwick kayoed Babe Paleco in one round and Baby Bear disposed of Joe Stein in two sessions.

The featherweight situation remains unsettled. Varias Milling disposed of Raymond Montoya in five rounds. Johnny Pena defeated Fidel La Barba and Martin Zuniga, and incidentally, both are stablemates. La Barba scored over Petey Sarron. Lew Feldman won over Jackie Pilkington. Eddie Shea whipped Johnny Farr and disposed of Johnny Datto in seven rounds.

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Pete De Gati, New York City.
Bantamweight—Harry Groves, Baltimore, Md.
Featherweight—Sammy Levine, Chicago, Ill.
Junior-Lightweight—George Kornfeld, Newark, N. J.
Lightweight—Lee Cox, Milford, Ohio.
Junior-Welterweight—Jack Rose, New York City.
Welterweight—Eddie Wells, Detroit, Mich.
Middleweight—Thys Menger, Holland.
Light-Heavyweight—Joe Ruggazoni, Detroit, Mich.
Heavyweight—Eddie Simms, Cleveland, Ohio.

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BOXING IN CUBA
By MILT BARON

ANTONIO SANTANA, Cuba's star bantamweight, drew in eight steaming rounds with Panchon Martinez. Santana's aggressiveness proved too much for the rising Panchon.

Joe Argueles was the master in a six rounder against Kid Vallespin, but the judges voted draw. Jose Diaz Canseco beat Kid Charolito in another six, and Julio Recio beat and broke Felix de la Cruz jaw in another six, while Vicente Yince beat Johnny Govantes in six rounds.

Jack Santiago easily beat Humbert Casals in six rounds, while Olayo Nebot beat Valentin Predroso in six. Kid Calixto beat Joe Gandon in a close fight.

Alejandro Cordo, a fast rising bantam, outpointed Baby Gonsalez in four rounds, and Julian Mirave won on a foul from Young Gallard in four.

Henry Santos, alias Baturrito, came through with a surprise by knocking out Joe Gandon in five rounds. In a return bout, he earned the decision over Joaquin Torres known as Chocolatico Reglano. Santos looked like a windmill in action. He is a great little fighter.

Fillo Echavarria, the San Sabastian bantamweight, was awarded a five-round technical kayo over Izzy Schwartz, at the Fronton Stadium, when Schwartz seconds threw in the towel on account of a badly injured eye. Fillo has finally decided to go back to Spain for a vacation. Manolo Brana, his manager will go with him. Young Uzcudun beat Kid Manzano in four, and Juan Perez beat Jack Santiago in six. Manola Alvarez was kayoed by Baby Marmon, and Jose Canseco beat Prudencio Arce. Joaquin Jorge beat Kid Linares in four rounds.

Kid Barcelona, "Manuel Boquete" and Jack Santiago, of Holguin, are two good boys. Kid Barcelona is a mighty fine southpaw. He is managed by ye scribe.

Gilbert Castillo and Tommy Barredo made a trip to Miami.

Antonio Horas, a new Spanish middleweight, makes his initial appearance against Martin Perez, the old trial horse. It will be a good test for Horas.

Luis Parga is meeting with good success promoting at the Fronton Stadium.

BOXING IN MEXICO
By CARLOS VERA

AT the Arena Nacional, Jimmie Fitten, matchmaker. Sandy Casanova, clever light-heavyweight, scored a sensational knockout in six rounds over Jose Gonzalez, Mexican-Spanish heavyweight. Kid Pancho, of Vera Cruz, outpointed Battling Freed in ten. They are feathers. Carlos Pavon drew in ten with Kid Gallito. Young Casanova, latest flyweight sensation, whipped Alberto Guerra and Luis Alvarado defeated Expiridion Chapela.

Bert Colima outpointed the Algerian, Alf Ros in a close contest. Franz Nussgen, German, defeated Cuban Angel Kid Sanchez. Pete Ortega stopped Corbett Gomez in three. Ventura Marquez won a six-round decision over Luis Xochihua. Little Pancho Villa easily defeated Tony Urdapilleta.

Sandy Casanova put Amador Carballido of Spain to sleep in the third round. Luis Arizona lost on a foul from Bulldog Gonzalez in seven. Leonardo de la Cruz and Kid Pancho put up a slashing ten-rounder which went to De la Cruz on points.

Luis Arizona, "El Hombre de la Macana," knocked out Bert Colima in thirty-five seconds of the first round. This was the month's biggest surprise.

Juan Rodriguez, sturdy battler from Toluca, gained a ten-round decision over Borrego Torres. Luis Alvarado, welter, kayoed Joe Rivera in the first. Jaime Contreras defeated Angel Flores in an attractive four-rounder. Pelon Lopez, in his first appearance in this city, took the decision over Ventura Marquez.

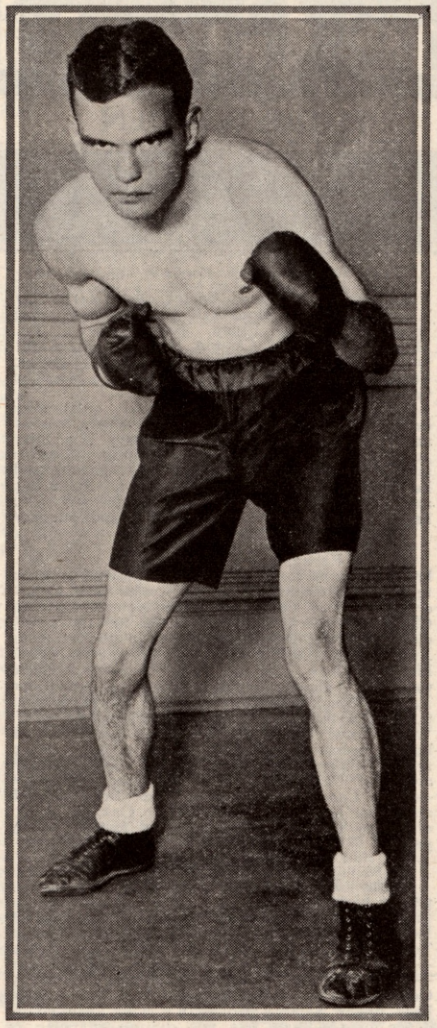
At the Arena, Degallado Raul Talan stopped Carlos Pavon in nine rounds. Kid Gallo won on a foul over Leobardo Gonzalez. Luis Alvarado stopped Juan de la Cruz in the first. Cruz Silva kayoed Arnulfo Daza in the first. Fausto Galindo knocked out Miguel Candia in three heats.

Felix Vera is promoting amateur fights at the Arena Libertad. Felix also is a good second and manager.

At Yucatan. Ricardo Manzanillo, of Tampico, defeated the Cuban Negro, Ramon Perez in ten rounds. Julio Mondiurni kayoed Miguel Reyes in eight.

Good fighters seeking bouts in Mexico should get in touch with the writer, at Cuauhtemotzin 257, Mexico, D. F. Send photos and records.

The Ring Book Shop has a new book which is a fine addition to an athletic library, "How to Increase Your Height." Here's your chance, you smaller fellows. Only 50 cents a copy. Here are many "chaparros."



Harold Matthews, Middle West's classy fighter

BOXING RESULTS IN PANAMA CITY
By ANTHONY CHARLES

AT the Gymnasium, Panama City: Baby Quintana, flyweight champion of the Isthmus, decisively out pointed Phil Tobias of New York in a fast and furious 12 rounder. Kid Yellow won by a K. O. over Kid Rodriguez in the last round of an eight rounder. Young Hererra and Kid Romero battled four rounds to a draw. Young Firpo defeated Kid Dinamita in four fast rounds.

At Ideal Auditorium Colon City R. P. Young Joe Walcott, veteran Lion of Colon, defeated Kid Lombardo, welterweight champion of Ecuador in ten fast and torrid rounds. The Colon Boxing Commission overruled the referees decision in the Len Leonard-Kid David semi-final, and declared the bout a no-contest. Young Hurtado knocked out Mike Gonzalez in the first round. Young Hererra and Kid Alfaro battled four rounds to a draw. Baby San Blas won from Al Rios on a foul. Kid Alfredo and Baby Garcia fought four rounds to a draw.

Enrique Mendoza, hard hitting Panamanian featherweight, is in Venezuela.

All boxers in Panama who wish to have their pictures in the ring, send a clear picture to the writer at Box 5057 Cristobal, C. Z.

At the Gymnasium, Panama City: Eddie Frisco, of New York defeated Young Harry Wills, ex-welterweight champion of the Isthmus, in ten rounds. One of the biggest fistic upsets occurred in the semi-final when Benny Rodriguez, Cuban flyweight, defeated Phil Tobias.

Baby San Blas put the skids on Young Hererra in the first round. K. O. Tejada defeated Bon Bon Chocolate in four heats.

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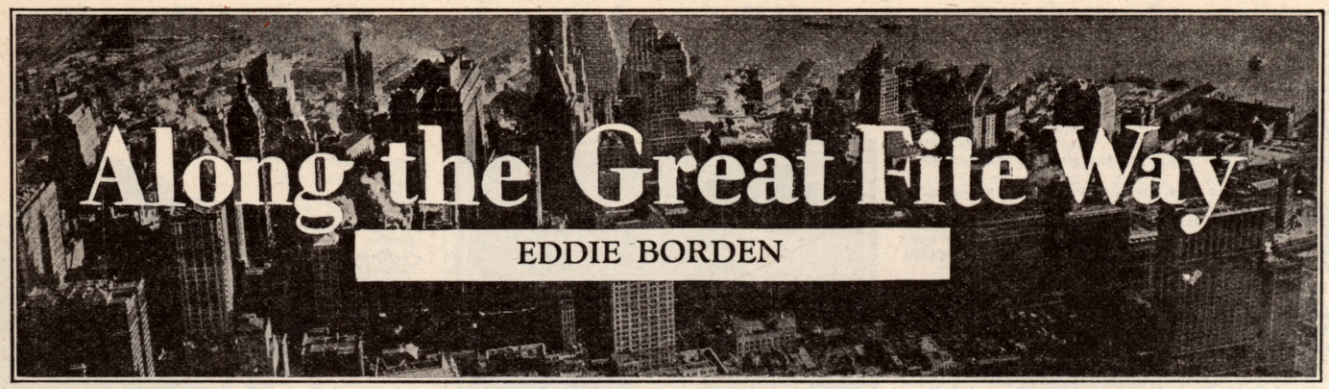

Along the Great Fite Way

EDDIE BORDEN

WHETHER Sammy Fuller is aware of the fact or not, the fact remains that Fuller won the junior-welterweight championship from Jackie Kid Berg in a furious twelve-round scramble at the Garden—a decision which was disputed by many—but nevertheless along with it went the 140-pound title. The return match between Fuller and Berg resulted in more excitement than was provided in their first engagement and the result was far from satisfactory to many of the spectators.

Berg's persistent aggressiveness, willing to punch three minutes out of every round and at all times forcing the fight, should have been sufficient to counter-balance the ruggedness, harder hitting and heavy body punching which Fuller inflicted. Sammy was content to loaf from one to two minutes out of every session and would explode his heavy dynamite in sporadic outbursts.

I think that Jackie won seven rounds by clear margins, though Nat Fleischer gave Fuller five rounds, Berg four and three even. Fuller, sorry to say, was guilty of several low punches which escaped the attention of Gunboat Smith, who seems to be elected the official Madison Square Garden referee.

Joey Costa shaded Sammy Dorfman in a sizzling eight-rounder and the judges, in my opinion, erred again when they called the fight a draw. There was more excuse for this verdict as both boys fought a smashing fight from start to finish. If any decision was to be rendered Costa was entitled to it but a draw met the popular favor.

Baby Joe Gans disposed of Hy Diamond in the seventh round when the referee halted the uneven fray. Diamond was hopelessly outclassed and Gans was administering a thorough whipping—Wildcat O'Connor, a likely looking southpaw from Scranton, gave Paola Villa a good licking in the six-rounder while Jerry Massa, another fine looking prospect, shaded Jack Rudko.

Murray Waxman, publicity purveyor extraordinary, has migrated to Pittsburgh with Al Cuillo, hard-hitting Brooklyn southpaw—Cuillo ran out of opponents around New York and it is expected that his invasion in strange territory will prove more successful—Al Weill started off his Queensboro Stadium by giving the fans a great treat in Kid Chocolate and Lew Feldman—Chocolate, recognized by the N. B. A. as the junior-lightweight champion, but not by New York, is permitted to engage in any overweight matches in New York, which proves beneficial to both Chocolate and the various promoters—legitimate champions cannot show their wares in New York unless they defend their title and that happens very seldom—Jack Rogers of Quebec City takes exception to the article in this column last month about him purloining the services of Benny Brostoff without consent of his official manager—Rogers is not managing any boxers but is staging wrestling shows instead at Quebec City.

The victory of Billy Petrolle over Bat Battalino in their latest Chicago scrap was expected, but Battalino gave Billy a much tougher fight than their famous battle in New York. Again it was a gory battle, with Battalino showing like a wounded pig when the final gong sounded. The former feather king had a gash in the head, both eyes were cut and the bridge of his nose was injured. His lips also were cut and puffed, so that all in all, it was a bitter pill for Bat to swallow. About 11,000 persons saw that contest. Not so bad, although it was disappointing, as it was expected that close to 16,000 would be in attendance.

New York was treated to a three-day amateur tournament in the Garden recently that featured the cream of the simon pure element throughout the entire United States. So many entries were registered that they required an extra afternoon's session to complete the program. The only titleholder of the previous year to retain his laurels for 1932 was Eddie Flynn, of New Orleans, in the welter class.

The new champions were crowned as follows: Flyweight, Louis Salica, New York City; Bantamweight, Jimmy Martin, New York City; Featherweight, Richard Carter, New York City; Lightweight, Nat Bor, Fall River, Mass.; Welterweight, Eddie Flynn, New Orleans, La.; Middleweight, Fred Caserio, Chicago, Ill.; Light-heavyweight, Homer Brandeis, San Francisco, Calif.; Heavyweight, Fred Feary, Stockton, Calif.

The only two who possessed outstanding qualities were Feary in the heavyweight class and Salica in the flyweights. Feary is another Jess Willard in style and disposition. Slow to anger but a dangerous puncher when aroused, he is most formidable when pressed. Salica has an abundance of boxing knowledge and is a hard-hitting, sharp-shooting right hand puncher.

George Keenan, newly appointed state Athletic Commissioner of New Jersey, was given a testimonial dinner by the North End Democratic Club of Bayonne at the Newark Athletic Club as a token of their esteem for the newly elected leader of boxing circles in the state of New Jersey. Many prominent officials in public life from New York and New Jersey attended the affair—Harry Mendel is back at Dreamland Park, Newark, this summer with Harry Rappaport assisting with the matchmaking—Bert Welling and Skip Broadbent have doubled up in boxing promotion at Passaic during the open air season—Sammy Richman, with an adjacent arena at Garfield, will be the chief competitor—Jerry Casale heads the reins at Long Branch and John Jennings is back at the Oakland A. A. of Jersey City where he has held fort for many years.

Johnny Pena came through with an unexpected victory over Fidel La Barba in the semi-final round of the featherweight tourney at Detroit and will be an equal choice to defeat Tommy Paul when they clash in the final round—Pena has a style that is popular with the fans—Although the comeback attempt of Ruby Goldstein was marked as a failure in his first bout under Sammy Goldman's wing, the confidence of Goldman has not diminished. He is certain that Goldstein will make the grade—Mickey Walker showed them the value of a little man who has two good fists and a stout-hearted fighting heart when he came on to whip King Levinsky—Walker has yet to be eliminated from heavyweight honors and the American fans are behind Walker in his quest for a championship battle—He has justly deserved it and whether he is successful or not, it is certain that Mickey will go down fighting until the last breath—Kid Chocolate showed additional hitting powers and increased weight in his bout with Mike Sarko at the St. Nicks.

Mount Vernon, N. Y., ten miles from Times Square, has one of the finest outdoor stadiums in the East. The Arena, known as Memorial Field, is under the control of Commissioner Perry, who, under authorization of the city council, is leasing the field for professional sports. Frank Escalona has been granted permission to stage outdoor boxing every Wednesday night. Wrestling shows will also be staged weekly. It will be recalled that Escalona promoted shows at the White Plains Armory last season. Mike Valentine is the matchmaker.

Three promising heavyweights, Ernie Schaaf, Steve Hamas and Charley Retzlaff within a week engaged in bouts and lost caste through their inconsistent performances—Schaaf had a tough struggle in whipping Jack Gross—Hamas had his troubles in scoring over Tommy Loughran while Retzlaff was given stubborn opposition by Jimmy Braddock—Schaaf suffered the most in prestige but redeemed himself to a slight extent when he kayoed Unknown Winston a few nights later—One thing admirable about Schaaf's policy, for an outstanding heavyweight contender, is his continued activity—Ernie hasn't lost his ambition or lust for battle and will fight whenever the opportunity presents itself—Gross was the first southpaw he ever faced and Gross, inspired by the fans' plaudits, outdid himself in trying to make a good showing—Jack Sharkey took time from his training activities to second his protege.

Did it over occur to you—that you owe it to yourself to be a firm supporter of THE RING, which magazine has saved the game on many occasions—that Jack Sharkey is far from being the unpleasant chap he is pictured—that every time Gene Tunney has a new plan to make money, such as lecturing, writing an "unbiased" story of his life, etc., his publicity department (and how Gene does love his publicity these days!) gives out a story that Tunney will probably make an attempt to comeback—that the new Garden bowl in Long Island City will revolutionize the building of outdoor stadiums.

Lew Brown and Benny Embinder, managing the most active of New York's fistic lights, have severed their partnership and will travel the pugilistic path alone—Embinder will handle Johnny Pena, Pete De Grasse, Patsy Pasculli, George Hoffman, Frank Morris and Ruby Greenberg while Brown takes over Harry and Frankie Carlton, Jimmy Britt and Joe Kaminski—Dan Morgan, who certainly needs a break, got a tough one, while Johnny Buckley, who can dispense with breaks for the present, received a good one, when they clashed recently—Morgan entered his protege, Joey Ferrando against Paul Junior at the Garden and Ferrando was winning the fight handily when he received a bad cut over the eye in the sixth round and the bout was stopped by the referee in the eighth when the wound got too serious—This was Ferrando's first defeat but that did not detract from his great performance. He has the ability to overcome those temporary mishaps.

Isadoro Gastanaga, South American heavyweight champion, has finally arrived, gotten himself acclimated, and is ready to taste the best of American competition—George Lawrence is aiding Solly King in the campaign for recognition in this country—Bert Ben Levy announces that Phil Chandler, who fought under the name of Young Kid Norfolk, and held the welterweight championship of Cuba three years ago, is ready for a comeback campaign—Benny Ray is back in Cleveland staging boxing shows—Another comeback worthy of comment is that of Lew Kersch, East Side lightweight—Kersch, about two years ago, looked like championship caliber but because he happened to lose one bout to Tommy Grogan, the only defeat of his career, he quit the ring—Due to various causes, Lew is back in action and apparently hasn't forgotten his old time skill—To date, he has won three victories, one by the kayo route—A local match between Kersch and Sammy Dorfman would attract thousands of fans from the East Side.

Teddy Berg, brother of Jackie, celebrated his American debut with a victory over Long Sing Cue—Teddy is a fighter and boxer and packs a bigger wallop in his mitts than Jackie but is only a kid and needs plenty of work—Jack and Sidney Cohen along with Eddie Levine make up a formidable rooting squad when one of Eddie Walker's fighters are in action, regardless of the caliber—Iowa Joe Rivers, now fighting under the name of Pete Reyna, who has fought Billy Petrolle, is being handled by Tommy Caldwell—Larry Keough and Joe Cumo have joined as partners in a gymnasium in Cleveland and are handling quite a staff of boxers from that city—Out of Winnipeg, Canada, comes Nick Schmeling, first cousin to the heavyweight champion, a middleweight of some repute who is trying to make a name for himself—He is being handled by Billy Hughes—Freddy Polo, hard hitting southpaw, made his perennial comeback by scoring a kayo over Pete Petrolle—Polo came into prominence when he stopped Rene De Vos.

Jimmy Dunn, who managed the greatest string of fighters in this country about ten years ago, seems to have struck a find in Ross Fields, a southpaw bantamweight from Weirton, W. Va.—This youngster was discovered by Paul Glover of the Weirton *Times*, who turned him over to Dunn for further schooling—Dunn is a great teacher and has developed Fields into a first-class 118-pounder.

GRAND RAPIDS AND VICINITY
By MICKY McINTIRE

ONE of the best fighters in Michigan today is the sturdy little Frenchman from Flint, Wilbur Chevalier. Chevy has defeated most of the feathers and bantams in Michigan and several national figures. Chevy has made good fights against Ollie Bartlett, Franklin Cheek, Ward Sparks, Johnny Minella, Jackie Sharkey, Johnny Datto, Paul Wangley and 95 others.

Maxie Rosenbloom, light-heavyweight champion, trounced young Stanley Wellise. Slapsie Maxie cuffed the young Muskegonite thoroughly. Johnny Wirth refereed.

Henry Schmid, Grand Rapids outpunched Freddie Haverlak, Wilkes-Barre. Haverlak looks good but Schmid was too much for him.

Ruben Edmans beat Harry Fine in a sizzling six rounder.

Wild Bill Scheffler, of Kalamazoo, who looks like a clown, but is game and a murderous puncher, knocked out James J. Russell, of Detroit in the fifth.

Sammy Goldman whipped Jackie Light, of Detroit in six and Buck Kammen put the slug on Eddie Dolt, of Muskegon in three.

Archie "Speed" Person looks like a pretty fair prospect. Speed is a boxer with a good left hand. He is only 18. Since turning pro. about a year ago Person has not been defeated. He is after Donnelly, Goldman, and Young.

Martin Levandowski, the Wayland slugger, thoroughly trounced Buddy McArthur, of Fairmont, W. Va. and Pittsburg in ten-rounds. McArthur had previously beaten Martin at Saginaw, but Levandowski got ample revenge.

In the other half of a double windup, Sammy Goldman fought Frankie Donnelly for the flyweight and bantamweight championships of Michigan. It was Sammy's first ten rounder and he couldn't stand the gaff. Donnelly fractured his left hand in the seventh round.

Leon Jasinsky had little trouble beating Freddie Heinz, of Saginaw; Buck Kammen knocked out Lyle Blain, in the 2nd, and Stanley Krannenberg whipped Don McLeod, of Northville in the preliminaries.

The best prospects in the state are Speed Person, Ernie Maurer, George Riley, Billy Walker, Milton Reeves, and Eddie Wells.

My ratings for the month are as follows:
Heavies—Martin Levandowski, Flash Rizer, and Benny Touchstone.
Light - Heavies—Martin Levandowski, Petit Ferrarer, and Stanley Wellise.
Middles—Frankie Misko, Johnny Hoekstra, Joe Ruggizonni.
Welters—Morrie Sherman, Ruben Edman, and Harry Fine.
Junior-Welters—Orrie Mosher, Herman Perlick, and Ray Van Hook.
Lights—Wesley Ramey, Benny McArthur, and Jack Elvirelo.
Junior-Lights—Roger Bernard, Wilbur Chevalier, and Johnny Mitchell.
Feathers—Wilbur Chevalier, Billy Shaw, and Carlo Mazzola.
Bantams—Frankie Donnelly, Ernie Maurer, Franklin Young.
Flys—Frankie Donnelly, Sammy Goldman, Juan Cruz.

Charley Belanger thumped out a decision over Petit Ferrarer, at Lansing in ten rounds.

Frankie Misco defended his state middleweight belt from Johnny Hoekstra, of Niles in ten torrid rounds.

Charley Belanger, hard hitting light-heavy, knocked out Stanley Wellise in five rounds. Wellise is being rushed too fast.

Ruben Edman defeated Jack O'Neal of South Bend, Dario Mareno of Kalamazoo whipped Archie Maynard, of Muskegon; and Pat Kinney knocked out Charley Oldt.

Got a letter from my ole pal, Bobby Amster. Bobby is now in St. Louis where he recently whipped Jimmy Fogarty.

Wesley Ramey, Grand Rapids' own lightweight boxer, and the best prospect Michigan has had in years, went over to Detroit, where he handed a lacing to Ray Miller. Sammy Goldman and Ernie Maurer fought four rounds at a furious pace and Maurer got the decision. Leon Jasinski outpunched Mickey Balabon and Stanley Krannenberg pasted Stanley Sabin in four-round bouts.

Wesley Ramey is climbing the fistic ladder with leaps and bounds. The handsome Grand Rapids boy has a good record. He numbers among his victims some pretty good boys, among them Harry Dublinsky, Eddie Anderson, Steve Halaiko, Sammy Dorfman, Johnny Jadick, Benny Bass and Ray Miller.

If anyone wants to get the record of any Michigan boxer, he can get same by sending me a dime. I also have lists of Michigan promoters, that will be sent on receipt of a dime, and ratings of the fifty leading boxers in each division may be had for a quarter. For information enclose stamped envelope. Write Mickey McIntire, Star Route, Harbor Springs, Michigan.

Did you know that—Roger Bernard is French-Italian and is 25 years old? That Wesley Ramey is 22? That Wilbur Chevalier has had over 100 fights?

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

GEORGE NICHOLS, who captured the N. B. A. light-heavyweight tournament staged at the Chicago Stadium, and his home town rival, Lou Scozza, a rugged Italian lad, are the most popular fighters in this section. Jim Slattery, best drawing card Buffalo ever produced, is idle and not doing much of anything. Occasionally he trains but not enough to get back in condition. His gate of $69,000 with Lou Scozza will likely remain a Buffalo record for all time in this part of New York State.

The new Buffalo Sporting Club, Inc. recently licensed, will soon be staging wrestling shows, featuring the Jack Curley group. Ed Deliwuk, once associated with Charlie Murray and later with the old Crescent Club, is the prime mover in the new organization. Jack Clifford, insurance broker, is vice-president and secretary, and Jack McQuade is the treasurer. The club's address is 11 Niagara Street, Buffalo.

Boxing throughout Central and Western New York is in bad shape. There has been practically no boxing here. Rochester, Jamestown, Binghamton and other good boxing centers have been equally as quiet. Syracuse, once the stronghold of bootleg boxing, seems the only place where the pros are going along fairly well.

Boxers who are not under managerial contract and who are not "washed up" will do well to write Hugh Shannon, 163 Norwalk Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

Maxie Rosenbloom defeated Harry Fuller at Niagara Falls, Ont., recently. The champion won almost as he pleased.

Some short snaps: Not a single Buffalo amateur reached the finals in the national tournament at New York. . . . In other years we had Tommy Paul, Joe Lyons, Cristie Mueller, Steve Halaiko . . . the latter was a two-time lightweight champion but lost a bad decision in the Olympics. . . . Nelson Crawford and Red Carr have a likely looking young welter in Johnny Haliday. . . . The kid comes from Jimmy Slattery's neighborhood in the old First Ward. . . . Joe Doctor is improving right along. . . . Frisco Grande and Leo Mozdy, flyweights, put up a thriller at Erie on May 16. . . . Jack Barry has a fine middleweight in Buck McTiernan . . . Buck is in splendid shape again. . . . He beat Joe Trippe decisively at Erie.

NEWS FROM HUDSON COUNTY, N. J.
By BABE ORLANDO

THE writer looks for a big change in boxing circles in this state now that George Keenan has been confirmed as the sole commissioner for the sport here. Harry Ertle, who refereed the famous battle between Georges Carpentier and Jack Dempsey, has been appointed secretary.

Commissioner George Keenan appointed Ernest F. Masini, a lawyer of Newark, to the post of chief inspector. Keenan also placed John A. Flood to the newly created office of commissioner of accounts.

Joey Ferrando eliminated Carmen Roman in the lightweight tournament being sponsored by Jack Jennings at the Oakland A. A. It was a corking fight all the way and Joey won by his aggressiveness. Joe Kaminsky defeated Nicky Williams in the eight-round semi-final. Charley Delmonte kayoed Joey Martini. Kid Ducca beat John Curtin and Mickey Paul did likewise to Freddie Lewis in six.

The boxing fraternity was shocked by the death of Willie Shugrue, a well known boxer hereabouts a few years ago. He was killed by a fall from a roof. Willie is a brother of Joe Shugrue, who once kayoed Benny Leonard.

In a great wrestling card presented to the patrons at the Oakland A. A. in Jersey City, George (Tarzan) Romanoff threw Ernie Arthur. Joe Boyle won from Tommy Texas. George Emerson beat Jack Morro. Dutch Bull Green drew with Andy White, and Otto Hauser lost to Harry Anderson.

Jimmy Pisano is trying a comeback.

In the first open-air show of the season at the Oakland A. A., of Jersey City, Stanley Poreda scored an easy ten-round decision over Pietro Corri. Don Rizzo won by a T. K. O. over Young Paulino in the seventh. Phil Johnson lost to Al White in eight. In a six popular Freddie Grasso won over Sammy Russo. And in the opening four-rounder, Tommy De Carlo kayoed Charlie Del Monte in the last round.

Frankie Burns, one of the best bantamweights that ever laced on a glove, is the new Hudson County Boxing Inspector, succeeding C. Ceasar Walters. Burns hails from Jersey City and was appointed by Commissioner George Keenan.

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In and Near Chicago

By FRANK MAESTRO

YOU can't keep a good man down! Al Miller hung up his gloves thirty years ago, but, like us, he still is fighting the battle of life, the toughest of all. The one thing we admire is a game fighter. And Al is one of the gamest in the world!

Since late in 1930, when Miller gave up the management of King Levinsky, he has had his share of luck, which was all bad. Al continued to battle, however, until last month, when his luck turned good. And it came to him within the short space of two weeks!

First Miller was re-elected senator from the 19th district by 18,000 votes, which was a majority of 5,000 over his nearest competitor of twelve. Then he was made matchmaker of the newly incorporated West Side Boxing Club, which will promote shows during the open-air season at 21st Street and Kostner Avenue. Al had thought all his friends had deserted him, but he was wrong again when Jack Eile, whom he managed in Chicago bouts, signed for Harry Dublinsky to fight Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, in the opening show. Babe Barron, a close and intimate friend of Canzoneri and his manager, Sammy Goldman, showed his real friendship for Miller by interceding, thus clinching the match.

Miller, who has been a boxer, manager, matchmaker, promoter and everything else in the sport, has won a tough battle. His gameness and stick-to-it-iveness have enabled him to come out a winner.

Sidney Strotz, president of the Chicago Stadium, is treasurer and secretary of the new organization. Joe Triner, a director of the Stadium, is president. They have denied, however, that the Chicago Stadium is connected with the West Side Boxing Club.

Jack Parker, of 66 Cambridge Mansions, Nattersea, S. W. 11, London, England, has kept his word and is regularly sending us a copy of the weekly newspaper, *British Boxing*. It is a dandy.

The Arcade and Trafton gymnasiums, the two leading swat emporiums in Chicago, have survived a strenuous winter season and the owners hope that the outdoor semester will take them out of the red. Both Kid Howard Carr, Arcade boss, and George Trafton have spent huge chunks of dough during the period just passed. Their hopes of a comeback looked good at this writing. Following is a list of the clubs promoting outdoors:

West Side Boxing Club, 21st Street and Kostner Avenue; Western Stadium, Western and Devon Avenues; Mills Stadium, Lake Street and Kilpatrick Avenue; Shewbridge Field, 79th and Aberdeen; White City, 63rd and South Park.

The Arcade gymnasium is located on the fourth floor of a building at 323 West Madison Street. It is in the heart of newspaper row and fight experts are there daily, watching leading fighters train for bouts. Dressing rooms are in the rear, as well as shower rooms and handball courts. There are three sandbags and as many fast bag stands, two rings and a large floor space for spectators and the boxers.

Trafton's gymnasium is the old Jim Mullen place at 180 West Randolph Street, and occupies two floors, one for the dressing rooms, shower rooms, and handball courts, the other for workouts.

Some of this and a little of that—Fred Gardner member of the Illinois Athletic Commission, is an expert bridge and golf player. . . . Pete Herman, former bantamweight champion, now weighs 160 pounds and is a prominent New Orleans, La., business man, despite his blindness. . . . Mrs. Fanny Early, who handles all forfeits at the Illinois commission offices, is from Terre Haute, Ind., and her ideal fighter, of course, is Bud Taylor. . . . A colored battler, whom Nick Scialaba knocked out some weeks ago, asked who won the pool game when he reached his dressing room.

Jack Eile plays handball daily with Harry Dublinsky, whom he manages, to reduce. . . . Eile was a featherweight and now he weighs 155 pounds. . . . Leo Levitt and Ernie Fliegel, of Minneapolis, advertise their three boxers, King Tut, Frankie Knauer and Frankie Battaglia, as the three dynamiters. . . . Midge Luizza has postcarded Al Miller that he stopped off at Tokio and whipped the flyweight and bantamweight titleholder of Japan. . . . He left immediately afterward for Honolulu.

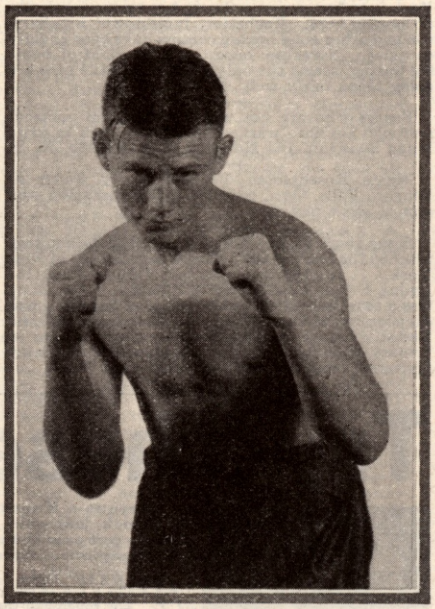
Freddy Wittingham is a linotype operator for the Chicago *Evening American*. . . . Freddy Gilmore lives in Los Angeles where he referees and pilots airplanes. . . . Charley Cutler is a Lincoln park commissioner. . . . Billy Myers, the Streator Cyclone years ago, is superintendent at the Arlington race track and lives in Chicago. . . . Jack Blackburne, colored Philadelphia lightweight who fought numerous heavyweights with success, trains fighters and teaches boxing at the Arcade gymnasium. . . . Joe Headmark, who whipped Battling Nelson, is a steamfitting contractor.

Marty Cutler, who is Barney Abel's partner in the management of Bud Saltis, comes in for some attention with this story.

Cutler, who had been a heavyweight boxer, was booked to meet Nat Carpentier at Plattsville, Wis. The night of the bout, Cutler was without a second. Spying a youngster, he asked him to wave a towel and place the stool in and out of the ring between rounds. During the first round, Marty heard someone hollering from his corner: "Come on Nat! Knock him out!" While in a clinch, Cutler turned and looked toward his corner. Lo and behold! The person doing the reverse cheering was his second, the unknown youngster. Returning to the corner after the bell ended the round, he asked the boy what the idea was. And the youngster replied: "You see, Mister, Nat Carpentier is my cousin!"

Noble (Kid) Chissell, former writer of Indianapolis Ring notes, is the latest boxer to attempt a comeback. He has rejoined the navy and has been engaging in bouts with fellow sailors. Chissell was lightweight champion of the Merchant Marine fleet in 1926. He is originally from New Orleans. Among his opponents are Happy Atherton, Fred (Dummy) Mahan and Kid Sullivan.

The boxing game is a great sport, the greatest in the world, if you know how to use it. Most fighters take advantage of it to their own detriment. They expect to enter the ring out of condition and be capable of doing their best. They can't do it and they are fooling only themselves. If a person gives boxing a square deal and retires when he no longer can box, he will do the game and himself a favor. That's the trouble with fighters who wind up cutting out paper dolls and wal ing on their heels. They don't know when to quit.



Ralph Sikes, hard-hitting lightweight from Middle West

Charley Cutler, heavyweight wrestling champion from 1913 to 1915, is the latest to state that John L. Sullivan could box. Cutler, who is married but has no children, sparred with Sullivan after John L. lost his crown and was in his fifties, 1893. He says, even at that late age, Sullivan was a wonderful boxer. Cutler was 20 years old at the time. After three years as a boxer against opponents such as Jack Johnson and Jim Jeffries, Cutler turned "matster."

We fought in the ring for six years, engaging in about 200 bouts. And we won our last fight, beating Leslie Gardner, United States army featherweight champion, at Fort Sheridan in 1929. There no doubt are many of our thousands of readers who would like to learn the art of boxing. If so, just write Frank Maestro, 180 West Randolph St., Chicago.

Bud Saltis, Logan Square middleweight, is a fine club fighter.

Dick Axman, White City glorifier, is now writing poems about boxers.

A dandy looking junior-lightweight has arrived in town. His name is Pete Pantaleo, who is a Philadelphia cousin of Paul Pantaleo. Pete has established himself at Trafton's gymnasium. He is on the trail of Sammy Levine, Paul Dazzo, Young Geno and Hymie Wiseman.

The following is a letter from Eddie Borden, assistant editor of THE RING:

"Dear Frank: The Island Park Stadium of Long Beach is a small club, but my appointment as matchmaker is appreciated nevertheless. The club will keep the minor boxers busy for the summer. Glad that you have arrived on the Chicago *Tribune*. The only fault that I find is that your byline is missing. Nat Fleischer, my boss, is one of your boosters. He thinks the *Tribune* made a ten-strike in landing a lively fellow like you for its boxing gossip. Keep up the good work and if you land any more scoops, I am sure that the paper will find it profitable to use your name. Sammy Goldman accepted the Canzoneri-Dublinsky fight on the strength of Babe Barron and not with any idea of getting a fortune for his services.

"Goldman is the most unique and honorable manager that I know. His word is more than any contract and he craves doing favors for friends. I think I made a wonderful connection in tying up with him and we are actual partners in the stable of fighters with the exception of Canzoneri. We have some fair boys and they will get better as we go along. Closing with best wishes and continued hopes that you maintain your standing in the realm of the newspaper ranks."

Thank you, Eddie! You letter is a dandy and I appreciate it. I wish you luck as partner of Goldman. Tell Sammy and Canzoneri that I trust the official opening of the Kronheim Continental, Inc., haberdashery at 1450 Broadway, was a huge success.

The pugilistic limelight is gone and only past glory remains for Harold Smith, the former stockyards jumping jack. Smith, who gave Joe Lynch an artistic lacing at Aurora, Ill., when Lynch was bantamweight titleholder, is down, but not out. When his knee gave way on him about 1925, Smith was the most talked of fighter in the country. He made more money than he ever made before. At Trafton's gymnasium recently, he recited what has happened to him since his necessary retirement from the ring. He's broke. He has been unable to get a job of any kind for the last sixteen months. Harold is living with his parents at 6031 South Parkway Avenue. A near champion today. A nobody tomorrow. Smith's case is just one of thousands in any kind of sport.

Do you know that—Bobby Barrett, the Clifton Heights, Pa., welterweight, is the latest big money earner of the ring to turn up badly bent? . . . The first name of Pop Foster, manager of Jimmy McLarnin, is Charley? . . . Paulino Uzcudun does not get grouchy before a fight? . . . Gunboat Smith, who refereed the Petrolle-Battalino battle at New York, is a leading wrestling arbiter? . . . Wilbur Wood, New York *Sun* fight expert, has stated that Mickey Walker's combat with King Levinsky at the Chicago Stadium failed signally to advance the Toy Bulldog's heavyweight pretensions? . . .

V. Duckworth, of Cairo, Ga., sells shoes when he isn't managing Joe Knight, who has beaten Maxie Rosenbloom, New York State light-heavyweight champion? . . . Izzy Marks, a popular Chicago battler many years ago, now is managing Jack Roper? . . . George B. Cornell is directing Clyde Hull, Tex More, Alex Schragel, Tom Jones and Billy Knowles? . . . Leonard Sterling is physical director and boxing instructor at the Douglas Park Jewish People's institute? . . . Bill Adams promotes cards at La Salle, Ill., and can be reached at the Vendome Hotel there? . . .

Col. Earl Stewart, chairman of the Wellington (New Zealand) Boxing Association, reports that Ambrose Palmer is middleweight champion of Australia and not Jack Kilbourne? . . . Jimmy Wilson, who arrived in the loop with Pete Pantaleo, manages a flock of Philadelphia ringsters? . . . He is assisting Al Lippe, who is ill.

Whenever the oldtimers and the present day fans talk about sluggers, the names of John L. Sullivan and Jack Dempsey are sure to be mentioned. They were sluggers extraordinary. But they certainly needed something more than slugging ability to win the heavyweight championship of the world at a time when each had many outstanding challengers. Nothing ever has been said about the boxing ability of either Sullivan or Dempsey. And both men were clever boxers.

Kid Howard, proprietor of the Arcade gymnasium, always has said that Dempsey could box with the best of them. Numerous other fight critics have said the same thing. But the latest comes from Tommy Ryan, who won the middleweight title in 1890 and retired at the age of 48. Ryan picks Dempsey as the greatest boxer of all time, Gene Tunney as the smartest, and Jim Jeffries as owner of the most all-around ability.

Tommy now is 83 years old, but can still muscle up a 200-pound bar overhead with one hand. He exercises rigorously to retain an appearance that belies his years, and recommends clean living and exercise to high school and college groups he visits on lecture tours.

Harry Cohen is promoting professional shows every Monday at The Arena, Ancil Road and Hough Avenue in Cleveland, O. . . . The Illinois athletic commission paid $14 for distilled water used during the last three months.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

RAY MANN, Sioux City's welterweight ace, who claims the welterweight title of Iowa, is coming along in fine shape under the guiding hard of Sailor Burke. During the past month, Mann knocked out Russ Sanders in 4 rounds at Lincoln, Nebr.; knocked out Billy Boardman in 5 at Sioux Falls, So. Dak.; beat Chuck Patterson in 10 rounds at Omaha, and in another bout at Omaha, held the veteran Canada Lee to an 8-round draw. Mann is a tough lad.

Harry Jones, Sioux City's outdoor promoter, staged a fine show here. The main event saw Carl Wells, Omaha lightweight take a neat licking at the hands of Albert Manriquez, of Atlantic, Ia. Mickey O'Day, Jr.-welterweight champion of South Dakota beat Billy Love in 6; Jimmy Salvadore drew with Young Wrightmeir in 6; Sammy Mosco won over Tommy Anderson in 4; Young Tod Morgan knocked out Phill Montgomery in 3 rounds.

Reports from Mason City, Ia., are that Joe Kelly, former Sioux City promoter, is drawing record crowds.

Centerville, Ia.—A fast boxing card staged here saw Santos Reyes of Centerville beat Jackie Jones in 6; Dick Van beat Paul Sweden; Jimmy Marshall showed up real well in beating Johnny Callen.

Spencer, Ia.—In a good boxing show under the auspices of the Spencer A. C., Jack Phillips, Spencer, light-heavyweight beat Baby Carnera, of Des Moines, in 6; Bill Gerdes beat Fred Kreutzkamp; Young Jack Johnson won over K. O. Brockleman; Young Mickey put the K. O. on Barney Inman in 2; Jimmy Smith beat Kird Lorenz. Wayne Ogle beat Kid Kibrick.

Lincoln, Nebr.—Harold Mathews, Lincoln flyweight beat Freddy Penn, Omaha in 10; Ray Mann knocked out Russ Sanders in 4; Lou Ritchie knocked out Young K. O. Clausen in 3; Al Cave and Bat Slater drew in 4; Henry Aguirre beat Young Tod Morgan in 4.

Ottumwa, Ia.—Young Terry, Davenport, Ia. lightweight beat Henry Falegano, Des Moines, in 8; Bobby McLaughlin beat Vale Falengano in 6; Don Pedigo knocked out Gene Nelson in 2; Eddie Ketchell beat Johnny Moran in 6; Frankie Vivian won over Glen Musselman in 6; Sonny Loyd beat Art Short in 4; Rube Pierson beat Elmer Gillis in 4.

You wrestlers and boxers who want real training dope, get Modern Wrestling and Revised Training for Boxers. They're beauties.

We have a pile of news handed in by Sailor Burke regarding the boxing game over in South Dakota. Things are starting to pick up in the state and a number of prospects are developing. South Dakota has a state boxing commission and things are run on the up and up. Madison, So. Dak. has a fine looking youngster in Bob Foster, who tips the beam at 145. Tommy McQuire, well known Jr.-welterweight has married and is now living in the City of Aberdeen. Byrnes, former welterweight champion of the state, has put the gloves away for good.

Shorty Hoffman, veteran fighter, has a fine stable of boxers. Hoffman is one of the "big shots" in the barber trade at Sioux Falls, So. Dak. Joe McDonald, promoter at Sioux Falls, will stage outdoor shows. Walt Van Kamper staged a number of good shows in Sioux Falls and intends to get going again.

What Sioux Falls needs is a good Gym. There are a number of good boys there, but no good spot for them to do their training. Speedy Clayton, former South Dakota boy is going good on the coast. Clayton is a very clever boy and will go far. Huron is another town that will get the fight game started again.

Waterloo, Ia.—Homer Sheridan, veteran Sioux City middleweight, handed the well known Speedy Moulden, of St. Louis, Mo., an 8-round licking.

In another good show at Riverview Park, Earl Brown, Fort Dodge, Ia., beat Carl Wells, Omaha, Jr.-lightweight, in six; Jay Conlon, tough Omaha feather knocked out Johnny Burds of Sioux City in 3; Speed Schaffer, Sioux City colored middleweight beat Farmer George Fritz, of Fort Dodge in 6; Tuff Dial of Smithland scored over Arlo Van Buskirk, of Kingsley, Ia., in 4, but the bout was called a draw according to the boys of the press. Al Phal, local lightweight, beat Young Mecurio in 4.

Juan Del Rio, a tough lightweight from the south will soon make Sioux City his headquarters. Del Rio has a very good looking record.

Aberdeen, So. Dak.—Mickey O'Day, Jr.-welterweight champion of So. Dak., and now making his headquarters in Sioux City, outpointed the Scarlet Flash, of Minot, No. Dak., in 8; Bad Knight lost on a foul in the fourth round of a billed sixer. Ben Minish beat Nate Silvertein in 6; John Williams knocked out Stube Hanson in 3; Nick Zerr knocked out Lyel Grace, in 3; Nick Stroh beat Bantam Ward in 4.

In answer to a number of letters, the address of Bobby Paul is Trianon Cigar Store, 216 South 14th Street, Omaha, Nebraska. Boxers and managers looking for a middle-west booking agent can reach him there.

Des Moines, Iowa—Mickey Genaro, New York and Hymie Wiseman, Des Moines, fought 10 rounds to a draw. Roy Williams, Chicago, beat Louie Mays, Des Moines, 10; Babe Carnera knocked out Joe Boyd in 7.

Going Back A Few Years for Sioux City Fans . . . The night Ted Zanfres, present referee at Riverview Park, knocked out Sid Soklyn at Lincoln, Nebr. . . . Connie Curry beat Stanley Everett on the same card. . . . Roscoe Hall, lightweight champion of Iowa, socking Ace Hudkins around at the Cudahy A. C. . . . When Tom Brislane was called the Tex Rickard of the Middle-west. . . . When Joe Ryan was Sports Editor on the *Journal* writing "Here and There In Sports". . . . Glenn Milligan and the way he could box . . . and Johnny Lynn, his red-haired fight manager. . . . The gym up on 5th Street at Pearl. . . . Pinkie Mitchell and Al Van Ryan fighting at the ball park . . . and how it did rain! . . . Eddie Morris getting his start, how he could punch! . . . Ray Carter with a punch in both hands . . .

Last Minute Sparks . . . Thanks readers for all the nice things said about our above entry. . . . Glad you like them. . . . Wonder what makes Mr. Whistle so worried looking? . . . Tiger Johnny Cline was knocked out in 6 rounds at Boise, Idaho, by Ray McQuillan. Frankie Pasha always on the move at the park. . . . Andy Dans, local manager, is on hand for all the fights, looking for a prospect. . . . Harold Rogers, local bantam, fought 6 slashing rounds to a draw with Don Carmen at Lincoln. . . . Jimmy Thompson has moved his quarters over to Minneapolis. . . . It is a frequent sight at boxing matches here, to see the young seconds and managers too, use a dirty sponge to wash off blood from a cut, and fool around it with hands, no doubt dirty, causing possible chances of infection being transmitted. Get Nat Fleischer's book, "How to Second a Boxer" and get ring-wise. . . .

Short-Jumps—Boxers and managers sending in notes from the south-end of the State should mail them to Cliff Schieberl, Davenport, Iowa. . . . Carl Wells, Omaha lightweight who beat Hymie Wiseman last year has passed his peak. . . . Sailor Burke will promote boxing shows at Brunsville, Iowa for the American Legion. . . . Al Phal, local lightweight, has a tin ear. . . . Tod Morgan, local lightweight, pulled a fast one in a recent fight. Knocked down three times for counts of nine and all but out, he tossed a wild punch and scored a knockout. . . . Boxing managers and fighters and promoters can reach the writer at 2206 N. Lafayette Pl., Sioux City, Iowa. . . .

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

COFFEYVILLE KANS. . . . Steve Salina and Kid Adams fought an 8-round draw. Kid Erne and Joe Veltry drew in 6. Red Stong knocked out Duke Moto in 4. Dick O'Connor knocked out Bill Benefiel in 2. Skid Johnson beat Taylor Jarvis in 3. Ernest Miller beat Howard Todd in 3 rounds.

Atchinson, Kans. . . . St. Benedicts College amateur team won 7 out of 10 bouts from Manhattan Aggies. Jim Glancy beat George Heidemite. Buck Gatson beat Cecil Heish. Charles Briggs beat John Hamilton. Bun Kane knocked out Vic Drappeau in 2. John Drisler beat Kay Brenner. Jerry O'Donnell knocked out John Freeman in 2. Tom Stanoscheck beat John Burr. Ray Jackson lost to Clint Cassell. John King lost to Kid Stremmel. Dick Roles lost to Tom Stone.

Kansas City, Mo. . . . International Arena amateur boxing results. Houston Ash knocked out Arthur Fletcher in 2. Bus Breese beat Dick Meirers. Paul Ostrum beat Sonny Walters. Herschel McMillan beat Spud Malone. Gene Driscoll beat Don Breese. Flyod Hall knocked out Virg Winningham in 2. Royal Coffman beat Don Freeman. Bus Sawyer beat Red King. Frank Allen beat Pete Piatt. Tom McHugh, matchmaker.

Okmulgee, Okla. . . . Speck Friend knocked out Wop Schuman in the eighth. Jimmie Craig knocked out Red Haynes in the third.

Joplin, Mo. . . . Joe Trabon knocked out Jimmy Owens in 8 rounds. Roy Jacks beat Chuck Elberts in 6. Red Fuqua beat Bat Drummond in 6. Steve Ketchell knocked out Tommy Cooper in 1. Bulldog Wilson beat Lonnie Reeves in 4 rounds. Karl Applegate, promoter.

Robert La Monti, welter, Diamond Dettore middleweight, and Frank Monico, lightweight, under the management of Archie Capocy, of Chicago, Ill., are three mighty fast and clever boys.

Kansas City, Kans. . . . International Arena amateur boxing results. Bruce Jaffrays beat Tony Manners. Royal Coffman beat Bud Gorman. Fred Schantz beat Joe (Red) Haas. Virg Winningham beat Fred Ramsey. Oscar Schildknecht beat Al Flowers. Floyd Hall beat Louis Love. Sid Waterman knocked out Charles Love in 1. Roy Lane stopped Earl Yates in 1 round.

Springfield, Mo. . . . Roughhouse Houser beat Chick Elberts in 10. Roddy Arnold beat Lefty Masters in 6. Reddy Daniels beat Buck Martin in 6. Pete Brittenham and Billy Hampton fought 6 rounds to a draw.

Kansas City, Mo. . . . International Arena amateur boxing results. San Francisco, Cal. team against the K. C. Heart of America team. Houston Ash of K. C. beat Fred Feary of Cal.; Homer Brandis of Cal., beat Bud Schildknecht of K. C.; Andrew Bazzano of Cal. beat Bruce Jaffrays of K. C.; Bus Sawyer of K. C. beat Norbet Meehan of Cal.; Gene Driscoll of K. C. beat Joe Lang of Cal.; Neil Decker of Cal. knocked out Jerry Jenkins of K. C. in the first round. Tom McHugh, matchmaker.

Wellington, Kans. . . . Les Showers has been selected by the Elk's Club to direct an Amateur tournament in June.

Picher, Okla. . . . Fred Reese and Jack Robertson drew in 10 rounds. Speck Windham beat Willie Ward in 6. Chick Reeves knocked out Roy McGlein in 3. Fighting Crosby knocked out Skid Johnson in 3. Chief Douglas Keel knocked out Frankie Beckham in 3. Lefty Masters and Herschel Mills 4 rounds to a draw. Billy Newton, promoter and matchmaker.

Wichita, Kans. . . . Johnny Husong is the premier boxing promoter of the middlewest.

Muskogee, Okla. . . . Pete White defeated Johnny Nichols in 10 rounds. White is a St. Louis lad who is forging to the front fast. Buddy Moore shaded Herschel Mills in 6 rounds.

West Tulsa, Okla. . . . The Mid-Continent Athletic Club will have Roy Rhodes as matchmaker.

NEBRASKA NEWS
By JIMMIE MURPHY

CLYDE PEDERSON returned from the National Amateur Tournament in New York after losing to Fred Caserio of Chicago, the new middleweight champion. Pederson did very well with his limited experience.

Omaha Auditorium is staging popular price boxing cards, using the leading fighters in and around Omaha. Tommy Corbett, Jr.-lightweight, and Ritchie Mack drew in the headliner. Fight critics gave the edge to Corbett. Agrella decisioned Dixon in six. Canada Lee lost to Ray Mann.

Sailor (Popeye) Netzel, former heavyweight, has opened up a cigar store in Sheeleytown. Good luck Joe.

News and Gossip from Boston

By DOC ALMY

THE Sharkey-Schmeling fight, irrespective of its outcome, is likely to have its important aftermath, particularly as concerns Boston and New England. Surprising though it may seem, before Sharkey definitely retires from the ring, it is likely that he will meet Ernie Schaaf, his pupil and stablemate, within ropes. All reports concerning them—reports from the inside of the boxing stable—point to a break between them and a final settlement of a long-growing rivalry with their fists. Though outwardly friends, for weeks neither has had any great use for the other. The old story of two stars of the same class and ambitions in one camp is again working out.

Charley Retzlaff of Duluth, and Jimmy Braddock of Bayonne, N. J., put up their hands in a 10-rounder at the Boston Garden on Friday night, May 13. Though Retzlaff was presented a decision, it was a bad evening for both contestants. The bout was slow and uninteresting, and the fans razzed both principals. The wily Braddock outboxed, outguessed and outgeneralled his man. In reality, Jimmy won the battle. The award to Retzlaff, who had no more than four rounds to himself, was booed. The officials disagreed.

Salvatore "Red" Affinito of New York University, a promising welter, met Eddie "Kid" Sullivan of Walpole, another wily boxer in the eight-round semi-final. Though Sullivan has slipped, he knows the game and has plenty of sand. It was a good fight. Affinito won the decision.

Joe Ferrante, former 118-pound National amateur champion, now boxing under the name of "Honey Mellody" as a tribute to the deceased world's welter champion, defeated Al Bergeron of Worcester in one of the earlier bouts. Bergeron put up a fine bout. Ferrante now is in the stable of Johnny Buckley.

Henry Firpo of Louisville, known as the "Bald Eagle," gave the fans a big disappointment and the Argonne A. A. a tough jolt through his failure to appear here to box Joe Knight of Cairo, Ga. Firpo had injured a hand in his bout with Jackie Fields, fought in Louisville, Ky., a few nights before, and could not box in Boston. That killed the show.

Vincent Forgione of Philadelphia pulled a somewhat similar stunt of the Argonne A. A., the week before, failing to appear for a bout with Oddone Piazza of Italy at the Boston Arena.

The two foregoing disappointments, taken with others of a similar nature, has resulted in the adoption of a new rule by the State Boxing Commission. From now on all main bout performers booked to appear in Boston will be required to be on the ground 48 hours in advance of their engagement. In all towns and cities outside of Boston, main bout performers will have to appear 24 hours ahead of time.

Lou Brouillard, the former world's welter champion, received a jolt at the Boston Garden, when he lost to Johnny Indrisano of East Boston, in a 10-round return bout. In their initial fray, Lou was the winner. Each weighed 149½ pounds for their more recent engagement. It was a case of a clever, experienced boxer in Indrisano facing a willing, two-fisted fighter in Brouillard. Indrisano, in fine trim for the fray, thanks to the work of Harry Kelly, took about six rounds. In one of the earlier bouts, "Red" Affinito of New York defeated the formidable Nap Proulx of Taunton.

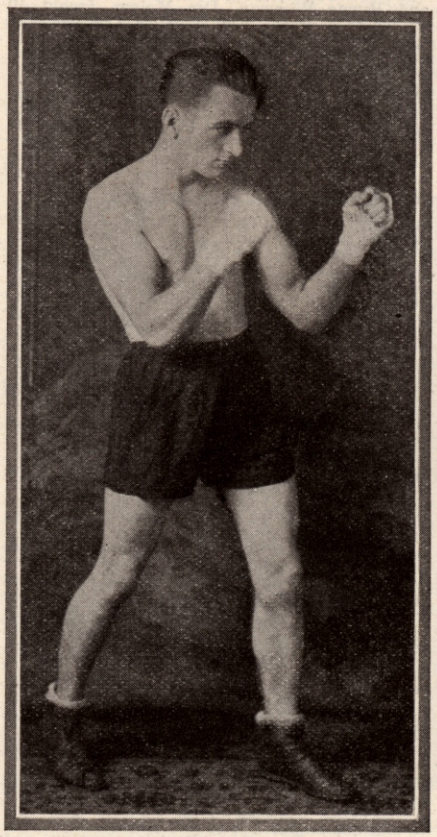
As a man-killer extraordinary within hempen ropes, Salvadore Ruggirello of New York fell down hard at the Boston Arena. His opponent was Joe Barlow of Roxbury, one of the pride and joys of Dan Carroll's stable, who won the decision at the end of 10 indifferent rounds.

Vincent Forgione was to have boxed on the same card but failed to appear. Ray "Twin" Lopez of Watertown took his place and was stopped by Odonne Piazza of Italy in the fourth round.

New England now boasts at least two middleweight champions, perhaps more. Thanks to lack of commissional unity, the woods in this section of the country are full of champions. We are speaking of but two, however, one who is the official champion as regards this state, and the other who is the unofficial champion. Leo Larrivee of Waterbury, Conn., the official title holder in the eyes of the Bay State Commission, defeated Bobby Brown of Lowell in a 12-rounder fought in Salem, Mass., recently and the same night Norman Conrad of Wilton, N. H., who has piled up a wonderful string of victories, met Rudy Marshall of Cos Cob, Conn., recognized by the Connecticut Commission, also many of the sports writers, as the champion. They clashed at Holyoke and Conrad won. Hence, Conrad claims the title. His claims look good to the writer. However, New England has something to settle. To date, all efforts to bring about a final titular bout between Conrad and Larrivee have failed.

"Gunboat" Smith of New York, the former heavyweight ringster, again made a fine impression as a mat referee at the Boston Garden. The principals were Jim Londos and Jack Washburn. The latter has done a lot of rough-housing on Boston mats and has been the cause of several near-riots. Prior to the contest, he was warned by Smith to wrestle according to the rules. After losing the first fall, Washburn started in to run the show himself. He was twice warned to be more careful. When he failed to heed the warnings, Smith waded in, grabbed the offender, and pinning him against the ropes, disqualified him. Curiously, however, the "house" cheered Washburn and booed Smith. Strange, these fans!

The writer was pleased recently to note wherein George F. Getz of the Illinois Commission was quoted as saying that he was in favor of a return to the oldtime definite ring purse and the splitting of the same winner-looser. It is a subject pounded on here in Boston for years, though outside of New Hampshire has brought no definite result. In the Granite State, all money in a championship fight is divided 60-40, that is winner-loser. The logic involved as to a definite fight purse and the splitting of the same is not disputed.



Johnny Devlin, classy flyweight of Va.

In connection with the recent Barlow-Ruggirello fight at the Boston Arena, the former one-referee system was given a tryout by order of the Boxing Commission. One referee handled the entire show, instead of two, thus saving the promoter from paying an extra official. It worked out alright.

While the same appeals to many as hardly necessary, the Boxing Commission has adopted a new system as concerns its approval of matches presented by the promoters. Insofar as is possible, all main bout performers will be listed on a percentage chart. In such case wherein a difference of 40 percent exists between two main bout men, unless there be extenuating circumstances, the Commission will not approve of such a bout.

Alex MacLean, former manager of Matty Baldwin, Sandy Ferguson, Jack Johnson and other notable ring performers, also formerly the matchmaker at the Boston Garden, has embarked in the wrestling business. He will open up very shortly at the Rollaway Rink, Revere, Mass., a property owned by himself. It will seat about 3000. MacLean plans to keep going every week throughout the summer season. In their heyday Al Kaufmann of Frisco, Jack Johnson, Ferguson, Baldwin and many other fighters trained at the rink for bouts in this section of the country.

After taking a beating at the hands of Leo Larrivee of Waterbury, Conn., Mickey Bishop of Stoughton, Mass., a middleweight hope, came back later and in the same Boston Arena ring, defeated "Dutch" Leonard of Waltham, a rugged, two-fisted fighter. Early in the fray Leonard broke his left hand and will be on the retired list for six weeks.

Bishop followed up his win over Leonard by defeating Dick "Twin" Lopez of Watertown at the Boston Garden, but three days later, against Ad Zachow of Dover, N. H., in a Salem ring, he received a mauling and failed to respond when the bell sounded for the ninth round.

Vincent Forgione, though he has an argument to settle with the Mass. Boxing Commission, has been busy enough up at Portland, Me., which state has no commission to trouble him. Forgione nosed out Manny Davis, the Schenectady colored middleweight in 12 hot rounds to a newspaper decision, and in a return bout, lost to Davis over the same route. Both fights were good ones.

Lionel Conacher, the Canadian hockey star and all around athlete, was to have made his Boston debut as a wrestler but because of a poisoned arm, failed to appear. As may be generally known, the mat promoters have their eyes open for all kinds of display talent. In addition to many interesting collegiate folks, Paul Bowser, the veteran Boston promoter, now has a Chinaman and an Abyssinian, both more or less original, working on his circuit. In addition to Bowser, there are two other promoters staging weekly shows in Boston, Joe "Toots" Mondt and Charles Gordon. Between them they are keeping the mat fans well fed up.

Phil Schlossberg, manager of Arthur DeKuh and others, whose office is now in New York, is working to get Adolph "Pickles" Heintz, his all-navy champion heavyweight, a bout here. Few seem to care to tackle the ex-sailor. He has yet to land a match.

Pancho Villa, the New Bedford lightweight, who is a busy chap, grabbed an award over Paris Apice of Providence, touted as a comer, in a 10-rounder fought in Fall River on May 6. Before the rejoicing was over, however, three nights later in his home town Villa took on Tony Catalano of Providence, and the latter evened up the inter-city score by winning the decision.

Dan Carroll, manager of Sammy Fuller and others, is trying to bring about another fight for Jack Dorval with Ernie Schaaf. Three months ago Schaaf defeated Dorval in a close fight at the Boston Garden.

WESTERN RHODE ISLAND

By A. SOLOVEITZIK

WESTERLY boxers engaged in a number of bouts during the past month. In fact they were busier during April and May than at any time since early last fall. Both the professionals and the amateurs carried of their share of the ring glories.

Joe Russo, holder of the Rhode Island middleweight championship broke even in two bouts with Vernon Merlin of Boston. Russo won the first fight, dropping Merlin to the canvas five times in a four round affair and in the return bout, Russo had things pretty near his own way for five rounds, pasting Merlin around the ring, and scoring points at will. Just before the end of the fifth session, however, the boxers collided in midring and Russo was so badly cut over the eye, that the referee halted proceedings and awarded the decision to Merlin. It was the first defeat for Russo in nearly a year. Both battles were at the Argonne A. C. in Boston.

Hookie Jackson Westerly slugger pounded out a four round win over Chris DeRosa of Boston, but injured his back in winning and will be on the shelf for at least two months. The injury was a very costly one as Jackson had a number of fine bouts lined up for New London, Boston, and Fall River Rings.

Young Rochette, local featherweight, dropped a six round decision to Solly Ambrosio of Hartford at New London.

Local amateurs scored in three bouts during the past month. Kid Booker Williams, promising featherweight, pounded out a three round win over Kid Perri of Westerly, Tommy Leonetti upset Johnny LoPresto and Kid Jackson, brother of Hookie, defeated Scotty Ferguson in three frames. All of these boys hail from Westerly.

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PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
BY WILLIAM PIKOR

THE Meyers Brothers, who own and operate the Meyers' Bowl at North Braddock, made a ten-strike when they secured Lew Raymond as their matchmaker. Raymond is a dominant figure in the pugilistic realm. He has the attachments to bring the leading fighters of the world to the local arena. This was demonstrated in no uncertain manner when he launched Tony Canzoneri, world's lightweight champion, against Battling Gizzy for the opening show.

Meyers' Bowl rates as one of the finest outdoor arenas in the state and Promoter "Apples" Meyers has the confidence of the fans in bringing the best attractions here.

Four fistic arenas functioned here during the past indoor season. Ranked in accordance to size they are: Motor Square Garden, Arena, Moose Temple and Palisades.

General Manager Joe Mazer and Matchmaker Jules Beck of Motor Square Garden resume operations at Greenlee Field, a baseball park located on Bedford Avenue in the Homewood district, Pittsburgh.

Tiger Joe Randall, flashy Negro welterweight, kept up his winning stride at the expense of Billy Rose of Cincinnati.

Buck McTiernan, making his first start under new management, scored over Joe Trippe in an eight-round bout at Erie.

Lew Massey gave Motor Square Garden fans a real surprise when he trounced Tony Herrera in first-rate fashion. It was Massey's first start locally.

Davey Grove won on a foul from Jimmy Belmont at the Moose Temple.

George Panka, Homestead heavyweight, flattened Tiny Powell in six rounds at Youngstown, O. Panka may battle King Levinsky this summer.

Jim McGirr of McKeesport, Pa., is promoting outdoor shows at Steubenville, Ohio.

Jules Beck closed the indoor season at Motor Square Garden with Paul Pirrone and Ray Tramblie in the final offering. Pirrone stopped Tramblie in the fourth. In eight-rounders Billy Holt defeated Frankie Chatterton while Jackie Wilson, crack Negro bantam proved too clever for Steve Senich and won all the way. Dick Gibbons won on a foul from Jack Clements in the opener. They're heavyweights.

Of the ten best lightweights ranked by Eddie Borden in the last issue of THE RING, five are from Pennsylvania. They are Battling Gizzy, Lew Massey, Tony Falco, Young Firpo and Johnny Jadick.

Attracted by Pittsburgh as a fistic center, many outside boxers are locating here, namely Jack Kilbourne, Ray Tramblie, Herman Follins and others.

Bruno Sala, Donora light-heavyweight, can't get action here owing to lack of fighters in his class capable of giving him a battle. He is forced to fight elsewhere to get work. Sala scored easy victories over Joe Roske and Johnny Freeman, both heavyweights, on succeeding shows at Akron, O. Later on Bruno breezed into Cleveland where he kayoed Joe Zimon on the Schmeling exhibition card. Sala is being booked for bouts by Tommy McGinty of Cleveland.

Attention. Send news of interest for this column to the scribe at Donora, Pa.

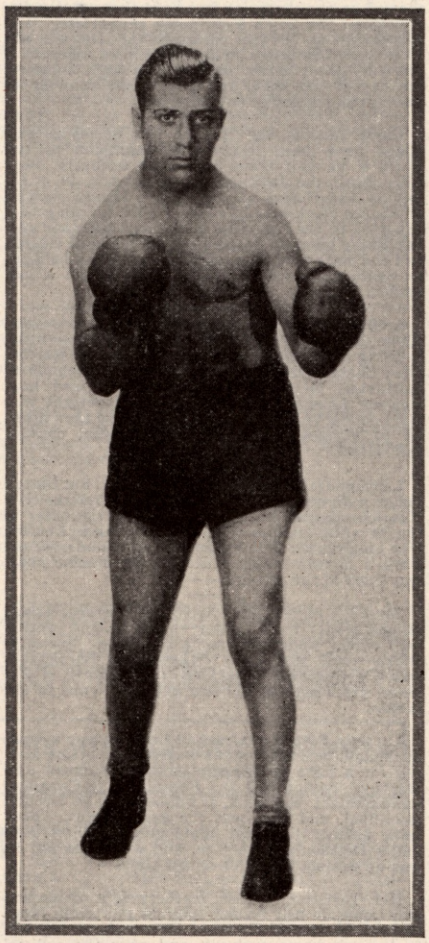
HOLYOKE, MASS., NEWS
By GEORGIE "KID" ROSS

THE first boxing show staged at the Coliseum of West Springfield attracted a $11,000 gate. Harry Ebbets featured the bill against Maxey Rosenbloom and almost scored a knockout in the second round but Maxey proved too elusive and went on to win the verdict. In the other feature affair, Ernie Schaaf disposed of Unknown Winston in the fifth round. Bobbie Jasse, of Boston, beat Battling Archie, of Hartford, in six, Jasse scoring three knockdowns. Victor Lotti, of Boston, knocked out Jerry Emard, of Holyoke, in three and Art Chapdelaine lost to Eddie Reed, of Hartford, in six.

Tony Shucco, of Boston, New England's light-heavyweight champion, won a decision over Jimmy Britt, of Phillipsburg, N. J., in a ten-round main bout at the Arena. Art Chapdelaine, of Springfield, Mass., won over Jack Collins, of Haverhill, Mass., in the eight-round semi. Ruby Bradley, Holyoke, Mass., lost an eight-round decision to Gene Bianco, of Lynn, Mass. Joe Kaminsky, New York middleweight, stopped Roy Powers, of Holyoke, by a technical knockout, when he cut Powers' eye. Referee Jack Watson stopped the bout and awarded it to Kaminsky. Chris Delevo, of Springfield, and Rene Peloquin, of Danelson, Conn., fought four torrid rounds, Peloquin winning.

Ernie Shaaf beat Ted Sandwina, of New York, in the feature bout at the Valley Arena. Battling Archie, of Hartford, kayoed Abraham Lincoln Cohn, of New York, in the third round. Victor Lotti, of Boston, kayoed Leo Ledeau, of Spencer, Mass., in the third. Maxie Carson, of Holyoke, Mass., punched out a decision over Johnny Pinkham, of Hartford, Conn., in a four-rounder and Kewpie Ledeau, of Holyoke, won over Bud Dempsey, of Hartford.

Norman Conrad, of Wilton, N. H., won over Rudy Marshall, of Stamford, Conn., the New England middleweight champion, in the main bout at the Valley Arena. Baby Bear, of New Haven, Conn., kayoed Joe Stien, of New York, in the second round. Eddie Reed, of Hartford, Conn., won over Earl Duquette, of Springfield, Mass., in another eight-rounder. Rene Peloquin, of Danelson, Conn., won his second straight over Chris Delevo.



Junior Wallace, Southern middleweight

Homer Rainault, of Holyoke, Mass., president of the Valley Arena, of Holyoke, Mass., was the promoter of the West Springfield bouts, under the auspices of the American Legion. The show added $1500 to the unemployment fund.

Pittsfield, Mass.—Frankie Martin, of Pittsfield, Mass., won over Billy Champney, of Worcester, Mass., in eight rounds at the Auditorium. Young Bard, of Adams, Mass., won over Jimmy Reagan, of Schenectady, in six. Billy Muir, of Great Barrington, kayoed Don Deven, of Ballston, N. Y., in the sixth. Vince Driscoll, of Pittsfield, Mass., won over Young Strike, of Great Barrington, Mass. George Bernard, of Briggsville, Mass., kayoed Tigger Perry, of Pittsfield. Eddie George won over Bernie Gates in four.

Frankie Martin, of Pittsfield, Mass., won an eight-round bout from Tommy Romano, of Albany, N. Y. Lon Devans, of Ballston, N. Y., defeated Lou Boschetti, of No. Adams, Mass. Milch Tatso won over Eddie Barrierre. Eddie Gearge, of Pittsfield, beat George Bernard, of Briggsville, Mass. Vince Driscoll, of Pittsfield, won over Young Strike, of Great Barrington, Mass. Young Shinola, of Great Barrington, Mass., kayoed Chick Botto, of Pittsfield, Mass.

Charlie Pepe, substituting for Jimmy Liano, went to Hartford, Conn. and won a decision over Solly Ambruso. This was Ambruso's first defeat since turning pro.

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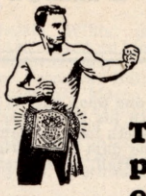

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TRENTON FISTIC FLASHES
By JOSEPH (SOX) PINTO

IN the first championship contest held in Trenton since the Hurley law went into effect, Young Terry, Trenton middleweight came close to winning the title from Gorilla Jones in a 12-round bout. Terry won four rounds and Jones won six. A record crowd came out to root for its favorite son. In the semi-final, Johnny Peppe of Philadelphia won over Young Ougle of Bound Brook by a knockout in the seventh round. Billy Mahan, brother of Tommy Mahan, made his first appearance as a professional and defeated Larry Crabtree in a four-rounder. Bill Powell of Chicago stopped Cow Boy Willis in the fourth round. Both boys are heavyweights. Charlie (Red) Miller of New York and Joey Hadfield of Philadelphia put on a great bout for eight rounds, with honors even at the finish.

Johnny Oakey, Trenton middleweight, who is clamoring for a shot at Young Terry, stepped one notch nearer that goal when he defeated Al Rossi, the Newark sensation, in a ten-round bout at the Laurel Gardens at Newark. Oakey proved too rugged for the Newark adonis, and won eight of the ten rounds.

The Jewish Federation is trying to match Young Terry and Johnny Oakey for its annual boxing show. This is one match that would turn them away.

I wonder what's wrong with Paulie Walker? That's what the fans of Trenton are asking. Walker is now out on the west coast. In his two bouts out there, Walker lost both. Jimmy Evans and Andy Di Vodi were the boys who beat him. A year ago, it looked like Walker would reach the championship but to-day, he is slipping fast. Come on, Paulie, snap out of it.

Timely Chatter from Great Britain

By TED BROADRIBB

JEFF DICKSON is sure the one busy one as a promoter. Not content with his Paris enterprises, he has fairly got his teeth into the game in London. It's a case of "one dam show after another" at the Royal Albert Hall, once every three weeks, in fact.

Following Carnera and Old Man Cook, he had Primo matched up with Donald McCorkindale, the South African champion who carried Larry Gains all the way to two very close decisions, one of them a draw.

Some dear old "ladies," including one or two noble lords, at once let out squawks against the projected "slaughter of the innocent," but the only effect was to swell the gate. "Every knock is a boost," it was proved once again.

"Mac," the boxing idol of the British public, went to the alleged slaughter with only one intention—and that was to have a go. He didn't put Primo on the floor, but he did at least prevent the Ambling Alp from stretching him horizontal.

Primo did his durnedest, but Don stayed the distance and came out of the fray with scarcely a mark, and not only earned all the plaudits for his pluck, but a week's vaudeville engagement in London at a luscious salary. Later, Mac substituted for Larry Gains against Hein Muller when Larry hurt his hand. And Mac easily whipped the German.

A week afterwards McCorkindale was boxing again at the Albert Hall, this time at a charity show, where he stopped a big-barreled Belgian named Nokin in jig time. He is now waiting for the next job as substitute. He was to have boxed Neusel, the blond German star, in Berlin, but Neusel got crooked.

On May 11 it was Dickson's show again, the headliners being Len Harvey, British middleweight champion, and Len Johnson in a 15-round battle under championship conditions. Our beautiful Boxing Board of Control put up the color bar and refused to recognize this as a title fight, but neither Press nor public took any notice, except to giggle. Harvey won by a fair margin, and thus reversed a decision of five years ago. The champion has come back to his form since he returned from the States, and showed that he has learned something there of aggressiveness, by going after his man in the way that pleases the "gods." He showed at the same time that he is still a master of smash and grab methods.

On May 30 Dickson again broke out in London, this time with a big open-air show at the White City, and with Carnera and Gains as the headliners.

The big fellows are right in the spotlight just now. There is money here, as in America and everywhere else, for any youngster of promise who has a good heart and the punch that flattens. Several six-footers are passing in review at present; whether they will go the way Phil Scott and Donald Shortland is a question for the future.

Jack Pettifer, the "find" of veteran George McDonald, is taking a long while to make an impression, though he is still unbeaten in his 19 professional fights. His latest feat, and his best, because it showed us that at least he is game, was to draw with a big German, Adolf Pott, whom Len Johnson outpointed several weeks back after a hard "go."

Many old-timers on your side will remember George McDonald, whose father seconded John Camel Heenan in his knuckle fight with our own Tom Sayers in England just 72 years ago. George was born on the very day of that memorable drawn battle, but he is just as enthusiastic as a kid, and still likes to tell you of how he trained and seconded the great "Jawn" L. Sullivan against Charlie Mitchell in France years ago, and of how he and his party slipped the cops when they appeared on the battle ground to arrest them. I'd like to think Pettifor will turn out to be the swan old George thinks he is, but I guess I'll have some time to wait.

Since Peterson "arrived," Dan Sullivan, Len Harvey's manager, has shown his recent acquisition Jack Doyle, an 18-year-old Guardsman who has just been bought out of the Army. Doyle is the "killer" type, with a fine punch, and as the man who has him, is one with infinite patience and is having the youngster coached by Alf Hewitt, one of the best and brainiest old fighters and advisers in the game, there is a chance that Doyle will develop into the heavyweight we all have been waiting for.

Jack Peterson, sturdy Welshman from Cardiff, dethroned Harry Crossley, of Mexborough, Yorkshire, British light heavyweight champion, in a well-fought 15-round match at the Stadium Club.

One recommendation he has to a host of your hosts of readers—he is Irish. In his case that doesn't mean he is hot-headed and impetuous; he is just about as cool a cuss as you could meet anywhere.

I told you in my last, didn't I, that Jackie Brown, the Manchester flyweight champion of Great Britain, was getting ripe for a killing, and that Len Beynon, the clever Welsh kid, was one of the likely executioners?

Well, the two have met, sooner than I expected, at the famous Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, and although Beynon lost on points in 15 rounds, he showed up the champion in a light that greatly disappointed the boy's home-town supporters. The lads fought at 114 lbs., although the title was not at stake. The result might have been different if Beynon hadn't made the long trip from home on the day of the fight, and then spent an hour in exercise and massage to limber up.

Harry Mason, the Hebrew box of tricks who might have been lightweight champion of the world if he had taken the game seriously, beat Billy Bird, the fighting bus conductor, in a 15-rounds disturbance at the ring. Mason showed all his old cleverness in evasion until he ran into a left hook to the chin that made his knees oscillage, but Harry hung on desperately till his head cleared and the stars faded out of the sky. Then he went on again and added enough points to get a just verdict.

Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green middleweight, whom Johnny Sharpe is pointing for a title fight, is being given plenty of practice. After beating Dick Sharp, Dartford, on points in 12 rounds at Rochester, he came back to London and beat Auguste Lengagne, the French middleweight who ran Len Harvey to a points verdict, and then hiked off to Plymouth and kayoed the local champ, Bill Hood.

Lengagne is a game and willing fighter, but Sexton made a punching bag of him until referee Jim Kenrick stepped in and stopped the slaughter in the seventh session. This is the same Kenrick who fought your Johnny Coulon, 19 rounds, for the world's bantam-weight title on the Pacific coast way back in the century.

Sexton, christened Archibald Ernest—swell names, what? for a fighter—has a boxing brother who trades under the name of Blake. Sexton—Blake—see? The father of these boys, Jim Sexton, was a well-known "knuckler" in the north of England years ago, so fighting evidently runs in the family.

Latterly Sexton has been in Len Johnson's camp at Slough, well earning his wages while fitting himself for a fight on the same bill as Johnson and Harvey. Sexton had Del Fontaine, the Canadian middleweight champion, as opponent in an 8-round semi-final, and just beat the game Canuk. Fontaine already had two fights at the Albert Hall under Dickson's promotion, and won both but he was up against better class this time.

Nel Tarleton, British featherweight champion and Lonsdale belt holder, took on the tough Newcastle guy, Benny Sharkey, 15 rounds at 128 lbs. in Benny's home cock-pit, and gave the colliers' pride a gratis lesson in the art of "hit, stop, and get away." Nel fought a brainy, cagey battle against this rushing, tearing rival, but won by a million points with straight left jabs and right uppercuts that never missed their mark.

I had Dick Corbett matched with Sharkey in the beginning, but the British bantam champion didn't fancy the job, or thought the money wasn't big enough, or something. Anyway, to cut a long story short, I offered to free Dick from his contract with me if he wasn't satisfied. He accepted the offer, and his affairs are now being looked after by one of his brothers, Charlie.

Tarleton thus jumped into the match that Corbett boggled at—and never asked any questions, either, as to what he was to get.

Harry Corbett, brother of the other two mentioned, has, I am sorry to say, lost the sight of his left eye and will never box again. Harry was one of the most manageable fellows ever since I had him. He was a good boxer, too, and after running up for the bantam title to Johnny Brown, beat Johnny Cuthbert for the featherweight crown and belt and drew with him in another title fight. Harry came along a bit too late or he might have become the 135-lb title holder. Now he is down and out, but we are going to do something for him that will set him on his feet.

Apropos of Benny Sharkey, let me tell you how, after releasing Dick Corbett, I bought another boxer's contract from Tom Sharkey, father of Benny.

When those two took a trip to South Africa, they got acquainted with a young, fair-haired fellow called Willie Unwin, who a little later followed them to England. As he hadn't the money for his fare, he worked his passage on a cattle boat. After two or three minor fights in Newcastle, Unwin took a stroll to London and then turned up at Shoeburyness, where Larry Gains was training for his fight-that-didn't-come-off with Hein Muller. Unwin volunteered to put on the gloves, and I watched him while he had two rounds with Gains. Willie waded in and took everything coming, without even a grunt, and, said I to myself aloud: "A fighting fool."

Next day Unwin turned up in London at Dickson's office, and after a few minutes, sauntered off to where Muller was training in a swell place in the very heart of the city. Unwin was asked if he wanted to have a go, and this "fighting fool" said "Yes!" eagerly.

Believe me, the way that fellow tore into Germany's native champion "brought down the house."

The fame of it spread, so that there was a great "gallery" at Muller's camp next day, and another great display as the "gods'" reward for paying admission fees.

It made me sit up and take notice. Then I took up the telephone receiver and called up Newcastle and Tom Sharkey, and within five minutes I had bought Unwin's contract.

Willie now is mine, and he was given a try-out on the McCorkindale-Muller card, beating Leo Bandias, the Australian cruiserweight "champ," who was pulled out before the distance owing to a badly cut eye.

My "Wandering Willie," as I have rechristened him, has been training and boxing with Len Johnson for a couple of weeks, and won his second fight in a preliminary to the Harvey and Johnson fracas. If he can curb his native inpetuosity I think something can be done with him. He has "guts"—and that's what so many others haven't got.

EASTERN OHIO AND PITTSBURGH

By RAY FOUTTS

THERE will be three outdoor clubs operating on a weekly basis in the Pittsburgh district during the summer months; Meyers Bros. Bowl in Braddock, Pa., (Lew Raymond, matchmaker), Greenlee Park, Pittsburgh, (Jules Beck, matchmaker) and Hickey Park Bowl, Millvale Pa., (Bus Vogel, matchmaker).

Jim McGirr, McKeesport promoter, has erected a new bowl at Steubenville, Ohio, and will hold semi-monthly shows, and The Foutts Brothers will again operate their bowl at East Liverpool, Ohio, with Byron Foutts making the matches. Ray Barnes, Alliance, Ohio, impresario, will promote at Sunset Park.

Fistic Brevities—Paul Pirrone, Cleveland middleweight, looked very impressive stopping Ray Tramblie in four innings at Motor Square. . . . Sandy Seifert, veteran Pittsburgh heavy, is training for a comeback. . . . Buck McTiernan is now under the managerial wing of Jack Barry, genial Erieite. . . . Battling Gizzy, Pittsburgh's wild man lightweight, won over 35 successive victories before losing to Wesley Ramey at Detroit. . . . Johnny Dunn, classy Pittsburgh feather, gave Freddy Miller a great fight at the Olympia, Detroit. . . . Western Pennsylvania has a wealth of middleweight talent including: Buck McTiernan, Jack Wilson, Lee Sale, Micky Solomen, Jack Tracy, Tiger Joe West, Jimmie Moore, Harry Harris, Dixie Shannon, Billy Flanagan, Carl Montebano and George Dixon. . . . Meyers Bros. Bowl downtown office is located at 525 Fifth Avenue, Pittsburgh. . . . Jackie Rogers, colored featherweight, is again under the management of Johnny Deutsch, who piloted him in his greatest fights. . . . George Panka, Pittsburgh heavy is showing improved form and has beaten Emmett Rocco and knocked out Tiny Powell in his last two starts. . . . Since winning on a foul over Jimmie Belmont, Davy Grove is clammering for a shot at Teddy Yarosz. . . . Willie Davies, who was one of the best flyweights in the world a few years back, is considering hanging up the gloves and may buy a gas station. . . .

Good boxers without pilots and managers wishing to make a connection in the Pittsburgh district, should get in touch with the writer at The Foutts Brothers Gym., East Liverpool, Ohio.

Anson Green, colored middleweight, is about the toughest punching preliminary boy in these parts and has won three in a row by knockouts. . . . Tony Marino, brother of Tommy Ryan, former Buffalo featherweight, is a great prospect among the flyweights, and is ably managed by Reed Brown. . . .

Gossip from European Rings

By "SPARROW" ROBERTSON

A CROWD of 20,000 witnessed the fight between Kid Francis and Eugene Huat at the Palais des Sports. They fought a great 10-round bout with Francis the winner. In the semi-final, Guy Bonaugure, a brother to Kid Francis, and featherweight Obrech, put up a slashing ten-rounder.

Neusel, German heavyweight who has been knocking them out in short order since he left Germany a few months ago, made another quick finish when he stopped a French white hope, Francis Forgeon. The end came in the first half of the first round. Neusel is about the best heavyweight proposition in Europe. He has a record of never having lost a fight. He is but twenty-two years of age. After he takes on about a score more pounds (he scales now at 195, which is too light for a 6 feet 5 inch tall young man to be at his best), he will be hard to beat. Dickson has him signed up for several contests during the summer months.

The American Legion annual boxing benefit entertainment was run off this year at the Salle Wagram Arena. The main bout was between Carl Anderson and Jack Walker. The bout which was scheduled for ten rounds finished in the third session by Anderson knocking out the war-worn Italian. At the above entertainment flyweights Cavagnoli and Potier put up a rattling ten-round bout which went to Cavagnoli. In a bout between Garnier and Mattern, flyweights, Garnier won.

Primo Carnera defeated Maurice Griselle in a ten-round bout at the Paris Palais des Sports. There was just eighteen seconds to go to complete the bout when Carnera landed a right smash to the jaw which knocked Griselle down. He got up immediately and thinking the bout had ended turned to his corner. The referee was under the impression that Griselle had quit and he awarded the bout to Carnera on a technical knockout. Griselle was beaten from start to finish but he never flinched. They don't come any gamer than the French champion.

The Italian lightweight, Turiello, and the French fighter, Desnoulet fought a ten-round draw at the Salle Wagram.

In a lightweight match held in Rotterdam, Holland, Van Klaveren, the Dutchman, champion, outpointed Len "Tiger" Smith of England in ten rounds. It was the second time the pair had met. When both were in America last year Smith won over the Dutchman.

George Aziz, the the Egyptian flyweight, since leaving France has been doing very well in England.

Some excellent preliminaries were witnessed at the Carnera-Griselle entertainment. The supporting bout was between Locatelli, clever Italian lightweight and the former French knockout king, Humery. Locatelli stopped Humery in the second round. In a six-round lightweight bout, Deloy defeated Payen on points. Heavyweight Kusak and Benet went six rounds to a draw. Colonello, a heavyweight, knocked out Vanier in the first round, and bantamweight Sartos defeated Kid Johns in six rounds. Lightweight Safrait defeated Boireau in the third.

Owing to the low rate of exchange in Spain, there is little doing in the boxing line there at present. When things improve, some good bouts will be promoted there again by Dickson. It was in Barcelona last year the Paolino-Carnera contest attracted a gate of over 80,000 paid admissions.

Flyweights Gyde Jeune and Marcel Potier had a hard ten-round contest at the Central Sporting Club of Paris, which was won by Jeune. It was a well fought contest.

Welterweight Buisson defeated Max Fernand in six rounds in Paris, and Young Perrot, a flyweight, defeated Jover. Featherweight Yound Buchet defeated Kitz.

In the eight-round supporting bouts to the Gyde Jeune-Potier match, welterweight Preys defeated Kunter. Light-heavyweight Royer defeated Jean Motte on points and middleweight Frere beat Dauphin on points.

"Tiger" Defer, former featherweight champion of France and the Italian Turiello, fought a ten-round, no-decision bout at the Paris Ring. At the same entertainment, featherweight Gilles defeated Chopin on points. Welter Kunz knocked out Agopian in the fifth. Flyweight Dillain beat Justice and Legrand defeated Mamolo, welterweight.

Walter Neusel added another victim to his string of knockouts when he stopped Guardsman Gater in the third in the Salle Wagram Arena. It was really a one-hand victory for the German, as the thumb of his right hand was hurt a week previously. Outside of Max Schmeling Neusel is the best heavyweight in Germany, and I doubt if any heavyweight in Europe outside of Primo Carnera would have any chance to defeat him.

The little German bantamweight Riethdorf won another fight in Paris against an exceedingly tough French lad named Casinelli. The German boy has a fine left hand and a socking right and also has perfect footwork.

Biesmans of Belgium defeated the former champion flyweight of France, Francis Biron, in the fifth at the Central Sporting Club of Paris.

Joe Mendiol, Philippine flyweight, has been boxing quite well in Europe for the past year. His last match was against the Italian Gori, in the Paris Ring Club. It was a very even affair. At the same entertainment, lightweight Blanc defeated Laporte in the second. Featherweight Cremer defeated Joubier in the second and flyweight Dillain defeated Garnier.

Cleto Locatelli beat the former French champion, Henri Vuillamy, in a ten-round bout held at the Salle Wagram. At the same entertainment, Moret, a young French heavyweight, received the decision over an Italian, Colonello, in ten fast rounds. Moret looks promising.

Aime Raphael, former lightweight and welterweight champion of France, was defeated by a young French welterweight named Rebel, in one of the supporting bouts to the Locatelli-Vuillamy contest.

Germany has some good welterweights in Dueberrs, the champion, Hainisch, Domgoergen and Nefzger. And middleweights Eder, Besselman, Selig and the elder Domgoergen.

Boxing has taken a great hold on the Germans and some really good talent is being developed there. The winning of the world's title by Max Schmeling was a great boost to the fistic game in the Fatherland.

In a series of bouts held at Barcelona, Spain, between English and Spanish boxers Jose Girones of Spain, one of the best of the European featherweights, knocked out Parker of England in the third round and Carlos Flix, Spanish featherweight, knocked out Dexter of England in the second.

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA

By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

TOMMY LOUGHRAN, cheered on by a capacity crowd, lost a ten-round decision to Steve Hamas, former Penn State all-around athlete, at Convention Hall, and the wail and gnashing of teeth from the Philadelphia followers of Tommy can still be heard from Kensington to South Phillie and also through certain parts of West Philadelphia.

There was a division of opinion among the officials at the close of the tenth round. Larry Coles and Al Voice were the judges, the former voting for Loughran and the latter for Hamas. That put it squarely up to Tommy Reilly, the referee, who also officiated in the first Dempsey-Tunney battle held in Phillie. Reilly decided in favor of Hamas which appeared a just verdict. Not more than three rounds at the most could have been awarded to Loughran.

Tony Falco has recovered from an injured hand sustained in his second victory over Frank Bojorski. The South Philadelphia Italian returned to the gym and there is talk of a bout with Lew Massey.

Massey, Philadelphia lightweight, outboxed Tony Herrera, of Chicago, in ten rounds at Pittsburgh. After the third round the Quaker City Italian had things virtually his own way.

Ralph Ficucello, of New York, 198-pounder, stopped James J. Taylor, 202-pound League Island Marine, in the semi-windup to the Hamas-Loughran return bout. The New York heavy dropped Taylor several times and Referee Reilly stopped the mill in the second.

Rattle Kichline, of Phillipsburg, lost a six-round decision to Mike Sullivan, of Atlantic City; Sam Weiss, of Allentown, stopped Andy Mitchell, of Calfornia, in the third round, and Sam Tribett, of Leiperville, knocked out Tony Doublisky, of Burlington, N. J., in one round. All these bouts were part of the Hamas-Loughran repeater.

After a suspension of two months, Benny Bass, former world featherweight and junior-lightweight champion, has been reinstated by the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission.

Jackie Willis, promising Southwark colored fighter, boxed an eight-round draw with Al Rowe, of Kennsington, at the Broadway A. C. On the same Broadway bill; Jimmy Stuart, of Southwark, knocked out Marco Bigik, U. S. S. *Dobbin*, in the third round; Frankie Polo defeated Joey Hayes, Southwark, six rounds; Eddie Allen, Southwark, stopped Joe Polino, Southwark, in the second round, and Walter Duvor, Southwark, and George McLaughlin, Southwark, drew in six rounds.

Eddie Cool, Philadelphia's Irish lightweight sensation, continues along the highway of success under the management of Joseph F. Bradley. Cool took eight of the ten rounds from Sid Lampe, of Paterson, in the windup at the Cambria. A year ago Lampe gained a decision over Cool when the latter was comparatively new in the game. Cool is a legitimate lightweight of 133 pounds.

Richie Powers, 146-pounder from North Penn, hammered out a second-round knockout over Art Evans, of Frankford at the Cambria. In the other bouts: Tommy Conway, of Olney, stopped Bernard Kelly, of Fairmount, in the first round; Mark Gladulich knocked out Milt Jacobs, Strawberry Mansion, in the third, and Billy Purnell, of Baltimore gained an eight-round decision over Mike Marshall, of Nicetown.

Jack Palmer, retired welterweight of South Philadelphia, was married to Miss Katharine Giordiano. It was an early June nuptial affair.

Pete Tyrell, matchmaker of the Arena, announced he had Lee Ramage's consent to do business with Tommy Loughran for an open air show at the West Philadelphia club, but it appears Tommy is more anxious to get another shot at Steve Hamas. Ramage is the coast lad who gained a decision over Hamas.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM OREGON

By GORDON M. CONNELLY

PORTLAND NEWS: In the first recorded match between a Chinaman and a Japanese, Ah Wing "Jimmy" Lee, 136½, local Chinese southpaw favorite, won a miniature Sino-Japanese war by laying his opponent, Sueo Hirakawa, 131½, Tokio, low in three, on a sellout Waterman card. Tiger Davila, 153, Los Angeles, drew in six with "Punch 'Em" Paul Delaney, 153½, Tacoma. Pat O'Day, 127, Albina, took a close nod from Red Goodman, 126½, Seattle southpaw, in 6. "Handy Andy" Bundy, 128, Oakland Negro sensation, chilled Johnny Snell, 124½, Portland, in one with about 100 rights to the jaw.

Wildcat Carter, 142¾, Seattle Negro, took a decision from Eddie Edelman, 137¼, popular Portland Eskimo, in six. "Cyclone" Lee Page, 148, New York Negro, defeated Eddie Fox, 150, in six. Denny Tenheart, 180, Portland, stopped Jack McCarthy, 183, 'Frisco, in three. "Turkey Red" Yarnell, 156¾, Eugene, put the skids under Jack Denny, 154½, 'Frisco, in one with a breadbasket swat.

Joe "Ballyhoo" Waterman staged another thriller when Ah Wing Lee, "Yellow Peril," took a very close victory over Goldie Hess, 134¾, Los Angeles crowd-pleaser, in six. Eddie Volk, 140, Portland schoolboy, lost to Wildcat Carter, 142¾, after having the Negro groggy. Johnny Spencer, 143, Seattle, set a fast pace to beat Teddy Fox, 142, Salem, in six. Andy Bundy outclassed Johnny Corbett, 126, Vancouver, B. C., with a one-round kayo. Mickey Barker, 124½, Portland, and "Whitey" Neal, 122, Vancouver, B. C., put on a great bloody scrap with Mickey walking away with the nod in four.

JUMBLED GEMS—Eddie Volk because of his bad luck lately is considering giving up the game. . . . Ralph Gruman, local promoter, is about ready to toss in the sponge in favor of Joe Waterman. Ralph would be welcomed as a referee to fill in with Bud Oliver. . . . Eddie Edelman, one of the scant few of Eskimo fighters, is back in Roseland after having a successful Eastern tour in Pittsburgh and vicinity. . . . Andy Bundy is a fine prospect. . . . Freddie Steele, who won the Pacific Northwest welterweight crown recently, will appear in Portland soon. . . . Mickey Barker entered the pro racket as a sensation by giving the fans a run for their "depression coin" . . . Herman (the German) Ratzlaff from Minot is back in the Rose City for battles. . . . Frankie Stetson of 'Frisco is also here. . . . "Swede" Nelson, a real slugger of a couple of years back, is now matchmaking in Arcadia, Oregon.

At Marshfield, Leo Lomski, Portland boxer-wrestler, 181, and Jimmy Byrne, Myrtle Point, 195, drew in ten rounds.

SOUTH AUSTRALIAN BOXING
By JAMES J. MANNION

PABLO DANO, of the Philippine Islands, has shown us what it's like to be on a winning streak. In six fights in this country he has recorded six wins. His last starts resulted in . . . a fifth-round knockout over Wally Walker in a return contest; a nine-round kayo over Al Singleton in a swell mill, and a hectic fifteen-round affair with Young Gildo, another Filipino, the result of which was a runaway victory for the dashing Pablo.

The Jack Carroll-Fred Hannaberry tilt brought out the fans to the tune of ten thousand. It was a great fight, with a sensational ending to boot, Carroll being stopped in the tenth round. Carroll was far and away the cleverer of the two, and he picked up most of the points scored during the first ten rounds. But after that, he faded away. Hannaberry in that round landed a hefty right on the head. Then it was only a matter of Joe Wallis' counting ten. . . . Let those in command keep Carroll accommodated with first class welters. And watch him go.

There's no doubt about the fighting ability of lightweight champion Bobby Delaney. His latest effort gained him the scalp of Tommy Fairhall, a former welter champ. Bobby won a clear-cut points decision in 12 rounds. A week later Delaney won by a virtual kayo from another welter, Alby Roberts.

For the second time in his young life, Ambrose Palmer has lost his Australian middleweight title by a foul. This time it was the fast-climbing Fred Hannaberry, native of Albury, N. S. W., who came out of the championship war with the spoils. It was a bonzer fight. The challenger was handicapped from the first round by a badly cut right eye. I'm afraid Palmer will be unable to call himself middleweight champion again. He easily regained the title from Bob Thornton. But he'll have no picnic trying to wrest it from the new champion. Ambrose still holds the heavyweight crown.

Young George Cupples (9.0) won in fine style from Wee McGregor in ten rounds at Fitzroy. In his next start, Cupples lost on points to Arthur Insall.

In an exciting 15-rounder in Perth, W. A., Jack O'Brien (10.4) outpointed Cyril Pluto (10.3). A return match saw O'Brien take the count in two heats. But he came back to land a T.K.O. in six over Kid Lewis, and a 15-round points decision from Arthur Deans.

Pablo Dano is the most welcome pugilistic visitor this country has had in many moons. Compared with our own flyweights, the Filipino boy is in a class all by himself.

Jimmy Kelso took the nod from Tommy Fairhall in their Leichhardt bout. At the same house a return match between Young Gildo and Tiger Connell, over 12 rounds, resulted in a points decision for Gildo.

Hobart fans were treated to a good 15-round tussle between Chinese Kid Rooney and Young Halliday. The Kid won per T.K.O. near the end of the last round.

Fighting in his home town, Buxton Oliver, Newcastle middleweight, showed the locals how to do things when he knocked out Fred Parker, of New Zealand, in six rounds.

Recent Brisbane results follow: Pat Appleton lost a 15-round bout to Billy Richards, tho' few except the referee could see why. . . . Reg Cameron drew with Teddy Lawler in 15 rounds . . . in a return contest Cameron (8.2) led from the first gong of a swell brawl. . . . Harry Mason won two close ten-rounders from Len Shepherd. . . . Billy Woods was handed the kayo by Les Reynolds in the eleventh canto, when Reynolds was about a mile ahead on points. . . . Ron Richards, an aboriginal, knocked out Jerry Symonds in eight and Sid Gray in six.

What we'd like to see: Blay vs. Edwards; Blay vs. Delaney; Carroll vs. Critcher, . . and some more Hannaberry-Palmer arguments.

SMALL FRY: Alby Roberts outpointed Dealor Wells in 12 . . . Wells knocked out Tommy Gibbs in nine. . . . Johnny Burke added a kayo win to his record when he met Maurice Walsh. . . . Dave Palmer lost to Jack Heeney in 10 frames. . . . Johnny Burke won from Sid Riddle. . . . Burke is moving along fine. . . . Glad the rumours about Clabby's death were all wrong. . . . Jack Roberts could only manage a draw with Bert Malcolm recently. . . . Billy King knocked out Frank White in the second. . . . Bullant Sims won on points from Dick O'Connor. . . . Former heavyweight champ. Jack O'Malley, has left for England. . . . At Wollongong (N. S. W.), Jack Perrin took the count in four rounds from Bob McLeod. . . . Roy Stanley was knocked out in the seventh by Harry McGregor. . . . Twelve thousand turned out to the Palmer-Hannaberry battle. . . . Hannaberry's name would not look out of place among "THE RING'S" best prospects of the month. . . .

Address me: 24 Farrant St., Prospect, South Australia.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING NEWS
By SAM HART

HUGH D. McINTOSH has come back. Australia's greatest boxing promoter is promoting again at the famous Rushcutters' Bay Arena.

Johnny Burke is a good fighter. Burke is handled by Jack Dunleavy. This fellow Burke is a coming champion.

Recent fight results follow: Young Gildo won on a foul from American Tiger Connell in the sixth; Bobby Burns knocked out Roy Burns in four; Jim Jeffries outpointed Stan Varidel in fifteen; Merv Willis got the nod from Sid Riddel in a sixer; Al Verco won from Harry Tollis in six; Buster Oliver knocked out Fred Parker in eight; Alby Roberts outpointed Dealer Wells in fifteen; Pablo Dana knocked out Al Singleton in eight and outpointed Spider Roach. Dana has returned to the Phillipines. He won all his fights here.

Jack O'Mally knocked out Jim Jeffries in five. O'Mally has gone to England to fight under Ted Broadribb. Johnny Burke outpointed Sid Riddle. This boy Burke is the goods. Frank Snelson knocked out Harry Perry in six. Jim Donald won from Patsy Kelly. Mick Hallam knocked out Jim Davidson in nine.

Jack Paul and Bert Malcolm fought a twelve-round draw. Bert Malcolm outpointed Alby Roberts in fifteen and knocked out Bob Sneddon in six. Billy McAllister won a twelve-round decision over Harry Hyland. Russ Critcher outpointed Wally Hancock in fifteen, and Hal O'Grady won from Harry Colbrain, ten.

Freddy Welsh won from Norman Roy in a rough fifteen-round bout. Jack Paul knocked out Bob Watson in four. Tommy Kelly won from Ron Martin in six. Wally Hancock outpointed Bobby Stone in ten.

Fred Hennaberry knocked out Jack Carroll in thirteen rounds. Carroll was well ahead on points until he was stopped by Hennaberry.

Popular and well liked Tommy Fielding is having poor luck. He has been laid up with a bad hand.

"HEAD OF THE LAKES" SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN
By JOHNNY ENNIS

THE first benefit boxing show ever staged at the Head of the Lakes, was held at Duluth, Minn. Proceeds of the show were turned over to Battling Morris, aggressive little gamester of a few years ago, who is going blind.

In the main event Izzy Levine, Duluth, whipped Young Lahti of Hibbing, Minn., in a whirl-wind fight and in the semi-windup Prince Saunders, Chicago, knocked out Sammy Coulon of Duluth, in the fifth round.

The come-back trail is becoming quite a fad not only nationally but locally. In this locality are Andy Puglisi, who a year ago was rated among the best in the welter-weight division; Harry Benson a middle-weight and past champion at one of Uncle Sam's army posts and "Handsome" Pikka of Virginia, Minn., at one time known as the "Masked Marvel" and the boy who put the Silver Spray fight club of Duluth on a paying basis. Each is out for a comeback.

Ronny Schroeder, leading Twin Ports heavyweight, knocked out Bernard Frasier in two rounds.

I see—Norman Chessen of Duluth has taken over the management of Izzy Levine and Sammy Gallop. . . . The Duluth benefit boxing show certainly was an act of charity. . . . Jack Hurley is back at his desk after being released from the Mayo Brothers hospital where he underwent a minor operation. . . . Charley Retzlaff may meet Lee Ramage in Los Angeles, Cal. . . . Elmer Sanders, fight promoter of Ashland, Wis., was appointed chief of police of that city. . . . That to Prince Saunders should go the title of the best dressed man in boxing. Both in an out of the ring he is a nifty little gent.

Other results—Gordon Harmon whipped Young Lahti, Cromwell, Minn. Joe Bendis K.O'ed Joe Le Duc, of Cloquet, Minn. Tony Miernick, Proctor, Minn., and Dave Weiner, of Superior, draw. Chet Smith K.o.'ed Jesse Brown, of Duluth. Benny Hoppe and Kingfish Dodo, Virginia, Minn., draw.

Mickey Stanfield, light heavyweight, defeated Larry West, of Duluth, and Everett Gay, also of Duluth, making it eight wins and one loss so far in the '32 season.

Gordon Harmon, hard-punching Wisconsin National Guard lightweight champion, has a great future ahead. Your writer made that same statement some time ago. This time it comes from no other than Billy Petrolle. Harmon was Petrolle's chief sparring partner in preparation for the latter's return battle with Bat Battalion.

Ashland, Wis.—Dick Secord defeated Chet Smith, of Superior. Smith, although outclassed, proved himself a dangerous and determined fighter. . . . Tommy Garris, Mellen, Wis., whipped Billy Notten, Ashland, in the semi-windup.

In Answer.—J. S., Ashland, Wis. Write George Barton, care of Minneapolis *Tribune*, Minneapolis, Minn., for the desired information.

For information regarding boxing around the Head of the Lakes, write me at 1713 22nd St., Superior, Wis.

DOWN IN NEW ORLEANS
By HAROLD T. BUCKLEY

MARTIN BURKE, former heavyweight fighter, is the sole boxing promoter at present in the Crescent City. Burke runs shows every Monday night at the Coliseum which has a seating capacity of 7500 or more. During the past few weeks Burke brought in several of the leading fistic stars including lightweight champion Tony Canzoneri. Tony boxed Ray Kiser, and won the decision over Ray after ten torrid rounds.

Johnny Cook is one of the most popular boxers here. Cook turned in several good performances during the past few months. He kayoed Tony Leto and won a 12-round decision over Matt Brock and played to a capacity house on each occasion.

Ervin Berlier took down a ten-round decision over Davey Abad but was kayoed in his next start by Battling Shaw, Mexican lightweight, in eight rounds. There is talk of the pair clashing over a longer route here this month.

Archie Lewis, clever local lightweight, turned in a neat win. Lewis dealt out a severe lacing to Gene Tillman and showed lots of improvement. Tillman was on the floor several times.

Big Boy Peterson kayoed Marshall Moses and defeated Jeff Carroll last month. Jimmy Feely, proprietor of Feely's gymnasium, is doing business for Peterson.

"Red" Walsh, former pilot of Pete Herman, Basil Galiano and other fistic stars, is now connected with Martin Burke and serves as the latter's preliminary matchmaker.

Joe Russo has a bright prospect in Tony Cangiamilla, local flyweight. Russo was the first to predict big things for Eddie "Kid" Wolfe and now Russo says Cangiamilla will be the next flyweight champion.

Johnny Cook and Davey Abad may clash here this month. It is a natural.

Al Donnelly, local southpaw junior-lightweight, is back in training for a series of bouts Emile Bruneau has in the making. Al is one of the best punchers in his division and a real club fighter.

The following is a list of the best prospects in the Crescent City: Joe Argiz, 126, Joey Bourgeois, 112, Spider Spindel, 126, Joe Sauro, 135, Joey Martinez, 112, Caveman Farace, 114, Dominick De George, 110, Jumbo Rovira, 135, Adam Cook, 122, Mike Cook, 130, Eddie Walters, 148 pounds.

Broadway Johnny Cox, well-known fight manager, is in our midst trying to get some of the Eastern fighters' work.

Kid Oser has been very active in this section. The hard-punching lightweight is one of the best club fighters here and does not find it hard keeping busy. Oser gave Jumbo Rovira a tough battle last month.

Fighters and managers desiring work or information can write me at 1531 Annunciation Street. New Orleans, La.

FIGHT FLASHES FROM GEORGIA
By PINKIE LOU MASTERS

FORT BENNING—"Cyclone" Walker Smith and Battling Bozo drew in ten rounds. Pa Stribling and his wife saw the fight, and W. L. "Young" Stribling was the referee.

Joe Knight, of Cairo, is the light heavyweight champion of the South and ranks high.

At Valdosha.—Sam Turner, 168, Quitman, Ga., and K. O. Joe King, 170, of Lakeland, Fla., drew in ten rounds.

Savannah, Ga.—Charlie Gomez and Jackie Ausborn, of Bessemer, Fla., drew, although Gomez shaded his man. Gomez is under the direction of Jimmy Cambell, one-time great little battler.

Savannah, Ga.—Harry Kersey won over Harry "Kid" Lawson, of Virginia. Young Patsey Haley, school boy sensation, held Abie Schneider, of Jacksonville, Fla., to a draw.

After a month's illness, Patsy Mc Grath is back in training at Savannah, Ga.

Any manager, trainer, etc., wishing to make a connection down south, should get in touch with the writer care of The Savannah Morning *News*—Evening *Press*, Savannah, Ga.

FRISCO LEFT HOOKS
By J. MALDONADO

ANDY DIVODI scored his sixth straight victory under the management of Frank Tabor. His last victim was Paulie Waker of N. Y.

In the opening show at the Civic Auditorium, under the auspices of the Disabled War Veterans, Young Corbett III took a decision over Vearl Whitehead in ten rounds of fast milling. Whitehead was recently crowned welterweight champion of California, but the bout with Corbett was an overweight match.

Frank Schuler, local promoter, is responsible for the great success of the show, the first to be held in the Auditorium. 15,000 saw the bouts.

Stanley Ketchell stopped Jack Gibbs and kayoed Terris Hill in his last two starts at the Golden Gate Arena. Ketchell is now a full-fledged light-heavyweight.

Lou Savin was held to a draw in six rounds at San Rafael by Archie Forsom, but in a return match at the Civic Auditorium, Savin scored a clean kayo in the sixth.

Big Chet Shandell was a little too big for Johnny Willis, and stopped him in two rounds at Dreamland.

Speedy Clayton won over Charley Hendricks but got a draw. Al Manfredo won over Johnny Freeman, Al Citrino kayoed Yg. Freddie in the first. John Patrick Donahue won over Punching Villa but was deprived of the decision. Sylvester Nolan stopped Biff Hoffman in four rounds. Tony Gardini was given a present when he got his duke raised in his bout with Al Mason.

Al Manfredo won over Ernie Sheldon. Ralph Chong put Battling Dozier out of the running for the state welterweight title. Joe Conde is in Mazatlan.

Jack Dempsey refereed the main event at Modesto between Jack Silva and Kenneth Lee, heavyweights. Silva received the decision.

Now we will keep our eyes open for Jimmy (Speedy) Rara, Filipino flyweight who looks like the late Pancho Villa. Rara, a prospect of Al Robinson, local flyweight, is a body puncher and as shifty as they make 'em.

In a splendid comeback, LeRoy Haynes stopped Hans Birkie at the Dreamland Auditorium. Referee Burns did a fine job, and should be congratulated.

Eddie Ceresole won over Angelo Fuste and stopped General Padilla in his last two starts at the Golden Gate Arena. Yg. Pancho Villa won over Nick Villa at San Rafael, Jack King stopped Johnny Ramos, colored scrapper in two rounds. Bobby Lundgren kayoed Kerry Villafore in two heats at Dreamland.

Jack Wilson, local sportsman, has been granted a license to promote boxing matches at National Hall. Wilson will feature all four-round bouts, and has engaged Bermondsey Billy Wells and Tim Vahey as his trainer and matchmaker.

Hines Hienemann is promoting shows at Valejo, but is not doing so well.

Boxing is going full blast here in San Francisco with four shows every week. Oakland has two. Louie Parente shows at the Auditorium and Tommy Simpson has been granted a license to promote at Emeryville Ball Park.

Tom Patrick has been winning his bouts down in Los Angeles and is quite a card in the Angels city.

Jack Dempsey refereed the bouts at San Jose. Wirt Ross is up from L. A. with his lightweight and featherweight, Yg. Peter Jackson and Chalkie Wright. Yg. Peter Jackson holds the State lightweight title.

Ed Lynch, promoter at Dreamland is putting on good main events and bad prelims, or good prelims and bad main events, then he wonders why his shows don't draw. A good main event backed up with good prelims will draw anytime, Mr. Lynch.

Two boys that should be in the money and on top of their divisions. Frankie Klick is the best featherweight in the world and Yg. Corbett III is the best welterweight. Why aren't these two boys on top?

Tommy Cello is handling about 15 boys and he is keeping them all as busy as a bee.

Ancil Hoffman is trying to sign Jackie Fields with Yg. Corbett III for a title match at the Seals Stadium, here.

Andy Divodi is all set now and wants a return match with Yg. Corbett III. Frank Tabor, Andy's manager, said that if Divodi was matched with Corbett, it would draw a still bigger house than the Corbett-Whitehead battle drew. The Auditorium can seat close to 16,000 spectators.

It was heard that Billy O'Donnell is gathering a stable of fighters—Eddie Doody, veteran four-rounder, is making a comeback—Joe Montes decided to retire—Al Robinson, who claims the flyweight championship of the State of California, is now under the management of John (Silent) Burdick—Paddy Ryan is managing Tiger Jack Payne, colored light-heavyweight—Seems that none of the youngsters want to meet Payne, (Maybe the old timers are a little too good for the youngsters of to-day.)

The State Champions are as follows:

Lee Ramage, heavyweight
Tony Paloni, light-heavy
Middleweight, title vacant
Vearl Whitehead, welterweight
Peter Jackson, lightweight
Frankie Klick, Jr.-lightweight
Vacant, featherweight title
T. N. T. Robleto, bantamweight
Vacant, flyweight title

T. N. T. Robleto, named as bantam champion, does not belong there. Yg. Tommy is the best bantam, and a majority of the fans think that Newsboy Brown is the best of all bantams. Speedy Dado is another who figures. The flyweight situation remains unsettled, but the best boys in the state are Auggie Curtis, Al Robinson and Tuffy Pierpont. These three boys are real flyweights and a champion ought to be picked from the lot.

The middleweight title is vacant—there is no real outstanding middleweight.

Benny Wagner was given a license to referee fights. California Joe Lynch has a good prospect in Clyde Fairchild, heavyweight who towers over six feet four inches.

"Moose" Taussig has a good prospect in Milton Walsh, welterweight. Joe Bernal, local Mexican welterweight, is training for a comeback. Joey Silver has hung up the gloves for good.

Have you all the books you need? Have you a good book on boxing? It's worth your while to look over the great books that Nat S. Fleischer puts out. Take for instance, the books on Jack Dempsey, Gene Tunney, and Revised Training for Boxers. Training for Boxers is the best book of its kind on the market. Buy your copy from the RING Magazine, 11 West 42nd street, N. Y. City. Read it, then get in touch with me and let me know what you think of it. My address is 923 Union St., San Francisco, Calif.

Tim McGrath, veteran manager, is getting his old stable back and it won't be long before Old Tim will have one of the best stables on the west coast. Mickey McCafferty may show his wares here shortly. The same with Larkin Colley, light-heavyweight.

With Tommy Simpson back again, Promoter Louie Parente will have plenty of opposition. Five boxing clubs here in San Francisco. Two in Oakland, one at Vallejo, one at San Rafael, and one at San Jose.

Willie Ritchie has a gymnasium now, not for boxers, but for the tired business man. Good Luck Willie.

FROM MAINE
By CHARLEY MILLER

PAUL JUNIOR, Maine's lightweight champion, easily whipped Pancho Villa, Waterville, in six rounds at Augusta. Rony Caret, of Augusta, won over Kayo Dennis, of Waterville, in six. Al Bouchard, Waterville, and Young Jack, of Augusta, boxed a six-round draw. Big Boy Pelky, of Lewiston, won over Jack Gleason, of Augusta, in six. In the opener, Honolulu Kid, of Waterville, beat Kid Chocolate, of Augusta, in four rounds.

Ted "Kid" Drew, of Biddeford, shaded Harry Scott, of Baltimore, Md., in a six-round maul at Lewiston. Al Blouim, Lewiston, outpointed Baby Tiger, Boston featherweight. Ginger Parent, of Rumford, and Nugget Russell, of Biddeford drew in six.

Al McCoy, Maine's welterweight champion, gained considerable prestige by defeating Hy Diamond of Boston, and Haywood Storey, Chicago Negro. Both bouts were held in Bangor.

Timmy Burns, classy Bangor lightweight, and Paul Junior will have it out for the state championship at an outdoor arena this summer. Timmy will do his training at Charley Miller's Health Camps on Moosehead Lake under Charley's personal supervision.

Jimmy Pearl, Portland lightweight, kayoed Joe Barre, of Biddeford in the second round, and Eddie Ryan in thirty-eight seconds of the first.

Tommy Regan, recent graduate of the amateur ranks, won his first "pro" start at Bangor. Regan is a chip of the old block. His father was a good fighter years ago.

Charley Miller will open his health and training camps on the shores of beautiful Moosehead Lake in June and will cater to many well known members of the boxing fraternity.

Hot off the griddle—Al McCoy, the Squaw Mt. ghost boy never saw an automobile or a trolley car . . . until this year. . . . He is one of the smartest boxers . . . who ever laced on a glove . . . in this state. . . . Bill Geagon and Ed Talberth matched at last . . . with "Rainmaker" Higgins as a third man in the ring. . . Nat Fleischer and "Tex" Austin, his left-handed right-hand man are cordially invited to spend their vacations at Moosehead Lake. . . . No headaches . . . no worries . . . but plenty of good food, pure air and idealistic surroundings. . . . Nothing like good old Maine . . . eh "Tex". . . . See you soon.

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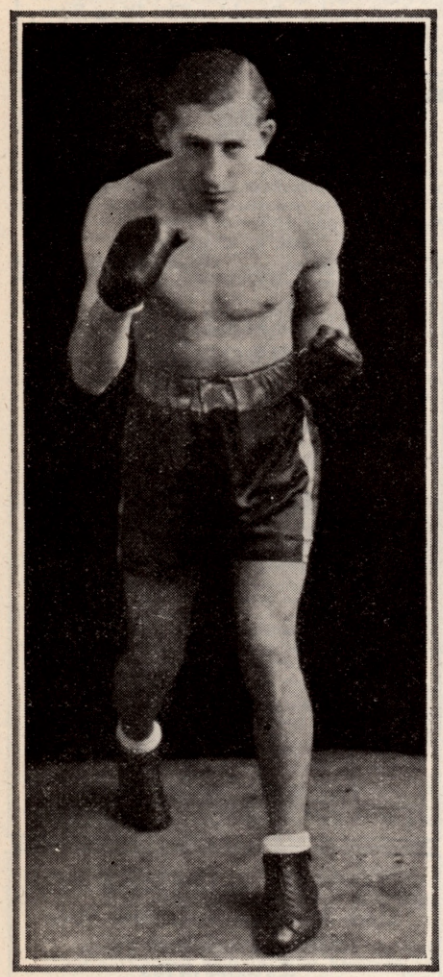
MONTREAL TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

BIG attractions are in store for Montreal ring enthusiasts during the next few months with Al Foreman, British Empire lightweight kingpin, along with such bantam stars as Newsboy Brown, Emile Pladner, Eugene Huat and Bobby Leitham. The latter group has already been reinforced with the arrival of Pete Sanstol, the blond bullet from Norway. Foreman should arrive about the time this comes off the press so it looks as though Montreal is in for its most successful boxing season with Armand Vincent, Canada's foremost promoter, at the helm.

Foreman added another victim to his lengthy list when he outclassed Selwyn Davies, best of the Welsh lightweights, in every round of a fifteen-round headliner at Brighton, England.



Kid Farlo, classy English lightweight

Spider Pladner, European bantam champ, shaded Bobby Leitham, Canadian champion, in the feature ten-rounder of Armand Vincent's initial show of the season at the Forum. Leitham sprang a surprise by his snappy display and many of the local papers declared that he should have got no worse than a draw.

Art Chapdelaine, southpaw from Springfield, Mass., scored over Robert Paulhus, hard punching local featherweight, in a dreary semi-final ten-rounder. The bout started out at a good clip but after the third heat both got over-cautious. Rene Taillefer, local lightweight, scored a close six-round decision over his local rival, Willie Carey, in a hectic battle.

Frankie Martin, Leitham's stablemate, brought joy to Sam Gibbs, when he beat Harry Leibovitz, local bantam flash, in their eight-rounder. This was probably the best fight of the night. A rematch between these coming stars would be a good ten-round semi-final for any card. Phil Lightheart, former Dominion amateur heavyweight champ, outslugged big Henri Ballitt, who held the French amateur title, in the curtain raiser and the bout was stopped in the fourth when Ballitt's bruised and cut face sported a left eye swelling up like a balloon. Lightheart looked good in his pro debut and could be built up into a popular card hereabouts.

Battling Sig Tracey, well named "Norwegian Thunderbolt," made the big hit on Leighton's last card at the Arena when he dynamited Lollypop Levy in two rounds. Tracey went right into action from the start and halfway through the first round dropped Levy for a "nine" with a short right to the jaw. He put the local boy away in the second with the same punch and Levy was wobbly for some time afterwards. Elzear Rioux, giant local heavyweight, kayoed Owen Flynn, Boston, in the second of the scheduled ten-round main events.

Wilf. Carufel, clever local featherweight, outclassed Joe Marciente in a slow eight-rounder. Marciente seems to have slipped aplenty. Eddie Beaurivage, local welter, scored an unpopular decision over Alec Tourriane, New Hampshire, in a dreary eight-rounder and Ed. Ouelette outslugged his local lightweight rival, "Red" Laniel, in a six-round slugfest. Paul Mecteau, Gene Brosseau's clever ex-amateur featherweight champ, stopped Joe Eng, Chinese boxer, in the third round of the four-round opener when Eng's eye received a bad cut.

Here and there—Johnny Nemis, Maritime welter star, has been going great guns the past few weeks—has hopped over the border to beat several tough boys—Young Peter Jackson, Babe Denico's colored featherweight flash, should be seen at the Forum soon—he is very popular here and would be a good match for Brostoff, Paulhus, and others of that type—Denico was recently married and is hustling more than ever—Battling Tracey is likely to meet Charlie Belanger in Winnipeg soon in bout for Canadian light-heavy title—Foreman's return big news here—Montreal amateurs dominated Dominion Championships and Olympic trials in Toronto.

Johnny Keller led Montrealers in hunt for Dominion titles and Olympic berths—Keller swept through 126-pounders and ranks Number 1 on Olympic team—Is looked upon as likely winner of Olympic title—Justified high opinion Denis White, Provincial Supervisor, held of him. Two other Montrealers won Dominion titles—Tony Mancini took welter honours by beating his local rival, Nick Nickolo, in final. The featherweight class was also an all-Montreal final with Keller further demonstrating his superiority over Larry Phillips. George Maughan, six-foot-four young giant from McGill University, gained Montreal's third title when he took heavyweight honors. Only five definitely chosen for Olympics—Mancini in the Number 4 spot—Canada will have good team with Montreal in forefront.

WESTERN CANADA JABS
By "SPIDER" SPENCER

NEW champions were crowned and old champions retained their titles in the provincial championships at Winnipeg. Arni Johanneson, knocked down for the count of eight in his clash with Tommy Neilson, the defending champion, came back and had Neilson on the verge of a complete rout. Sammy McCart lost his flyweight title to Tommy Shall, and Emanuel Battaglia was defeated in a judges' decision over Freddie Miller. The middleweight champion, Bill Puchniak got the decision over Frank Walcott.

Charlie Belanger, popular Winnipeg boy and Canadian light-heavyweight champion, gave Steve Trojack an artistic lacing in a ten-round bout at Winnipeg.

Nick Schmeling, local boy, beat the veteran Laurie Peppin in a rip-roaring mill.

Harry Dillon has gone far enough. For years he gave the best in him, and now he has reached the stage where he should be compelled to quit. Yet he persists in endangering his health, if not his mentality, in continuing his ring career.

Calgary—Lively entertainment was provided for the fans at the newsboys' boxing tournament at the Ozar Temple when thirty-one interesting bouts were fought.

Readers: Keep your eyes peeled on Emil "Young" Lust, welterweight champion of Western Canada. He is going along like a streak. This lad is destined to take a punch at bigger game.

Del Fontaine, Winnipeg middleweight, was outpointed by Archie Sexton, Bethnal Green fighter, in an eight-round bout at Albert Hall, London.

Spear Hill, Man—Fredie Blackridge, Winnipeg middleweight, was given a decision over Bill O'Brien at Saskatoon in a fast ten-rounder.

Emil "Young" Lust, who put the spark back into Medicine Hat boxing by spectacular victories over "Kid" Lees, Haydn Robinson, Sammy Evans and many others, is back in the ring. He is a fine club fighter.

Frankie Wolfram, Winnipeg's speed demon is ready for action. Waltram would like nothing better than to get fights with Bobby Leitham, "Wee" Willie Davies or Frankie Genaro this season.

Promoters, managers and fighters would do well to get in touch with the writer at 432 Lansdowne Ave., Winnipeg, Canada.

MOOSEJAW—REGINA, CANADA
By BARNEY DORAN

WRESTLING here is well attended. The fans like the sport.

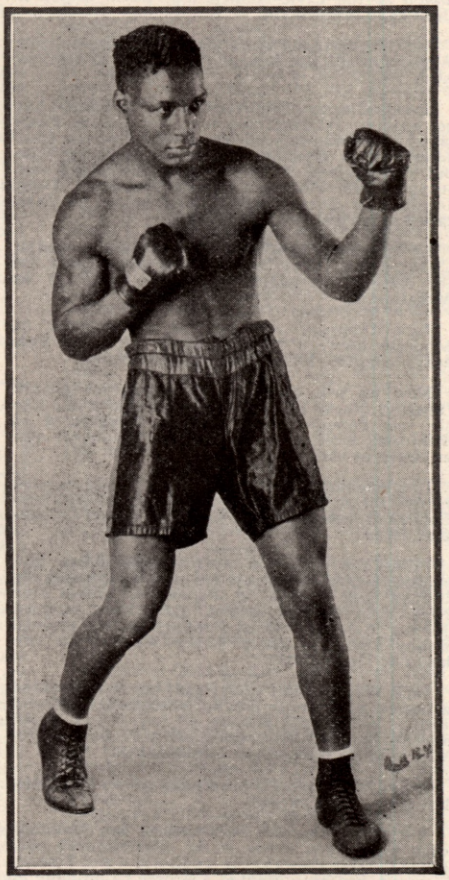
Floyd Eno, of Moosejaw, lost to the amateur bantam champion, Jimmy Trifinov, of Regina, in a recent show. Chief of Police Britton is a wrestling enthusiast. His ace on the force is Sergeant Dan Matheson and another good wrestler is Jimmy Lyttle. Dan and Trifinov will represent this section at the Olympic games.

Sick Hayes, of Regina, was an easy victor over Jim McGrath, of Moosejaw, in six rounds.

In answer to a query, about Tommy Dixon, former feather king of Canada, he died about two years ago. The Dixon who is posing as the Old Tommy, is not the same fellow.

Jack Reddick, former light-heavyweight and middleweight champion, is now operating a hotel at Radville, Saskatchewan.

The writer has just received from his old friend Jim Corbett, a fine picture of the former champion.



Eddie Bowe, Philadelphia middleweight

Del Fontaine made his debut in an English ring by K. O.'s over Smith, and Jett Bridle. Congratulations and luck, Monsieur Fontaine.

Del Fontaine writes from England that he has won his last four fights. His stablemate, Terry McDonald, lost in thirty seconds to Griselle, French fighter.

I can heartily recommend to those who have written to me about training books, Nat Fleischer's latest Revised "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box." Also his wrestling book, "Modern Wrestling." They are pippins.

Dick Hayes, of Regina, gave a boxing lesson here to Bill Sad Buster Clarke, of Moosejaw. Clarke repeatedly went down until Referee Laurie Drackett called a halt in the sixth and gave the verdict to Dick on a technical knockout. Laurie not only refereed, but was the promoter of the show for the Lion's Club, of Moosejaw. Tim Nitka beat Jimmy McLawich. Leo Schwenniger and Kid Yeigh, local boys, fought a draw. Jimmy Dunne and Harold England, fought a three-round draw, and Ray England handed a beating to Freddie Lambert. Ray looks like a comer.

Sam Blumsden scored a K. O. over Jimmy Allen in 1.47 of the first round. The winner, only 17, is a powerful hitter.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS
By J. JIMMIE AMANN

THE Dayton Eagles Club has taken away the play of all the fight clubs in this vicinity and Jim Dowling, the capable promoter and matchmaker, has restored a new favorite to the Gem City fans to take the place of Pee Wee Jarrell, the Ft. Wayne, Ind., welterweight, in Tracey Cox, the sensational Indianapolis ace. Cox, in his two appearances at the F. O. E. Club, knocked out Harry Forbes, of Chicago, and Jack Malone, of Atlanta, Ga., in exciting frays.

In the main bout of the Schmeling card exhibition in Dayton's Memorial Hall, Paul Pirrone, Cleveland's light-heavy, won the ten-round decision over Jack McVey, New York Negro. Smokey Maggard, Covington, Ky., drew with Johnny Windsor, Pittsburgh middleweight, in eight. Johnny Curtain, Dayton, and Jimmy Finklea, Cincinnati, boxed a draw in six, and Jimmy Lambertson, Indianapolis, stopped Charley Lightfoot, Covington, Ky., in the opening fray.

Lee Cox, flashy Cincinnati welterweight, is hitting the high places and looks to be the most logical youngster to fill the shoes of Freddie Miller in Cincinnati. Cox, a nineteen-year-old former amateur, bowled over his fifteenth straight opponent when he knocked out Carl Neal, of Dayton, O., in the sixth at Vincennes, Ind.

Cleveland, O., came to the bat with one show when Charley Pratt, former Vevay, Ind., promoter, staged the return bout between Johnny Mack, Cincinnati heavyweight and Sailor Jack Burke, of Staten Island, N. Y. The bout ended in the third round when Mack socked the eastern gob into oblivion with a series of right-hand smashes to the mid section. In the preliminary bouts, Tuffy Turner, Vevay, Ind., light-heavy, knocked out Jack Darcy, Cincinnati, in the second; Earl Bruce beat Billy Savas, and Tim Callahan drew with Cyclone Thompson in four-rounders, with Sammy Sweet shading Frankie Zinn and Kid Neal beating Slug Lyons in the three-round bouts.

Frankie Sanzone, Italian, outpointed Billy Burke, Irishman, in another exciting go. In their other fights, both boys took several counts, but Sanzone, with a slight weight advantage, stopped Burke in his tracks in their third battle and deciding mill. They are hot rivals.

Herman Katz, of the Parkway Club, is staging bouts at his new arena on Findlay and Parkway.

Information in the game in these parts can be had by addressing the scribe at 2810 Sidney Ave., Cincinnati, O. Please enclose self-addressed stamped envelope for a return reply. Fighters wanting to make connections here this summer, use the same address when writing.

Some of those who are planning a comeback during the coming summer season are Johnny Rivers, lightweight, and Jimmy Gordon, bantamweight, both of Middletown; Harry McCarthy, featherweight and Johnny McPherson, featherweight, both of Cincinnati, and Joe Anderson, Covington heavyweight.

Frankie Zinn, the fighting corn husker from Harrison, O., who is sometimes styled the Joe Palooka of Mid-Western fight circles, is one of the most pleasing fighters round here.

Zinn handed Maxie Wander a terrific beating at the Davis-Tavern Club. In the supporting bouts to the Zinn-Wander go, Young Helms beat Gene Black; Pee Wee Weghorn trimmed Billy Burke; Young Kelly beat Johnny Riggers; Young Palmo drew with Happy Welsch; Jack Klingle and Herman Amster drew; Frankie Sanzone was bested by Sammy Sweet; Freddy Murphy won over Billy Savas and Bobby Chick lost to Wild Bill Hayes. All were three-rounders.

Listed as the best at their respective weights around Southern Ohio, are Hy, Joe Sekyra, Dayton; 170 pounds, Ted Graham, New Richmond; 160, Frankie Palmo, Cincinnati; 147, Lee Cox, Cincinnati; 140, Max Koshover; 135, Art Schultz, Cincinnati; 130, Freddie Miller, Cincinnati; 126 Freddy Murphy, Cincinnati; 118, Cricket Helson, Cincinnati; 112, Young Hebe, Cincinnati.

Around Fountain Square with the punchers and their pilots. . . . Cliff Millward, popular writer of the *Post* sports department, became a benedict last October 15 unknown till recently . . . the lucky bride is the former Miss Cleo Hoffman, of Ft. Thomas, Ky. . . . Some of the fight clubs which anticipate opening this summer are Tacoma Bowl with Joe Anderson at the helm . . . the new Tavern Club with Danny Davis . . . the Parkway operated by Herman Katz . . . Chester Park, Mount Orab, Mt. Washington and several other small clubs . . . plenty of work for local boys and out of town top-notchers . . . no other need apply as there are too many unemployed youngsters in the biff trade around here . . . Harry Hartman, radio announcer, is going on the air with a series of fights between old timers and modern champions . . . Dempsey faced Sullivan in the first over WFBE . . . fans in this section ought to tune in as these should be mighty interesting . . . the return of Herman Katz to the game ought to help bring back fights here as Katz has a way that brings good results to all concerned . . . good fighters can apply for work with Mr. Katz through the writer who will forward all to the local promoter . . . G. C. Williams, one of the many fight managers who has retired a thousand or more times, is back again after his great campaign for Meyers Cooper for Ohio governor . . . but lost . . . and has several good boys under his wing . . . with the Boss cutting down on all space in this column and others . . . will say adeiu till next month.

Latest off of the local presses is that Bob Puthoff, automobile sales manager who operated a boxing club in Cincinnati several years ago, is planning to return to his first love before the autumn leaves turn out around here. Puthoff has plans and everything complete to start work on an outdoor arena localted on Colerain Avenue which will seat close to 10,000.

AKRON, OHIO, NEWS
By J. R. BASCO

COWBOY CHARLIE COBB, the Houston, Texas welterweight, will make his headquarters in Akron, Ohio, for the next two years, where he will fight under the management of J. R. Basco, of Barberton, Oh. Cobb has fought his last twenty starts all in San Diego and any time a fighter can go into one city and fight twenty straight times in it without going anywhere else, he must have the goods. Some of the boys he beat in them twenty starts are Andy DiVodi, Al Alcanti, Bobby O'Hara, Tommy King, David Velasco, Young Jack Thompson, Spug Meyers and others, and knocked out Swede Burgland, Dick Ramies, Meyer Grace, Al Herrera, Johnny DeMarco. Cobb will be ready for Jackie Fields, Lou Brouillard, Johnny Indrisano, King Tut and Jimmy McLarnin.

Frankie Wine, the Montana blacksmith, will leave soon for Sydney, Australia, where he is booked for four bouts. This will be Wine's second trip across the water, as a few years back he went to Johannesburg, South Africa, where he beat Johnny Squires, the Champion of South Africa, twice. Young Stribling also is booked for some bouts in Australia. He and Wine may fight there against each other.

Suey Welch and his N. B. A. middleweight champion, Gorilla Jones, left for Paris, France, where Gorilla Jones will defend his title in a match with Marcel Thil for Promoter Jeff Dickson.

Al Zill put on a show in Youngstown in which George Panka stopped Tiny Powell, of Akron.

It looks like the Ohio fighters will be in all parts of the world this coming summer. Joe Basco has Cecil Kid Como down in Johannesburg, South Africa, where Como is beating everything they can get for him. Como knocked our Willie Smith, the featherweight champion, in eight rounds. Joe Basco is also shipping three boys to Tokyo, Japan, where they are booked for four bouts each. Mike Hendricks is going to Japan with Johnny Edwards, Charleston, W. Va., flyweight; Dude McCook, of Enid, Okla., a bantamweight, and K. O. Kelly, the Akron Typhoon colored welterweight. From Tokyo, Japan, the boys will go to Manila, P. I., where they also are booked for three bouts each. Basco might make the trip to Australia with Wine.

Johnny Edwards beat Franklin Young, then came back and knocked out Ace Hebe in less than a round at Covington, Ky., and the following week beat Cricket Helson at Covington.

George Nolte, who is promoting the boxing shows for Paul Sheeks at the Akron Firestone Club, is the only promoter who made any money in Akron last winter.

Jack Pallat, Cleveland heavyweight, came to the Firestone Club and knocked out Joe Roske in less than a round.

Bud Scrutchings, Si Marsh's great little colored lightweight, got his chance to show in Akron on Eddie Atlas's card and made a hit in beating Young Terry in a great six rounder.

WILKES-BARRE NOTES
By HUGH A. CARR

MICKEY BARRON, Scranton dynamo, registered another victory when he scored a ten-round decision over Danny Dempsey, also of Scranton. This was their second meeting within two weeks, Barron having previously won a questionable victory. Wildcat O'Connor returned to the battle front after several weeks, and kayoed Frankie Knapp, New Haven lightweight in four rounds. This was O'Connor's first start since he took a pasting from Johnny Jadick at the local armory several months ago.

Tony Stetz is training daily in hopes of getting a match with his old rival, Johnny Kelly, over the ten-round route.

Mack House, former Californian now making his home here, is getting in shape in the Pocono Mountains for his comeback.

A boy who bears watching is George Radice, East End featherweight.

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MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

BILL FEAMSTER, North Carolina light-heavy, impressed in his initial showing at Portner's Arena, Alexandria, Va., when he put the skids under Billy Schwartz in less than one round. Rough and Ready Billy was nailed before he had a chance and Referee Short did the proper thing in stopping the match. Ray Bowen, Washington welter, also caught one on the chin pitched by Sam Braunstein and the necessary ten was counted. Sam Finazzo and Billy Strickler boxed a draw. Chuck Henderson and Marino Marini drew in the opening four-rounder.

Cowboy Phelps of Arizona knocked out Eric Lawsen in three heats at Portsmouth, Va.

Benny Schwartz, Baltimore veteran and Billy Landers of Norfolk, Va., fought the best bout of the month. Their eight-rounder was full of action with Landers getting an unpopular decision. Joe Smallwood, Washington welter, returned home for a showing with Ken Oberlin. Joe showed improvement in this bout but was not good enough for the clever Oberlin, who, by the way can hold his own with the good boys if given the chance. This was Smallwood's first loss in the last twenty starts.

Billy Strickler fought the best fight of his career when he won over Bill Feamster at Portner's Arena. Strickler hopped on Feimster in the very first round and never let up. Strickler is out for a shot at Cowboy Phelps.

Young Van, sensational Washington youngster who has been knocking all his opponents out, met a tartar in K. O. Burns of Baltimore. Van took the duke in six rounds but was forced to do so.

Jose Pino, Mexico's leading bantam, is now located at Washington, D. C. Pino recently boxed an eight-round draw with Dick Welsh at Portsmouth, Va.

Nick Antonelli, New York feather and Al Martin of Baltimore made a whang of a battle in eight rounds at Portner's in Alexandria, Va. A return match would meet favor with the fans.

Bob Godwin had an easy time with Cowboy Phelps at Portner's Arena. Phelps may give Bob a battle over a long route but in eight heats, never.

Natie Brown, New York, and Reds Barry, Washington, fought the best heavyweight battle seen at Portner's Arena in a long time. Natie took the duke with very little to spare, if any. Referee Charlie Short, who acted as the sole judge, thought Brown's early lead entitled him to the verdict. Jose Pino of Mexico, lost to Harry Groves of Baltimore in six rounds. Roddy Davis, local kid, spotted Chuck Henderson many pounds and won a four-rounder.

Jackie Portney had an easy time with Lope Tenorio in ten rounds at Carlin's Park in Baltimore, Md. Clarence Sloat and Mike Ferrie fought a six-round draw. Billy Edwards, Washington Negro, was too good for Young Steward in six.

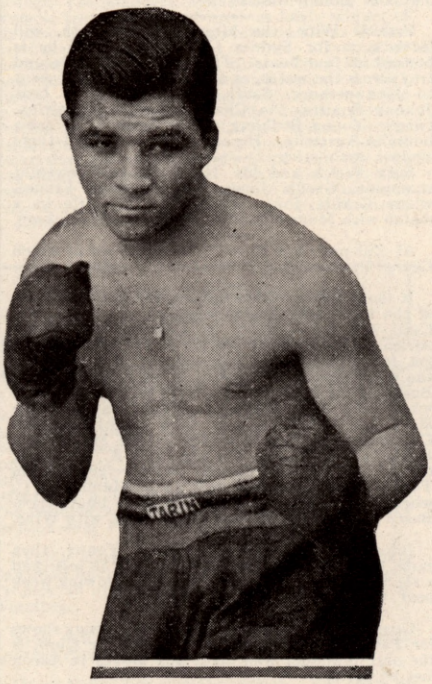
Bob Godwin had a narrow escape with Joe Banovic in an eight-round feature at Portner's Arena. Bob Tow, formerly known as Jack Tunney, belted out Will Mathews of Baltimore in three heats.

PICKUPS—Sammy Braunstein's one-round knockout of Ray Bowen was the sensation of Washington's indoor boxing season. The Day Nursery Society, that sponsors the shows at Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Va., made overtures for Benny Leonard to show there. Benny only wants sixty-percent of the gross, which would leave very little for the babies. Roddy Davis, high school lad of Washington, D. C., is showing well in these parts. Joe Smallwood looked like an improved fighter when he returned to these parts and showed against Ken Oberlin although he lost the duke. Many of the fans who saw Benny Schwartz show at Portner's Arena recently thought Benny a winner. For 12 years' service in the ring Benny shows few marks of the wear and tear. Bob Godwin now trains for his bouts under the supervision of Jimmy DeForest at his training quarters in New Jersey. Billy Essinger, Washington preliminary boy, is now under the management of Ralph Faris and has moved on to Wilmington, Del. Reds Barry, Washington's child heavyweight, celebrated his eighteenth birthday on May 5, by signing to meet Maxie Rosenbloom for a ten-round bout at the Twin City Arena at Laurel, Md. Andy Chaney, former well known featherweight, has applied to the Maryland State Athletic Commission for a license to resume boxing in that State. The Day Nursery Society of Alexandria, Va., netted over six grand on their boxing season at Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Virginia.

TEXAS FLASHES
By PAUL WEST

MERCY MANTEZ, of San Antonio, old time fighter, is now handling a string of good boys here . . . Premont High School staged a wrestling and boxing show that was a wow . . . G. H. Scherwitz, Sports Editor of the San Antonio *Light*, is a real fight fan and a great sports writer . . . Many old timers are returning to the squared circle in Texas . . . Depression has hit the fight game in North Mexico, where Texas boxers have been working . . . Sam Kauffman, Goose Creek promoter, opened his new hall with a good crowd . . . Dunaways K. O.'s prove he is leading heavy here . . . Jack Shelton, a real old timer, is still in the ring game as a handler in San Antonio . . .

Port Lavaca, on the Gulf, is a favorite training spot for San Antonio boxers. It is a favorite with K. O. Crom, Southwest middleweight champion . . . Lt. Thompson, former boxing impressario in the Hawaiian Islands, is now at Brooks Field, and will continue his interest in boxing . . . Lt. Stelling, former college heavyweight champ, is now at Brooks Field and showing the pugs a few fast ones . . . San Antonio is one of the best boxing towns in the U. S. . . . Jack Johnson, former World's Heavy Champ, will meet Manual Luna, Mercy Mantez's San Antonio heavy at Galveston, where Johnson was born, according to the plans now under way . . . Sam Kauffman, Texas promoter, predicts great results for K. O. Crom . . . Paul West, veteran boxing expert, looks for great results from Edwin Dunaway, leading heavyweight . . . Louis Kid Alberts, that



Henry (Baturrito) Santos, Cuba's good lightweight

great little old time champion, a real battler, is now in the promotional end in San Antonio. He is also promoting wrestling . . . Sam Kauffman will continue to run Amateur shows at his new Arena in Goose Creek . . . Houston fight fans want to see new faces . . . THE RING is by far the most popular sports periodical in the Southwest . . . This writer recommends a boxer exchange thru the medium of the writers of THE RING.

Kid Will Payne, former lightweight champ, of the Canal Zone, is now in the Paul West stable of San Antonio . . . Edwin Dunaway is only twenty-one years old and is over six feet tall. He is a clean living youngster, who will go far under the expert handling of Sam Kauffman . . . a new pro club of boxing will be opened at Laredo and Houston Streets in San Antonio.

Several boxers from Texas, battled for national honors at Madison Square Garden. They were: Barney DeLeon, 112; Domingo Martinez, 126; E. P. Dee, 160 and Jimmy Dee, heavyweight, are from Houston. Nick Peters, 118, and Ralph Sikes, 147, are from San Antonio. C. H. Leinbach, Jr., 175, is from Austin. Nick Peters lost in the second round and Ralph Sikes the other San Antonian was outpointed; Tony Plara, Beaumont and Jimmy Dee, Houston, were both victorious on decisions. Jimmy Dee, Domingo Martinez and Barney DeLeon, of Houston, were eliminated in the third round.

David Shapiro won the State Texas Amateur A. F. Lightweight Crown with victory over Pearson Halley at Austin.

Professional fight results: Dallas, Texas; Kid Granite, Oklahoma City, lightweight, won decision over Gyp Zarro, Wichita, Kan., in exciting (8) rounds.

Houston, Texas—Benny Rodriquez, San Antonio, Texas, 118 lbs., lost to Jimmy Wane, Houston, 123 lbs., in (8); Manuel Luna, 195 lbs., of San Antonio, lost in the 9th round to Sailor Dunaway, Goose Creek, heavy, main go; Ramond Garcia, San Antonio, 150 lbs., lost to Bobby Cox, Florida; Sailor Barrera, San Antonio, Texas, 135 lbs., was outpointed by Benny Lindsey, of Houston, (8).

Fort Worth—Kid Kiser, Tulsa, Oklahoma, defeated Bennie Lindsey, Houston, at the American Legion charity boxing show. They are junior welterweights. "Chili" Villareal, Tulsa, Oklahoma, and Howard Carr, Houston, went to a draw in the semi-final. They are bantamweights. Art Dula, Brownwood middleweight, won over Wilson Dunn, Oklahoma City. Joe Rice, Fort Worth, defeated Max Brown, Oklahoma City.

San Antonio, Texas—Bob Warren, local promoter, staged a boxing show at Exposition Grounds of six three-round bouts, that was fairly well attended.

Goose Creek—Edwin Dunaway stopped Jack Mitchell in the third. In a previous bout Dunaway stopped George Mitchell in the tenth. The rest of Sam Kauffman's excellent show was Jimmie Carter, 145, New Orleans winner over Lou Obrian, 145, Harrisburg, Pa.; Bobbie Pitts, 150, Houston won over Bobbie Cox, 150, Miami, Fla.; Joe Shelby, 140, Goose Creek, won over Jimmie Crow, 143, Trinity.

Fort Worth—Wilson Dunn, Tulsa, Okla., 159, scored a technical knockout over Duke Tramel, Fort Worth, 154, in the sixth round; J. D. Kitchens, Azle, 136, shaded Ray Snell, Detroit, 135, in six and Bob Williams, Tulsa, Okla., 195, defeated Joe Rice, Fort Worth, 198, in six. "Young" Wallace, Oklahoma City, 125, defeated "Tuffy" Lewis, 126, Fort Sill, in four. Paul Owens, United States Navy, defeated "Country Boy" and "Young Dummy" Mahan, Dallas, 118, fought a draw with Dan Hickey, Fort Worth, 120.

MIDDLE GAWGA JOLTS
By AL DURDEN

WALKER CYCLONE SMITH, Fort Benning lightheavy, and Battling Bozo of Birmingham, drew in the feature show of the month at the Doughboy Stadium arena. Bozo took a lead on points in the first six rounds but he was battered from pillar to post in the final four and was very lucky in getting a draw. After the nght Bozo and his manager, Pa Stribling, broke their agreement. Bozo is now a free agent.

Bunker Hill, Benning welterweight, stopped Bobby Green of Charlotte, in three rounds at Fort Benning.

Marshall Cardwell scored a three round kayo over Ted Goodrich at the new West Point arena.

Ching Johnson, Benning heavyweight, stopped Len Herring in four rounds at Troy, Ala.

Frank Mackery of Benning stopped Polock Klaja, Chattanooga heavyweight, in three.

Cotton Batton and Roughouse Glover, two good middleweights fought ten furious rounds to a draw at the Doughboy Stadium in the first all-colored show of the season at Fort Benning.

ALABAMA BOXING NEWS
By SAM CARPRI

PETE SARRON, local featherweight, waited patiently for several months for the Fidel LaBarba battle, and when he got it, he came out second best.

Cyclone Smith, Fort Benning, Ga., held Battling Bozo, of Birmingham, to a ten-round draw, there.

Jack Ausborne, of Bessemer, drew with Charlie Gomer, Portsmouth, Va., at Savannah, recently. They are welterweights.

The local boys are getting quite a number of outside bookings. There has not been a boxing card here in the last thirty days. Jay J. Thomas is coming back here to promote boxing for the Post No. 115, in Birmingham.

Ernest Chambliss, our Southeastern bantamweight champion, who lost out in the National Amateur Championship, will be nghting professionally before long.

Sam Siegel is still promoting wrestling successfully in Birmingham, for Post No. 1. Fairfield Post No. 137, American Legion, held its first wrestling program in its new outdoor arena, which has a 3,500 seating capacity.

ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By BOB RILEY

EDDIE VANDEVENTER, better known as "Kid Bandy," St. Louis boxing promoter, has been suspended indefinitely by the Missouri Athletic Commission. "Bandy" had a good opportunity to succeed as a boxing promoter. He had unlimited financial backing, co-operation of St. Louis newspapers and the good will of local managers and fighters.

Lou Terry, Howard Scott and Dave Barry, local leather pushers, have returned from a tour of the eastern boxing centers. Terry drew a tough assignment at Pittsburgh, Pa., where he met Frank Bojarski, Erie southpaw. Lou is a natural 133 pounder and Bojarski weighed in at 139 pounds. The St. Louisan took the first three rounds by large margins but lost the decision in ten rounds when he tired under the handicap of the Pennsylvania boy's extra poundage. Five days later Terry kayoed Battling Clemmons at St. Joseph, Mo., in three rounds.

Howard Scott continued his lengthy winning streak by winning from Eddie Zivic, at Pittsburgh, Pa., in six rounds and beating Steve Ketchell, at at St. Joseph, Mo., in eight rounds. Scott weighs 130 pounds.

Dave Barry, premier local 122 pounder, was unable to box at Pittsburgh, Pa., but tipped over Earl Cecil at St. Joseph, Mo., in two rounds. The hard-punching youngster had previously stopped Paul Walker at St. Louis, Mo., in one round.

The last indoor show of the season at St. Louis drew around $2000. Joe Ghnouly won from Johnny Kaiser in ten rounds at 130 pounds. "Duke" Tramell beat Jack Horner in a ten rounder, weights 150 pounds. Dave Barry stopped Paul Walker in one round. Howard Scott won easily from "Doc" Ketchins in six rounds, Ketchins was down for nine. Joey Parks kayoed Jack London in two rounds, Parks first pro fight. Weights 150 pounds. Bill Miller beat Bud Kelley in six rounds. Weights 130 pounds.

Some matches we would all like to see are: Lou Terry vs. Tracy Cox; Dave Barry vs. Johnny Kaiser; Dave Barry vs. Leroy Dougan; Lou Terry vs. Howard Scott; Howard Scott vs. Freddy Miller or Joe Ghnouly; John Schwake vs. Steve Hamas; Al Stillman vs. Steve Hamas; King Levinsky or Mickey Walker.

The outdoor season opened here on June 1st. Fighters and managers wanting to show in here get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium, St. Louis, Mo.

DOWN IN ARKANSAS
By MINOR STUART

AT Fort Smith, Rube Johnson, Indian battler, won the lightweight championship of Arkansas from Stinger Steele via the K. O. route in the fifteenth round. This was a great battle, fought before a capacity crowd, at Andrew's field.

After a long vacation, boxing has been ushered in again unofficially in the Lone Star State. Dallas fight fans witnessed a bristling bout when Kid Granite of Oklahoma City proved as tough as his name when he came back after a near knockout in the third round to win a newspaper decision from Gyp Zarro, Seminole. Oklahoma Arabian, in a light weight battle, Doc Kitchen and Ray Snell boxed a six round draw—Freddie Nuncio outpunched Kid Ponder.

Joe Red, Western A. A. U. lightweight champion is now boxing instructor at the North Little Rock Boy's Club.

In Fort Worth, Chili Villareal beat Kid Riley, Fort Sill, Okla., by a T. K. O. in two rounds.

Kid Pancho, San Antonio Mexican Junior lightweight, is making his home in Dallas Texas.

"Dutch" Seifert, Moca heavyweight, ko'ed Bill Bailey of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, in the eighth stanza at the Legion Hut. Henry Jones, 145 of Stuttgart, and "Battling" Ward, 150 of Radelle, went six rounds to a draw. "Al" Smith and "Senator" Williams, colored boys, boxed a four round draw. Benny Joe Hill decisioned Orville Terry.

Ray Kiser, Tulsa lightweight, won a three round T. K. O. from Tex Lee, of Little Rock, over in Fort Worth.

Tommy Freeman, former welter champ of the world, performed in his own back yard when he sent Big Boy Blanchard of St. Louis into dreamland in round two. Jack Watson, stable mate of Freeman's won by a K. O. from Earl Spence in the Semi-windup. Chick McMinn, Berminghan lightie, won a decision over Joey Clark in six frames.

On the Rube Johnson-Stinger Steele card, Buddy Cardwell, Fort Smith featherweight, gave Kid Adams, of Van Buren, a licking in six rounds. Dude Tague of Fort Smith defeated Pete Ramey of Van Buren.

Scrip D'Olive, of New Orleans, knocked out Bobby Smith, of Jacksonville, Florida, in three rounds at Marianna, Arkansas. On the same card Roy Hall scored over Norman Odle.

Arkansas has no official bantam champ. In my opinion Leroy "Kid" Dugan of Blytheville is entitled to that honor.

On an amateur card held in Fayetteville, Arkansas, Paul Ladd and Tiger Crissman, middleweights, stole the show. Ladd of the university of Arkansas won the decision. Max Woods beat Willard Ralston. Mack Bersi, heavyweight of Tonti-town and former marine, lost a decision to Red Johnson, Razorback football star. Joe Biddle, A. A. U. middle champ, boxed a three round exhibition with Hornbuckle Buck, as did Jimmie Williams with Bob Austin and Kid Guthrie and Ocie Thomas.

Tom Craighead, of the Flatbush Boy's club in Brooklyn, and formerly secretary of the Little Rock Boys' Club, handled the Arkansas three Western A. A. U. champs in the National tournament in Madison Square Garden. Joe Red, lightweight—Joe Biddle, middleweight, and Robert Hand.

This scribe is now writing Arkansas and Texas ring news. Promoters and fans send news before the 10th of every month to 1923 Locust Street, Texarkana, Arkansas. For an immediate reply enclose a two cent stamp.

NEWS AND VIEWS FROM COLORADO
By T. W. McNIEL

MICKEY COHEN, Denver's premier lightweight, was stopped in the 7th round at Indianapolis, by the hard hitting Tracy Cox.

Billy Vaughan, "The Torrington Tornado," is the best looking prospect in this region.

See where Nat Fleischer has gotten out another great book, "Revised Training for Boxers." Every fighter should have a copy.

At Cheyenne—Chuck Moore outpointed Joe Grimm, Tulsa in 8 rounds: they are middleweights. Billy King, Cheyenne defeated "Kid" Hill, Butte by a technical Kayo in 3 rounds; they are welters. "Young" Griffo, Cheyenne outpointed George Lopez, Longmont, Colo. in 6 rounds in a fast featherweight bout.

"Goodtime" George Manley, Denver's entry in the light-heavy class, returned to the wars, following his defeat at the hands of Heuser, and pounded out a decision over Jimmy Hannah out on the coast.

See where Harry Galfund, old Denver favorite in the 4-round days, is still swinging punches out in sunny California.

At Gallup—Eddie Mack, Alamosa scored a Kayo over Phil Paynter, St. Joseph, in the second round of a scheduled 10-round bout.

Everette Marshall, La Junta grappler, defeated Wladek Zbyszko at the City Auditorium, Denver. Zbyszko won the first fall but was unable to continue after Marshall took him for a "ride" with his "Airplane Spin" to win the second fall.

At Gallup—Eddie Mack continued his winning ways when he kayo'ed Joey Klein, Chicago in the second round of a 10-round bout.

Billy Vaughan, Torrington stopped "Kid" Scott, Sheridan in the second round at Lander; they are lightweights.

Mickey McFarland, Pueblo light-heavy, journeyed to Reno to pound out a 10-round decision over Romeo Lemon of California.

"Babe" Colima, Las Vegas lightweight, won a 10-round decision over Jack Kane, Chicago at Las Vegas, N. Mex.

Cellestino Ruibal, Del Norte, won a 10-round decision over Henry Jackson, Denver, at Antonito in a fast featherweight bout. Incidentally, keep your eyes on this boy Ruibal, he is a real prospect.

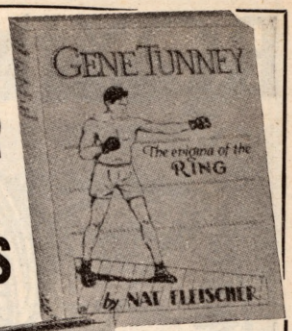
BOXING IN IDAHO
By MICKEY McCAFFREY

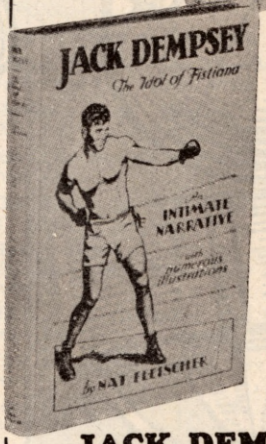
BOXING here is coming back with a bang. Boise has been showing every two weeks to packed houses. In the last show, "Show Boat" Ray McQuillan, Portland Negro, carried Tiger Johnnie Cline of Sioux City five rounds and then knocked him out.

Walker Miller, Tucson, Ariz., Negro welter, and Gus Resti, 157 pounds, Boise Basque, fought six fast rounds to a draw.

Pocatello is planning a big outdoor show for July 4 in which local talent will be featured. Twin Falls and Idaho Falls also will stage outdoor shows. Boys seeking engagements hereabouts, should get in touch with Mickey McCaffrey, 417 West Bridger St., Pocatello, Idaho.

A PAIR of ACES





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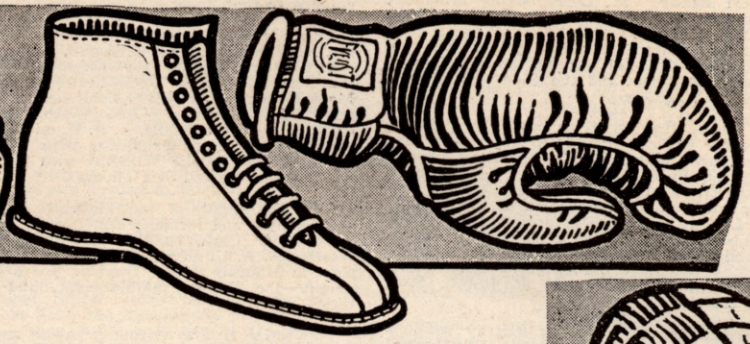

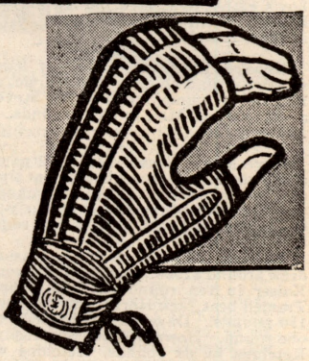

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